

13. H. 8

LOGIC, ONTOLOGY,

13. M. 6

AND THE

Art of POETRY;

BEING THE

FOURTH AND FIFTH VOLUMES

OF THE

CIRCLE OF THE SCIENCES.

Considerably Enlarged, and greatly Improved.

L O N D O N,

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F



T H E P R E F A C E.

LO^GI^C is that Science which teaches the right use of our reasoning faculties, in order both to distinguish and to discover truth ; and that either by experience or ratiocination : it is commonly divided into natural and artificial. This last is a certain and distinct knowledge of the rules of reasoning, as the former is only the natural power of judging and reasoning acquired by practice and habit, without any distinct knowledge of the rules that are to direct the understanding in the discernment or search of truth.

To the Greeks we are principally indebted for this art : They laid the first foundation for it, and afterwards raised the superstructure; and chiefly to Aristotle, who added considerably more to the art than any of his predecessors, methodized and reduced it to system,

In the hands of the school-men this useful art degenerated to that of wrangling and vain disputation, for victory rather than for truth, without any new accessions made to it, down to the days of Descartes, some of whose followers made considerable additions to, and improvements in it.

Though it must be allowed, that in the Logic of the school-men there were some things which might be of use in the distinguishing truth from falsehood, yet there were still wanting what a genuine Logic cannot well be without ; not only to instruct and enlighten the understanding, in order

to judge of truth and distinguish it from error, but to shew in what manner to discover truth by our own application, as a principal test of our proficiency in the study of Logic.

In the following work we have endeavoured to lay down every thing in as plain and practical a manner as possible, level to the capacities of young beginners, so as to render it a proper introduction.

If we have explained at some length the four Syllogistical figures, it was only in compliance with the common practice of the schools. All argumentation or Syllogism, may be reduced to the first figure. A conclusion is either universal affirmative, universal negative, particular affirmative, or particular negative, and no other is possible, as appears from the memorial line of the first figure, *Barbara celarent*, &c.

In our former small Logic we treated the subject in the way of question and answer, in order to bring it down, as much as possible, to the tender capacities of novices or young beginners: But, in the present Logic, we proceed in one continued discourse, as we may reasonably suppose the young student, after perusing the Logic by question and answer, sufficiently qualified to understand the present Logic in all its parts.

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T H E
P R E F A C E.

ONTOLOGY, the first and principal part of Metaphysics, treats of the first or most common principles of human knowledge, of the most universal notions, and of the relations of beings in general, and consequently of the most abstract ; God and the creatures are its objects ; which, though widely differing from each other, yet agree in this, that they are beings. From it the other Sciences borrow their strength and solidity, and therefore it is called the First Philosophy ; and in this respect holds the same rank, that Geometry does in mathematics, and may therefore be called a Philosophical Geometry : And even Geometrical and Mathematical Principles borrow their ultimate degree of certainty from the Ontological ; which though mere Mathematicians may deny, yet all Philosophical Mathematicians will readily admit.

Ontology was in the highest commendation with the school-men ; possibly because their Ontology greatly favoured their disputatious turn of mind, from the obscurity of the school-terms and the ambiguity of the propositions ; all which a first Philosophy should avoid, by forming just definitions, and by the use of determinate propositions ; in order to avoid the contempt into which Ontology is fallen, through the fault of the school-men.

But

But from a view of the utility and absolute necessity of Ontological notions, modern Philosophers have exerted themselves to form distinct notions both of being in general, and of its affections; in order to deduce from these notions determinate propositions, which alone are useful in ratiocination, and not to admit in a demonstration any principles, but such as are properly established according to rule.

The following Ontology is intended only as an introduction, in which we explain the Ontological terms, rather than enter deep into the subject. As very abstract notions are generally above the capacities of young beginners, and would rather perplex than instruct.

And the same remark may here be made, as at the close of the preface to the Logic: Namely, That the subject is carried on in an uninterrupted discourse, and for the same reason there mentioned.

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L O G I C.

I N T R O D U C T I O N.

Of Logic, and its Parts.

LO G I C is the art of thinking and reasoning justly, or of making a right use of the faculties of the mind in our enquiries after truth, and the communication of it to others.

It is divided into four parts, because so many faculties or operations of the mind are more immediately concern'd therein, and these are, *perception, judgment, reasoning, and disposition*; each of which shall be treated of in order.

P A R T I.

Of Perception.

PERCEPTION, *conception, or apprehension*, is that act (or rather *passion*) of the mind whereby it becomes conscious of any thing, or forms an idea of the objects set before it.

This first part of logic therefore treats of the several sorts of ideas.

C H A P. I.

Of the Nature of IDEAS in general.

AN idea is a *notion, image, or representation* of any thing, as conceived by the mind.—Thus, for instance, if we think of a *horse*, a *pigeon*, or any other object; the *notion or image* thereof, which is form'd in the mind, is call'd the *idea of a horse, a pigeon, &c.*

The term *idea* comes from the greek word *eido*, *to see*; because the mind perceives and *sees*; as it were, within itself the object about which it is employed.

The mind gains all its ideas either from *sensation* or *reflection*; that is, either by means of the *senses*, or by reflecting on its own operations, and observing what passes within itself. Thus, for instance, by *seeing* we obtain the ideas of *colours*; by *hearing* we have those of *sounds*; by *tasting* we get those of *bitter, sweet, sour, &c.* And from the latter source, *i. e.* from turning our thoughts inward upon the actions of our own souls, arise the ideas of *assent, dissent, judging, reason, understanding, will, &c.* But of the origin of our ideas we shall say more hereafter.

C H A P. II.

Of the OBJECTS of Perception.

AN object of perception is that which is *represented* in the *idea*; that which is the *archetype or pattern*, according to which the idea is form'd.

All objects of our ideas are call'd *themes*, whether they are *entities* or *non-entities*, that is, *beings or not beings*; for non-existence may be proposed to our minds, as well as real existence or being.

Being is generally consider'd under the distinction of *substance and mode.*

Substance is a being which *subsists by itself*; that is, has an *existence of its own, a separate existence, independent of any other created being.*

By independence I mean, that a substance cannot be *annihilated, or utterly destroy'd and reduced to nothing, by any power inferior to that of its creator*; though its particular *form, nature, and properties* may be alter'd and destroyed by many inferior causes. Thus, for example, a wood

may be turn'd into fire, smoke, and ashes; a house into rubish, and water into ice and vapour; but the substance or matter of which they are made still remains, though the forms and shapes of it are very much alter'd. Let a substance undergo as many changes as you please, yet still it is a substance; and in this sense it depends upon God alone for its existence.

The different kinds of substance, may be all comprehended in the general division of *spiritual* and *corporeal*; that is, what we commonly understand by the words *body* and *spirit*.

Substances are also distinguished into *simple* and *compound*, *pure* and *mix'd*, *animate* and *inanimate*.

Simple substances are those which have no mixture or composition in them of different natures. Such are either *spirits*, and in this sense God is call'd a *simple being*; or the *elements* of natural bodies, that is, those *first principles* or *corpuscles* of which all bodies do originally consist.

Compound substances are such as are made up of two or more simple ones. So every thing in the whole material creation, that can by the art of man be resolved into different substances, is a *compound body* in a *philosophical sense*.

But the words *simple* and *compound* are used in other senses, as in a *vulgar sense* a *needle* is call'd a *simple body*, being made only of steel; but a *sword* or a *knife* is a *compound*, because its haft or handle is made of materials different from the blade.

As for *pure* and *mixed* substance, these terms, when applied to bodies, are somewhat akin to *simple* and *compound*. So gold is said to be *pure*, if it has no alloy, no mixture of other metal in it; but if any other mineral or metal be mingled with it, it is call'd a *mix'd body* or *substance*.

By *animate substances* is meant, such as are endued with *life* and *sense*; as all sorts of *animals*, viz. *men*, *beasts*, *birds*, *fishes*, &c.—*Vegetables* are also reckon'd amongst *animated substances*, having within them a *principle of life* (as it may be call'd) whereby they *grow*, *increase*, and *produce* their species, though void of *sensation*. Such are *trees*, *herbs*, *plants*, &c.

By *inanimate substances*, is meant those which have no *life* nor *sense*; as *earth*, *air*, *water*, &c.

A *mode* (or *manner of being*) is that which cannot subsist in *and by itself*, as a substance does, but belongs to and subsists by the help of some substance; which, for that reason, is call'd its *subject*.—In other words, a *mode* has no

existence of its own, but depends on some substance for its very being.

Mode however depends on *substance*, not as a being depends on its *cause*, (for so *substances* themselves depend on *God* their creator) but a mode must necessarily exist in some substance, or it cannot exist at all.—Thus *shape* is a mode of *body*, and cannot subsist without it; as *knowledge* is a mode of the *mind*, on which it is equally dependent: For were there no *body* or *matter*, there could be no *shape*; and were there no *mind* or *spirit*, there could be no such thing as *knowledge*.

Take this familiar instance, to explain the difference between *mode* and *substance*: if we reflect on a *round* piece of *wax*, it is plain the *wax* is a thing which may subsist without that *roundness*: make it *square*, *triangular*, alter its figure never so much, yet still it is *wax*; and for this reason we call it a *substance*. On the contrary, the *roundness* is so dependent on the *wax*, that it cannot subsist without it, or some other *substance*; for we cannot conceive of *roundness* distinct and separate from a *round body*. And this is what we denominate a *mode*.

Modes are sometimes called *qualities*, *attributes*, *properties*, and *accidents*: and are distinguish'd into various kinds, as *essential* and *accidental*, *absolute* and *relative*, *intrinsic* and *extrinsic*, and several others.

An *essential mode* is that which belongs to the very nature or essence of its subject; as *solidity* in *matter*, *thinking* in a *spirit*, &c.—Of *essential modes* some are call'd *primary*, as *roundness* in a *globe*; others *secondary*, as *volubility* or *aptness to roll*, which is consequent upon the former. The first is call'd the *difference*, being the distinguishing attribute of a *globe*; and the latter is term'd a *property*.

An *accidental mode* is that which is not *necessary* to the being of a thing, but may be wanting, and yet the *nature* of the *subject* remain the *same*; as *smoothness* or *roughness*, *blackness* or *whiteness*, *motion* or *rest*, in a *globe* or *bowl*: for these may be all changed, and yet the *body* remain *globe* still. Such modes as these (and no others) are properly call'd *accidents* of bodies.

An *absolute mode* is that which belongs to its *substance* without respect to any other being whatsoever: But a *relative mode* arises from the comparison of one *body* with another. Thus *motion* is an *absolute mode* of a *body*; I can consider a *body* as in *motion*, without comparing to any thing else in the whole creation: But *swiftness* and *slowness*

slowness are *relative modes*, the ideas whereof are produced by comparing the motion of one body with that of others; as the motion of a bowl on a bowling-green is *swift*, when compared with a *snail*; and it is *slow* when compared with a *cannon-ball*.—So also *size* is an *absolute mode* of a body, but *greatness* and *smallness* are *relative ideas*.

Intrinsic modes are such as we conceive to be in the *subject* or *substance* itself; as when we say a *globe* is *round*, *in motion*, or *at rest*; or when we call a man *tall*, or *learned*.

An *extrinsic mode* is that which is *not in the subject itself*, but derived from something *external* or *foreign* to it; as when we say a thing is *desired*, *loved*, *hated*, &c. So if I say, *That post stands within a yard of the wall*, I express a *mode* or *manner of being* which is not in the post itself, but which it derives from its situation with respect to the wall.

The division of modes into *inherent* or *adherent*, *proper* or *improper*, is so much akin to the last, that it does not deserve to be explained by examples.

However, it is proper to observe, that *action* and *passion* are reckon'd among the *modes of being*. By *passion* is here meant *suffering* or *bearing action*; and what *suffers* is call'd the *patient*, as that which *acts* is term'd the *agent*.—Thus, when a *smith* with a hammer strikes a piece of iron, the *hammer* and *smith* are both *agents*; and the *iron* is the *patient*, because it *suffers* or receives the blows of the hammer, as directed by the hand of the workman.

We may add further, that modes are divided into *natural* and *supernatural*, *civil* and *moral*.—If I say, *The apostle St. Paul was a man of low stature, but he was inspired*; here his *lowness of stature* is a *natural mode*, and his *being inspired* is *supernatural*.—Thus again, if I say that *such a one is an honest man and a free citizen*; here are two modes, the one arising from his *honesty*, which is a *moral consideration*; the other from his *being free of a city*, which is a *civil privilege*.

However, you must observe, that though the greatest part of modes belong to *substances*, yet there are some which are only *modes of other modes*: for though they subsist in and by a *substance* as the original *subject* of them, they are properly and directly attributed to some *mode* of that substance. Thus *motion* is the *mode* of a *body*, but *swiftness* and *slowness* are *modes of motion*: and if I say a man *walks gracefully*, it is plain that *motion* is his *mode* at that

time; but walking is a particular mode or manner of motion, and gracefully is still a farther mode of walking.

It will here be proper to take notice of non-entity, or nothing which will fall under a two-fold consideration, as it relates either to mode or substance.

We may consider non-entity as excluding all substance, and consequently all modes; and this is call'd pure nothing, or nothing.

When there is a non-entity of modes only, it is consider'd either as a mere negation, or as a privation.

By negation we mean the absence of that which does not naturally belong to the subject; as the want of sight in a stone, or of learning in a fisherman: But the want of sight in a man, to whom it naturally belongs, or of learning in a physician or a divine, who ought not to be without it, is call'd a privation.—So the sinfulness of any human action is said to be a privation, as it consists in a want of conformity to the law of God.

C H A P. III.

Of the several Sorts of IDEAS.

I D E A S may be consider'd according to their original, their nature, their objects, and their qualities: And this fourfold division will easily comprise them all.

It has been the subject of great controversy, whether any of our ideas be innate or no, that is, born with us, and naturally belonging to our minds. This is positively asserted by some, but utterly denied by Mr. Locke, who (in my opinion) has sufficiently shewn, that all our ideas are derived from sensation and reflection; of which I have said something already.—But, without entring into this debate, I think our ideas, with regard to their original, may be divided into three sorts, viz. sensible, spiritual, and abstracted.

By sensible or corporeal ideas I mean those which are derived originally from our senses: such are the ideas of colours, sounds, tastes, shapes, motion, &c.

The word spiritual, when we talk of spiritual ideas, is used in a natural, not in a religious sense, and signifies the same as mental or intellectual. These ideas we gain by reflecting on the nature and actions of our own souls, by meditating, contemplating, and observing what passes within our-

ourselves. Such are the ideas of *thought, knowledge, judgment, reason, love, fear, hope, &c.*

Abstracted ideas are framed by that operation of the mind which we usually call *abstraction*, whereby we *separate some parts of an idea from other parts of it, or consider a thing simply in itself, without respect to the subject wherein it resides.*—Thus, if we consider *magnitude* or *humanity* in themselves, or without being attached to any particular body or person, these are call'd *abstracted* ideas. *Whiteness* is an *abstracted* idea, when consider'd in general, and not as residing in *chalk, snow, milk*, or any particular subject whatsoever. Of the same nature are our ideas of *cause, effect, likeness, unlikeness, identity, contrariety, and innumerable others.*—Some indeed have contested the reality of any such ideas as those we are speaking of; but to me the distinction seems to be sufficiently warranted: however, I am apt to think, that upon a strict examination even our most *abstracted* ideas will be found to owe their original to *sensation or reflection.*

Ideas, with regard to their nature, are distinguish'd into *simple* and *complex, compound* and *collective.*

A *simple* idea is one uniform idea, which the mind cannot distinguish into *two or more*; such as the idea of *cold, heat, red, blue, bitter, sweet, motion, rest, thought, will, &c.* for in these, and others of the like nature, our most subtil penetration cannot discover any parts or plurality.

A *complex* idea, is one that is framed by *joining two or more simple ideas together*; as those of a *square, a triangle, a man, a horse, a tree, &c.* which, though often consider'd as *single and distinct things*, yet, as they are evidently composed of several parts, may be divided by the mind into several ideas.

A *compound* idea is that which contains several ideas of a *different kind*, whether *simple* or *complex.* Such is the idea of *man*, as compounded of *body* and *spirit*; of an *electuary, or other medicine*, compounded of different ingredients; and of *harmony*, which is made up of different sounds united.

A *collective* idea is that which joins together many ideas of the *same kind*, and considers them in one view. Such is the idea of an *army*, which is a collection of men; of a *town*, which is a collection of houses; of a *nosegay*, which is a collection of flowers; of a *grove*, which is a collection of trees, &c.—But this distinction between *compound*

bound and *collective* ideas is not accurately observed, the former epithet being frequently used instead of the latter.

Ideas are distinguish'd according to their objects, into *particular* and *universal*, *real* and *imaginary*.

A *particul'ar* idea is that which represents *one* object only; and this either *indeterminately*, as when we say *some man, any man, one woman, another woman, some horse, another city, &c.* or else in a *determinate* manner, as *William the conqueror, this field, that river, the city of London, &c.*—These ideas, representing one particular determinate thing, are also call'd *singular* ideas, whether they be simple, complex, or compound: and the object of a particular idea, as well as the idea itself, is sometimes term'd *an individual*.

An *universal* idea, is that which represents a *common nature* agreeing to many *particular* things. Thus a *man*, a *tree*, a *horse*, are call'd *universal* ideas, because they agree with all men, trees, and horses.

Universal ideas are distinguished into two sorts, *general* and *special*.—A *general* idea, or *genus*, is one *common nature* which includes several others. Thus *animal* is a *genus*, because it includes *man, horse, elephant, fly, &c.* which are also *common natures*: And *bird* is a *genus*, as comprehending *eagle, crow, sparrow, lark, &c.*—A *special* idea, or *species*, is one *common nature* agreeing to several *individuals*. Thus *man* is a *species*, as agreeing to *William, Peter, John, &c.* and *city* is a *species*, as agreeing to *London, Paris, Constantinople, &c.*—Hence it is easy to observe, that the same idea may be sometimes a *genus*, and sometimes a *species*; for *bird* is a *genus* if compared with *eagle, crow, &c.* but a *species* with respect to *animal*; and *animal* is a *species* with respect to *substance*.

Real ideas, are such as have *real objects*, which either do or may exist, according to the present state and nature of things; of which it is needless to give any examples.

Imaginary ideas, are ideas of objects which never did nor ever will exist, according to the present course of nature. Such are those of a *flying horse*, a *satyr*, a *bee as big as an elephant*, &c. These ideas are also call'd *fantastical* or *chimerical*.

Ideas are distinguished with respect to their qualities, into *clear* or *distinct*, and *obscure* or *confused*; into *vulgar* and *learned*, into *perfect* and *imperfect*; and into *true* and *false*.

A *clear* or *distinct* idea, is that which fully represents the object to the mind, so as plainly to distinguish it from every other object.

An *obscure* or *confused* idea, is that which represents the object either faintly, or so confounded and mingled with others, that it does not appear plain and distinct to the mind. Thus when we view the rainbow, we have a *clear* and *distinct* idea of the red, the blue, and the green, in the *middle* of their several Arches; but the *borders* of those colours so run into one another, that the eye cannot well distinguish them, and therefore their ideas are *obscure* and *confused*.

Vulgar ideas represent objects according to their most obvious and sensible appearances: but *learned* ideas are framed by considering the nature, properties, causes, and effects of things. Thus it is a *vulgar* idea when we conceive the rainbow to be a large arch in the clouds, made up of several colours; but when a philosopher considers it as caused by the various reflections and refractions of the sun beams in drops of falling rain, this is a *learned* idea.

Perfect or *adequate* ideas are such as represent the *whole* of the objects to which they are referr'd. Thus all our *simple* ideas, such as *sweet*, *bitter*, *black*, *white*, &c. may be call'd *perfect*, because they are without parts: and several of our *complex* ideas are also *perfect*, as those of a *square* or *triangle*, all the parts whereof are evident, and the mind comprehends them compleatly.—*Imperfect* or *inadequate* ideas are but a *partial* or *incomplete* representation of their objects. Thus we have only an imperfect idea of a *figure of a thousand sides*, of the *powers of the loadstone*, or of *infinity*, which is ever growing, and can never be compleated.

Ideas are *true* when they are conformable to the objects, and represent them as they really are; otherwise they are *false*: As when every thing appears *yellow* to a man in the jaundice, or a *straight* stick seems *crooked* in the water.

C H A P. IV.

Of WORDS and TERMS, whereby our ideas are express'd.

WE convey our ideas to each other by means of certain sounds, or written marks, which we call *words*; that is, by the use of *speech* or *language*. But as

words are the medium whereby we mutually receive and communicate our knowledge, so they are often the sources of mistake and error.

Our mistakes are chiefly owing to the following causes.

1. Because there is no natural connexion or relation between words and the ideas they are design'd to express.
2. Because different simple ideas are often express'd by the same word; as the word *sweet* (for instance) is applied to the objects of tasting, smelling, and hearing.
3. Because very complex ideas are frequently express'd by single words, which can never distinctly manifest all their parts. And hence it happens, that one man includes *more or less* in his idea than another does, while he affixes the same word to it; which occasions debates and confusion.
4. Because many words are used in a sense entirely different from what they had in the language whence they are derived; as the word *spirit* originally signified *air*, or *breath*, which has now quite another signification.
5. Because several things are often denoted by one and the same name; as *shore* signifies the *sea-coast*, or a *prop to support a building*.—From these considerations it appears, that to prevent our being led into error whilst we are pursuing truth, it is necessary to regard well the *use* and *meaning* of words and terms, and to be acquainted with their various kinds.

Logicians divide them into *positive* and *negative*, *simple* and *complex*, *common* and *proper*, *abstract* and *concrete*, *uni-vocal* and *equivocal*.

Positive terms have an *affirmative* sense, and signify some *positive idea*; as *art*, *prudence*, *regular*, *finite*, *pleasant*, &c.—*Negative* terms are quite the reverse of the *positive* ones, having a *denying* syllable or particle join'd to them, either at the beginning or end of the word; as *arts*, *imprudence*, *irregular*, *infinite*, *unpleasant*, &c.—But such is the imperfection of language, that some *positive terms* are made to signify *negative ideas*, and some *negative terms* imply *positive ideas*; so that we cannot certainly know whether an idea is *positive* or *negative* by the word that is used to express it.—*N. B.* In our language *two negative terms* are equal to *one positive*; as *not immortal* signifies *mortal*.

A *simple term* is *one word*; a *complex term* is when *more words* are used to signify *one thing*. Thus, the *founder of Rome* is a *complex term*, but the words excite the idea of *one man only*, viz. *Romulus*. On the other hand, some terms

terms are *complex* in *sense*, but not in *words*; as a *family*, an *army*, a *forest*: And so *religion*, *charity*, *knavery*, *loyalty*, and many more, are *simple* terms, but include a variety of ideas. Other terms are *complex* both in *words* and *sense*; as a *sharp knife*, a *sweet apple*, &c. which excite an idea not only of the things themselves, but also of their qualities.

Common words or *names* (which are also called *appellatives*) are such as stand for *universal ideas*, or a whole rank of beings, whether general or special. Thus *man*, *bird*, *fish*, *city*, *river*, *mountain*, are *common names*; and so are *sparrow*, *raven*, *salmon*, *lobster*; for they all agree to many *individuals*, and some of them to many *species*: But *Virgil*, *London*, the *Thames*, *Vesuvius*, are *proper names*, because they belong to one particular man, city, river, and mountain.—Here we may observe that a *proper name* may in some sense become *common*; as *Cæsar* was the *proper name* of *Julius* the first *Roman emperor*, and became the *common name* of the succeeding emperors. So also a *common name* is sometimes used as a *proper one*; as when we say *the king*, meaning *king George*. And indeed any *common name* is made *proper* by the addition of some term of a *particular* and *determinate meaning*; as *this house*, *that garden*, *the present emperor*, &c.

Abstract terms are those which express some *mode* or *quality*, considered separately, and without any regard to its *subject*; as *wisdom*, *piety*, *hardness*, *whiteness*, *happiness*.—*Concrete* terms are those which signify some *quality*, and at the same time express or imply some *subject* to which it belongs; as *wise*, *pious*, *hard*, *white*, *happy*: But they are not always what grammarians call *adjectives*; for *slave*, *hypocrite*, *philosopher*, and many other *concretes* are *substantives*, as well as *slavery*, *hypocrisy*, and *philosophy*, which are *abstract terms* that belong to them.

Univocal terms are such as signify but *one idea*, or at least but *one sort* of thing; as *book*, *fish*, *house*, *gold*, *silver*, and all other words, the bare mention whereof excites a certain fix'd idea, so that we have not the least doubt about their meaning.—*Equivocal* terms are those which signify two or more *different ideas*, or *different sorts* of objects. Thus *foot* is an equivocal word, as signifying the *foot of an animal*, or a *measure* of twelve inches: *Post* is equivocal, being used for a *piece of timber*, or a *messenger who carries letters*. So *grace*, *church*, *bitter*, *sweet*, *sharp*, and a *multitude*

titude of others, are equivocal or *ambiguous*, as signifying several different things; and the use of such words, with a design to *puzzle* or *deceive*, is called *equivocation*. These ambiguous terms, which have several meanings, are also called *homonymous*; as different words, signifying the same thing, are called *synonymous*.

The various kinds of *equivocal* words are so many, that it would be tedious to enumerate them all; but some of the most remarkable and useful distinctions among them are those which follow. 1. Some words are *equivocal* in *sound*, but not in *writing*; as the *rein* of a bridle, the *reign* of a king, and *rain* that falls from the clouds: Others in *writing*, but not in *sound*; as *bowl* a ball, and *bowl* a vessel, are written the same way, but pronounced differently: Others, which are most properly call'd *equivocal*, are those that are written and pronounced alike, but have different senses; as *post* and *foot* abovementioned. 2. Words are *equivocal* in respect to the *extent of their meaning*, which are sometimes taken in a *large* and *general* sense, and sometimes in a *sense more particular and restrained*. Thus, strictly speaking, *Holland* is but one of the *United Provinces*; though in a *large* sense includes all the *seven*. 3. Words are *equivocal* by being sometimes used in a *literal*, and sometimes in a *figurative* sense; as when man is said to *repent* or be *angry*, it is understood literally; but when spoken of God, the expressions are figurative. 4. Some are *equivocal* on account of a *common* and *scientific* meaning; as *passion* vulgarly signifies *anger*, but philosophically the *receiving any action impressed*.—These are the principal kinds of *equivocal* or *ambiguous* words.

C H A P. V.

Rules relating to our conceptions of things; with directions for DEFINITION, DIVISION, and DISTRIBUTION.

IN order to guide and regulate our conceptions we must
 1. Conceive of things *clearly* and *distinctly*, as they are in their own *natures*. 2. Conceive of them *completely*, in all their *parts*. 3. Conceive of them *comprehensively*, with regard to their *properties* and *relations*. 4. Conceive of things *extensively*, in all their *kinds*. 5. Conceive of things *orderly* or in a proper *method*.

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With respect to the FIRST Rule you are to observe that in all discourse or argument proper *definitions* are necessary, that every thing may be clearly and distinctly understood.

Definitions are of two kinds; one of *names* or *words*, the other of *things*.

The definition of a *NAME* is the explaining and determining precisely *in what sense we use a word*, or what object we mean by it; which may be done in any manner, so as to convey our meaning sufficiently to another person.

Directions proper to be observed in the definition of names are principally the following. 1. *Avoid making use of mere words, which have no ideas belonging to them, or no settled and determinate meaning.* For what signifies talking of *fate, fortune, perfection, instinct, &c.* without we have some certain idea first affix'd to these words? 2. *Do not suppose the nature of things to be always as different as their names.* For the words *herb, salad, weed*, though they are different names, are not really three different species of being. 3. *Do not think the nature of two things the same because they have the same name.* Thus heat which we feel by being near the fire, and the cause of that sensation in the fire itself, are very different, though the same name is applied to both. 4. *Use no ambiguous words in your definitions;* for this may make your candour and ingenuity suspected. 5. *Define your words in the same sense in which mankind uses them, as near as possible; and in your discourse keep close to your first definition, unless you give proper notice of the change.*

The definition of a *THING* is the explanation of its *nature*, including something which is *common* to it with other things, and something that is *peculiar* to the thing defined. Thus, if I would give a definition of *wine*, I say it is *juice pressed from grapes*.

The definition of any thing is to be formed by considering what is the *nearest genus* or *general nature* of the thing to be defin'd, and then what is its *primary attribute* or *property*, wherein it *differs* from all other things that are most like it. Thus, in forming the above definition, tho' *wine* is a *substance*, I do not make use of that term, because it is a very *remote genus*; nor do I call it a *liquid*, because that is still too *remote*; but I say it is a *juice*, because that is its *nearest general nature*, though common to it with many other things. Having gone thus far, I am to consider what is its *primary attribute* wherein its *specific difference* consists

confists ; that is, wherein it differs from all other juices. Now if I should say, it is the *juice of a fruit*, this difference would be too general, for it would not distinguish it from *cyder, perry, &c.* which are juices of fruits also : But when I say, it is a *juice pressed from grapes*, this expresses its *special nature*, which distinguishes it from all others.—Therefore the general and special nature joined together, or (as logicians call them) the *genus* and the *difference*, make up a *definition*.

The chief rules of a good definition are, 1. That it be *adequate* or *universal* ; that is, it must agree to all the particular species included under the idea of the thing defined. Thus, the *juice of the grape* agrees to all wines, (properly so called) whether *red, white, Spanish, French, &c.* 2. It must be *peculiar* to the thing defined, and agree to *that alone*. So the *juice of the grape* agrees to no other being but *wine*. 3. It ought to be *clear and plain*, and consequently free from all ambiguous words. 4. It should be *short*, but not so as to leave it obscure ; and indeed the *difference* of things cannot always be expressed in a few words, as consisting of several attributes or ideas. 5. A definition of a *thing* must not be express'd in mere *synonymous words* ; for that would not explain its *nature*, and be no better than a definition of the *name*.

Every thing is not capable of being exactly defined ; for it is very difficult to define some things accurately, and others cannot be defined at all. Where the essences of things approach near to each other, so that their limits cannot well be adjusted, it is difficult to define them ; because we cannot tell under what *species* to rank them, or how to determine their *specific difference*. It is hard (for instance) to define a *batt*, which is between a bird and a beast ; or a *barge*, which is between a boat and a ship.—*Being* and *not-being*, having no superior *genus*, can never be defined ; neither can *individuals*, because either they have no *essential differences* from other individuals, or their differences are not known to us ; and therefore we can only describe them by their particular circumstances. Lastly, we know so little of the *essence* of the various kinds of natural *beings* or *substances*, that our definitions of them are only an enumeration of their chief *parts* or *properties*, which best explain and distinguish them from other things according to our observation. Thus we should define *silver* to be a *white hard metal, the finest and most ductile next to gold, &c.*

A prim-

A primrose is a yellowish flower consisting of several small leaves of such a particular shape, &c. But this sort of definition is called *imperfect*, or a *description*; the *perfect* definition being composed of the *specific difference* added to the *general nature* or *genus*, as above observed.

To conform to our *SECOND rule*, and conceive of things *completely*, we must take them as it were to pieces, and consider all their parts separately. This rule therefore only refers to *complex ideas*, for *simple ideas* have no parts. Now all *parts* imply some *whole* to which they belong; and our *whole ideas* may be distinguished into two kinds. 1. There is a *mathematical* or *integral whole*, which is when all the parts are distinct from each other, and may subsist apart. So the *head*, *limbs*, and *trunk* are the *integral parts* of a *human body*: *units* are the *integral parts* of large numbers: and the *spring*, *wheels*, *balance*, *dial-plate*, &c. are the *integral parts* of a *watch*. An enumeration of these parts of an idea is what logicians call *DIVISION*; and when any of the parts are still farther divided, it is called a *subdivision*. 2. There is a *logical* or *universal whole*, the parts whereof are all the particular ideas to which the *universal nature* extends. So a *genus* is a *whole*, as *animal*; and the several *species* are its *parts*, as *man*, *beast*, *bird*, &c. A *species* is likewise a *whole*, as *horse*; and the *individuals*, as *Trot*, *Ball*, *Dobbin*, &c. are the *parts*. A proper enumeration of these parts of an idea is called *DISTRIBUTION*.

In *division* these rules are to be observed. 1. *Each part taken separately must be less than the whole, but all together must be exactly equal to it.* To divide a *tree* therefore into the *trunk* and the *leaves* would be an *imperfect division*, since the *whole* is not *compleat* without the *root* and the *branches*. 2. *In all divisions begin with the larger and more immediate parts of the subject, and so proceed to the more minute and remote part.* For it would be very *improper* to divide a *kingdom* first into *streets* and *fields*; but we must first begin with *provinces* or *counties*, and then those *counties* may be divided into *towns*, *fields*, &c. and *towns* into *streets* and *lanes*. 3. *The parts of a division should be opposite, so as not to contain one another.* It would therefore be *improper* to divide an *animal* into *body*, *head*, *limbs*, and *bones*, because *bones* are included in all the other *parts*. 4. *We ought not to run into many subdivisions without necessity.* 5. *We should divide our subject according to the design*

we have in view. So a printer divides a book into *sheets* and *pages*; but a logician considers it as divided into *chapters*, *sections*, *propositions*, &c. 6. In all divisions the nature of things should be carefully observed. Thus nature plainly leads us to divide a tree into the root, the trunk, and the branches; but it would be unnatural to divide it into the upper half and the lower half, since it would be hard to determine how much belonged to the one and how much to the other.

The rules relating to *distribution* are much the same with those applied to *division*: For, 1. The parts of a distribution taken together must contain the whole. So mankind are justly distributed into male and female. 2. In distributions we must begin with the larger and more immediate species or ranks of beings, and not with those which are more minute and remote. Thus animal would be improperly divided into sparrow, dove, trout, flounder, horse, bear, &c. whereas it should first be distributed into man, beast, bird, fish, insect; and then beast into horse, bear, &c. bird into eagle, sparrow, &c. fish into trout, flounder, &c. and insect into wasp, butterfly, caterpillar, &c. 3. The parts of a distribution should not contain or include one another. Thus men may properly enough be distributed into young, old, and middle-aged; but not into rich, poor, and learned, because rich men may be learned, and so may the poor. 4. Subdivisions should not be numerous without necessity. 5. Each subject should be distributed according to the special design we have in view. Thus, in treating of politics, mankind may be distributed into the rulers and the ruled; but with respect to religion, they are distinguished into Heathens, Mahometans, Jews, and Christians. 6. We should carefully follow nature in all our distributions.

By our **THIRD** rule, of a *comprehensive* conception of things is meant this: that as we obtain a *compleat* conception of an object by surveying it in all its parts, so we obtain a *comprehensive* conception of it by considering it in all its modes, attributes, properties, and relations. Indeed, it is neither necessary nor possible to run through *all* the modes, circumstances, and relations of every subject we take in hand; but a judicious speaker or writer will chuse those which are most necessary to his design, either to explain, illustrate, or prove his point.

By the **FOURTH** rule, which directs us to obtain an *extensive* conception of a thing, we are to consider the various sorts

sorts or kinds of beings to which the same idea belongs, i. e. to search out the several species or special natures, that are contained under a genus or general nature. Thus, if we conceive extensively of an animal, we consider beasts, birds, fishes, and insects, as well as men, which are all included in that general name. Such a conception of things enables us to make a proper distribution of an universal whole into its various species and individuals, the rules for which have been just now given.

The FIFTH rule, which directs us to conceive of things orderly, is intended to prevent confusion, either in the mind of the teacher or the learner; for which purpose our ideas ought to be disposed in a just and proper method, that may assist both the understanding and the memory: As books in a well-ordered library are disposed according to their sizes and subjects, so that any one of them is readily found by the student. We might here lay down rules relating to method, but that would be anticipating what belongs to the fourth part of logic, wherein we shall speak of it more largely.



P A R T II.

Of JUDGMENT.

JUDGMENT is that operation of the mind, whereby we compare two or more ideas together, and either affirm or deny something concerning them, according as we find they agree or disagree with each other: For the mind may perceive the agreement or disagreement of ideas; and accordingly assent or dissent within itself, though no words are used: And this is properly called judgment; for when any judgment is expressed in words, it is called a proposition. In short, as ideas are the result of conception or apprehension, so propositions are the effects of judgment.

C H A P. I.

Of the nature of PROPOSITIONS in general, and the parts whereof they are composed.

A Proposition is a sentence wherein two or more ideas or terms are joined or disjoined by one affirmation or negation; that is, wherein something is affirmed or denied: As, *Men are mortal: Poverty is no vice: Compleat happiness is not attainable on earth.*

The parts which constitute a proposition are the subject, the predicate, and the copula.

The subject of a proposition is that of which any thing is affirmed or denied. So *men, poverty, compleat happiness,* are the subjects of the foregoing propositions.

The predicate is that which is affirmed or denied of the subject. So *mortal, vice, attainable on earth,* are predicates in the above examples.

The copula of a proposition is the word or words whereby the affirmation or negation is expressed, and the subject and predicate are connected. These are *am, art, is, are, can, may, &c.* or *am not, art not, is not, are not,* and many others of the like nature.—N. B. The subject and predicate

predicate are called the *matter*, and the *copula* is called the *form* of a proposition.

These parts are not *distinctly expressed* in every proposition, but they are all implicitly contained in it. Thus, *I write* is a compleat proposition, though the *copula* seems to be wanting; for it is the same as *I am writing*. So in the proposition *Rome is*, the word *is* includes both the *copula* and the *predicate*; being the same as *Rome is in being*. — And here it may be proper to observe, that the several parts of a proposition are not always to be known by the order in which the words are placed, but by duly considering the *sense* of them, and the design of the writer or speaker.

C H A P. II.

Of the various kinds of PROPOSITIONS.

PROPOSITIONS are usually distributed into various kinds, according to their *subject*, *copula*, and *predicate*; or with respect to their *nature*, *sense*, and *evidence*.

In regard of their *SUBJECT*, they are distinguished into four kinds, *wiz.* 1. *Universal*, when the subject is taken in its whole extent; which universality is commonly expressed by the words *all*, *every*, *no*, *none*, and the like: as, *All creatures had a beginning*: *No man is free from failings*. 2. *Particular*, when the subject is not taken in its whole extent, but is limited by a word denoting particularity, as *some*, *many*, *few*, &c. as when we say, *Some men are blind*: *Many opinions are erroneous*. 3. *Singular*, which is when a proposition only relates to one individual person or thing; as *Solomon was a wise man*: *This day is very fine*. But this sort of propositions may justly be included under the general name of *universals*, because the subject is taken in its full extent; for being an individual, it can extend to that only. 4. *Indefinite*, which is when a subject has no note either of universality or particularity prefixed to it, but yet is general in its nature; as, *Angels are immortal*: *Stones have no sensation*. But these indefinite propositions (especially when they describe the nature of things) are also to be reckoned *universals*.

Propositions are distinguished with respect to their *COPULA* into *affirmative* and *negative*. In *affirmative* propositions something is positively asserted of the subject, and

is

is joined to it by the words *is*, *are*, &c. as, *God is a spirit*. In *negative* propositions something is denied of the subject, and is therefore disjoined from it by the particles *is not*, *are not*, &c. as, *Man is not a stone*.—Here it is natural to observe, that the sense of many propositions may be plain and easy, though it may be difficult to say whether they should be ranked under the names of *negative* or *affirmative*; nor is it worth while to wrangle about matters of so little importance. The distinction indeed is allowable and useful; but it seems to me, that all propositions may in some sense be called *affirmative*; for all affirm that something *is*, or *is not*; or, in other words, they affirm the agreement or disagreement of ideas.—Let the scholar likewise take notice, that in our language two negatives in one sentence make an affirmative; for if we say, *No man is not mortal*, it is the same as if we said, *Every man is mortal*. But in Greek, and very often in French, two negatives only deny more strongly.

Propositions are distinguished with respect to their *PREDICATE* into *pure* and *modal*. A *pure* proposition merely and simply expresses that the predicate is connected with the subject; as, *A globe is round*. A *modal* proposition shews also the way and manner wherein the predicate and the subject are connected. These *modes* of connexion are usually reckoned four, viz. 1. *Necessity*; as, *It is necessary that a globe should be round*. 2. *Contingency*; as, *A globe may be made of brass or wood*, for this is an indifferent or contingent thing. 3. *Possibility*; as, *It is possible a globe may be made of water*. 4. *Impossibility*; as, *It is impossible that a globe should be square*.

But there are many other modes of connecting the predicate with the subject; for to those above-mentioned, which are only *natural*, might be added *moral* and *civil* modes, such as *lawfulness* and *unlawfulness*, *conveniency* and *inconveniency*, &c. So also, *it is probable*, *it is improbable*, *it is certain*, *it is doubtful*, *it is said*, *it is written*, and various other modes of speaking whereby a predicate and a subject are connected, will form other kinds of *modal propositions*.

Propositions are distributed with regard to their *NATURE* into *single* and *compound*. A *single* proposition is that which has but *one* subject, and *one* predicate. If these consist only of *simple terms*, the proposition is called *simple*; as, *Sinners are miserable*: *Virtue is desirable*. But if the subject or

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predicate are made up of *complex terms*, the proposition is also called *complex*; as, *Impenitent sinners are miserable: Virtue is desirable more than gold.*

A *compound proposition* is that which has *two or more subjects or predicates, or both, and therefore contains two or more propositions, either plainly expressed or implied.* —The first sort of *compound propositions*, i. e. wherein the composition is *expressed and evident*, are distinguished into *copulative, disjunctive, conditional, casual, relative, and discretive*; of which take the following examples. 1. Those are *copulative*, whose subjects and predicates are connected by affirmative or negative conjunctions; as, *Riches and honours are snares: Neither gold nor diamonds can save us from death.* These are evidently *compound*, for each of them may be resolved into two propositions, viz. *Riches are snares, and Honours are snares: Gold cannot save us, &c. Diamonds cannot save us, &c.* 2. In *disjunctive propositions* the parts are opposed to one another by disjunctive particles; as, *It is either day or night.* 3. *Conditional or hypothetical propositions* have their parts united by a conditional particle; as, *If the sun shines, it is day.* The first part of such propositions, wherein the condition lies, is called the *antecedent*, and the other the *consequent.* 4. *Casual propositions* are so denominated from the causal particles by which they are connected; as, *We are dependent, because we are creatures.* Hither some refer those propositions call'd *reduplicative*; such as, *Men, as men, are rational; that is, because they are men.* 5. *Relative propositions* (which are near a-kin to *conditional ones*) express a relation or comparison of one thing to another; as, *Where the treasure is, there will the heart be.* 6. *Discretive propositions* are those wherein various judgments are made, denoted by the particles *but, though, &c.* as, *A good boy may play, but should not forget his task: Job was patient, though his affliction was great.* —The second sort of *compound propositions*, where the composition is not so evident, are chiefly *exclusive*s and *exceptive*s. The former are so denominated from the exclusive words, *alone, only, &c.* as, *God alone is eternal.* The latter are known by the exceptive words, *beside, unless, none but, &c.* as, *No animal, beside man, is rational.* These seem to be *single propositions*, but a little consideration will shew that they contain *two at least.* The first (for instance) may be resolved into these: *God is eternal; and, No other being is so.* —I might add more distinctions

tions under this head, and spend time in shewing whereon the truth of these several propositions depends, as also how they are to be opposed or contradicted, but I think this would be of little service, since a moderate share of common sense will be sufficient for these purposes, without the formality of rules.

Propositions, according to their *SENSE* or *signification*, are distinguished into *true* and *false*. A *true* proposition represents things as they really are in themselves; as, *Birds have wings*: *Brutes are not insensible machines*. A *false* proposition represents things otherwise than they really are; as, *Birds have no wings*: *Brutes are insensible*.

The *Criterion* or distinguishing mark of truth is *EVIDENCE*; that is, a clear and distinct perception of the agreement or disagreement of ideas to one another: For since we cannot withhold our assent when the evidence is plain and strong, we should be necessarily led into error if compleat evidence could be found in propositions that are false; but it would be impious to suppose, that the God of truth and goodness would ever oblige his creatures to be so deceived.

Propositions according to their different degrees of evidence are distinguished into *certain* and *doubtful*. A *certain* proposition is that wherein the agreement or disagreement of the ideas appears so plainly to the mind, that we cannot forbear assenting to it; as, *The whole is greater than a part*: *Two and two make four*: *Every circle has a centre*. Propositions of this kind make what we call knowledge. A *doubtful* proposition is that whose evidence is not so clear and strong as to force the assent of the mind, but permits us to suspend our belief at pleasure; as, *The moon is inhabited*: *The world will be destroyed in less than a thousand years*. Such uncertain propositions are what we call *opinions*.

But these last sort of propositions are also distinguished into *probable* and *improbable*. We call that a *probable* opinion or proposition, when the evidence of it is greater than the evidence of the contrary: When the evidence or arguments are stronger on the contrary side, we call it *improbable*: But if the arguments on both sides appear equally strong, we commonly call it *doubtful*. And in general all propositions are *doubtful* wherein we can perceive no sufficient marks either of truth or falsehood: In which case the mind ought to suspend its assent, till superior evidence on one side or other incline the balance of the judgment.

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There are six several kinds of evidence, *viz.* *sense, consciousness, intelligence, reason, faith, and inspiration*; on one or more of which all propositions are grounded. The first kind is that which arises from the dictates of our *SENSES*, on which are built such propositions as these: *Grass is green: Sugar is sweet: Hunger is painful, &c.* and these may be called *sensible propositions*. 2. Many propositions are built on an inward *CONSCIOUSNESS*, or spiritual sensation of what passes in the mind; as, *Long meditation on one thing is tiresome: Fear is a troublesome passion: I am desirous of knowledge, &c.* These propositions are not distinguished (that I know of) by any particular name. 3. *INTELLIGENCE* relates to *self-evident propositions*, or those principles of truth which are wrought (as it were) into the very nature and frame of our minds, and to which we necessarily assent as soon as the terms are understood; as, *No effect is produced without a cause: A part is less than the whole, &c.* These are called *axioms, maxims, or first principles*, being the very foundations on which all our reasonings are built. 4. When one truth is justly inferred or drawn from others, this is the evidence of *REASONING*; as, when I see a watch, I conclude, *Some artist made it*; when I survey the heavens and the earth, I infer, *There is a God who created them*. Propositions built on this kind of evidence are called *conclusions or rational truths*; and the knowledge we thus acquire is properly called *science*. 5. The evidence of *FAITH* is that which is derived from the testimony of others. By this we know that *there is such a country as Egypt, that there was such a city as Troy, and such a poet as Homer*. This, in short, makes a great part of our knowledge, there being ten thousand things which we believe upon the authority of those who have spoken or written about them; and as these persons are many or few, or of more or less wisdom and credit, so our faith is stronger or weaker, and the proposition believed is either certain or doubtful; but in matters of faith a very great probability is called *a moral certainty*. When we believe any thing upon the word of *man*, it is called *human faith*; but when we believe because *God* has revealed it, that is *divine faith*; and the infallible assurance arising from such evidence is called *supernatural certainty*. 6. Another sort of evidence, distinct from all the former, is *INSPIRATION*, or a convincing and indubitable impression of any truth made upon the mind by *God himself*. Propositions built on

on such evidence are called *inspired truths*. This is *divine revelation* in the first and highest sense, being the dictated of the Holy Spirit in an immediate manner.

C H A P. III.

Of the OPPOSITION and CONVERSION of Propositions.

THE distinction of propositions into *universal* and *particular* is said to be according to their *quantity*; but when they are distinguished into *affirmative* and *negative*, this is said to be according to their *quality*. With respect to both quantity and quality they are distinguished into four kinds, which logicians denote by the vowels *A, E, I, O*, thus :

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|--|-----------|--|
| $\left. \begin{matrix} A \\ E \\ I \\ O \end{matrix} \right\}$ | denotes a | $\left\{ \begin{matrix} \text{Universal affirmative.} \\ \text{Universal negative.} \\ \text{Particular affirmative.} \\ \text{Particular negative.} \end{matrix} \right.$ |
|--|-----------|--|

Of these several forms the following propositions are examples :

- A All men are mortal.*
- E No men are mortal.*
- I Some men are mortal.*
- O Some men are not mortal.*

Of the *opposition* and *conversion* of propositions, there have been said by logicians a great deal more than is worth repeating here ; but it seems proper to explain briefly what they mean by *opposite* and *convertible* propositions.

Propositions are said to be *opposite* when two of them have the same subject and the same predicate, and what is denied in one is affirmed in the other, either in whole or in part.

There are several species of this opposition ; for if the two propositions are opposite both in quantity and quality, they are called *contradictory* ; as,

- A All men are mortal.*
- O Some men are not mortal.*

These contradictory propositions can never be both true, or both false, at the same time.

If two *universals* differ in quality, they are called *contraries*; as,

A *All men are mortal.*

E *No men are mortal.*

These cannot be both true together, but may be both false.

Two *particular* propositions, opposite in quality, are called *subcontraries*; as,

I *Some men are mortal.*

O *Some men are not mortal.*

These may be both true, but cannot be both false.

Propositions which differ only in quantity are called *subalterns*; but these are not properly *opposite*, because the particular proposition is always included in the universal one, as,

A *All men are mortal.*

I *Some men are mortal.*

Or thus,

E *No men are mortal.*

O *Some men are not mortal.*

The proprieties of these propositions are, 1. If the universal one be true, the particular one will be true also, but not on the contrary. 2. If the particular proposition be false, the universal will be so too, but not the contrary. 3. They may be sometimes both true, and sometimes both false.

The *conversion* of a proposition is, when the subject and predicate change their places, and yet the truth is preserved; which may always be done in *universal negatives* and *particular affirmatives*; as,

E { *No virtue is vice,*
may be converted,
No vice is virtue.

Here we see the subject of the former proposition is made the predicate of the latter, and the predicate the subject, yet both are equally true. So likewise,

I { *Some soldiers are cowards,*
may be converted,
Some cowards are soldiers.

To say much more upon this head would be spending time without any real advantage, as it would be trifling about a form of words, rather than discoursing about the matter. But it may be observed, that there are some propositions which may be always converted with truth, by reason of the ideas or matter whereof they are composed. This is the case in propositions whose predicate is a true definition of the subject, or the difference of it; or the highest degree of any property or quality; or, in short, whenever the subject and predicate are exactly of the same extent or comprehension: As, *A triangle is a figure composed of three sides;* and, *A figure composed of three sides is a triangle;* *Religion is the truest wisdom;* and, *The truest wisdom is religion;* *Adam was the first man;* and, *The first man was Adam.* Such propositions as these are properly convertible, and are called reciprocal propositions.

C H A P. IV.

Of PREJUDICES, or the springs of false judgment.

ENOUGH has been said concerning propositions, themselves considered: But before I proceed to the third part of *Logic*, I shall endeavour to point out the chief springs and causes of our mistakes in judging of things, and to lay down some rules to avoid them. Our judgments or mistakes are called PREJUDICES, and so are the springs of them; of which there is a vast variety attend mankind in every age and condition of life; and they are so interwoven with each other, as well as with the power of human nature, that it is sometimes difficult to make proper distinction between them: But for the sake of method they may be reduced to the following heads, viz. Prejudices arising from things, from words, from ourselves, and from other persons.

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The prejudices arising from THINGS are, 1. *The obscurity of some truths, and the difficulty of discovering them*, which is one source of false judgments. This sort of prejudice, as well as most others, is cured by patience and diligence in our enquiries, and by suspending our judgment till we have sufficient evidence of the truth. 2. *The outside appearance of things and persons* frequently leads us into mistakes. But this prejudice is removed by an acquaintance with the world, and observing that things are sometimes better and sometimes worse than they outwardly appear. A grey beard is not a certain sign of wisdom; and a rough diamond, though worth an immense sum, may seem to be of no value at all. 3. *A mixture of different qualities in the same thing* is another spring of rash and mistaken judgment; for we are very apt to judge of the whole object according to that quality which makes the first or the strongest impression upon us, without considering any of the rest. This sort of prejudice is cured by learning to make just distinctions, and not to judge in the lump, either of men or things. 4. *The different lights in which a thing is placed, and the different views in which it appears to us*, often occasions us to form wrong judgments concerning it. To correct which prejudice, we should view a thing on all sides, and compare its several appearances with one another, before we fully determine our opinion. 5. *The casual association of many of our ideas* is another source of rash judgment and mistake: As a child that has drank a bitter potion annexes the idea of bitterness with that of the cup that held it, and is not easily persuaded to drink out of it again. Many prejudices of this kind we imbibe in our youth, and remove which we must endeavour to separate those ideas that have no natural and necessary connection, but have been joined together only by fancy, chance, or custom.

In regard to the prejudices arising from WORDS, 1. We are led into several mistakes by *insignificant, equivocal, and anonymous words*; to avoid which let the reader carefully observe what has been said in chap. IV. of the first part of this treatise, and in chap. V. concerning the *definition of names*. 2. *Words joined in speech, and composing a discourse*, are apt to lead us into mistake two ways. On the one hand, when a man writes or speaks much to the purpose, but has not a good style, or an engaging manner of expression, he frequently despise an excellent discourse, and overlook the wisest and the justest sentiments. On the other hand, we

are often charmed into error by a man of eloquence, whose art conceals or obscures the truth, and places falsehood in a pleasing light. To secure ourselves against these dangers, we must learn to distinguish between language and ideas, and to judge of things in their own natures, and in their just relation to one another.

The prejudices arising from **OURSELVES** are, 1. The prejudices of *infancy*, which are derived from the *weakness of our reason, and incapacity to judge rightly of things in our childhood*. Thus boys are apt to think learning an unpleasant thing, because perhaps they have been whipt at school; and to look upon those as their best friends who beg them a holiday, or screen them from correction when they have done amiss. The way to get rid of these prejudices is to re-examine the opinions framed in our tender years, when our reason is strong and mature. 2. The prejudices of *sense*, or the false informations of things we receive from our senses, are another spring of rash judgment and mistake. Thus many people suppose the sun and moon to be flat bodies, and much about the *same bigness*, because they appear so to the eye; and because we do not feel the air press heavy upon us, we are inclined to think it has no weight. Such prejudices as these remain with the generality of mankind, till they are cured by learning and philosophy. 3. Many false judgments take their rise from our *imagination*, or the *dictates of fancy*. Some persons take for truth whatever is strongly impress'd upon the imagination; and if they fancy (for instance) this or that particular *number* more fortunate than the rest, they will chuse a lottery-ticket accordingly, and think themselves sure of success. To prevent such deceptions as these, we must take care to bridle the extravagancies of *fancy*, to lay that unruly faculty aside in our enquiries after truth, and to let calm *reason* determine our opinions. 4. From the various *passions or affections of the mind* arise innumerable prejudices. *Love* makes even blemishes appear as beauties; *fear* multiplies our dangers; *envy* represents our neighbour's condition better than it is; and to *despair* the very least difficulty seems unsurmountable. For these prejudices the best remedy is to keep a continual watch over our passions, and not to form our judgments when the affections are warmly engaged, but when the mind is perfectly serene and composed. 5. The fondness we have for *self*, and for the persons and things that have a relation to ourselves,

is another great spring of false judgment. The *Laplander*, amidst his ice and snow, is as fond of his native country, as he who is born amongst the gardens of *Italy*. Our *kindred*, our *party*, our *opinions*, our very *names*, seem to have something peculiarly valuable in them, and we cannot bear that others should think meanly of them. In a word, the prejudices of this kind stick so closely to our natures, and have such a pernicious influence on our understandings, that we cannot too much guard against them in our searches after truth, and in forming our judgments of what is right and wrong. 6. The *peculiar tempers and humours of the Mind* have an influence upon mens judgments, and are the occasion of frequent mistakes. Some are so *easy* and *credulous*, as to believe every thing that has the least shadow of evidence; whilst others are led by a *spirit of contradiction* to oppose every thing that is advanced either in writing or conversation. Some are always *positive*, others always *doubting*, and others perpetually *changing* one opinion for another. These tempers (and more that might be mentioned) are very injurious to a right judgment of things; but may be relieved by patience in study, and a diligent and honest attention in the search of truth. 7. A *dulness of perception*, a *defect of memory*, a *narrowness of mind*, and several other weaknesses belonging to human nature, are the causes of mistakes and inconsistencies in judgment; nor can we expect to be quite free from errors and imperfections in the present life.

The prejudices arising from OTHER PERSONS are, 1. The *prejudices of education*, which we imbibe from our nurses, from unskilful teachers, from our school-fellows, from servants, or any other persons with whom we are conversant in our younger years. It is then we are taught that there are hobgoblins in the dark, that the screeching of an owl presages death in a family or neighbourhood, that such and such days are lucky or unlucky, and a thousand such ridiculous stories, which have too lasting an influence on the weaker part of mankind. We take our *religion* from our parents and tutors, and millions are born, and live, and die in the same faith, without examining any one article, or being able to give any other reason for it, than that they were taught, and believed so, from their infancy. These prejudices are to be cured by bringing the principles of our youth to the test of calm and severe reasoning, when we come to years of maturity. 2. Another sort of

prejudice arises from the *custom or fashion of those among whom we live.* Our cookery, our dress, our civil and religious forms and practices, are all regulated by custom ; and what appears elegant, polite, and decent in one country, is awkward and ridiculous in another. To remove prejudices of this kind, it is of excellent use to travel, or to read the travels of other men, and the history of past ages ; and whenever we pass a judgment concerning the nature of things, let us remember that truth and reason are invariable, and do not change with fashion or custom.

3. The *authority of men* is the spring of another kind of prejudices. We very often pay an unreasonable deference to the authority of the *ancients*, and many impertinent trifles are reverenced for no other reason but because they bear the mark of *antiquity*. A writer or preacher of a great name draws a multitude of followers into his own mistakes ; the poor man often believes as his wealthy neighbour does, and the opinion of the *Squire* is followed by half the parish. But to remove these prejudices let us remember, that no man, of whatever rank or character, has any just pretence to sway the judgment of others by his own authority ; and that riches, honours, titles, and reputation, are not always accompanied with truth and wisdom.

4. The prejudices arising from the *manner of proposal* are near a-kin to those of authority. Some persons readily believe what another dictates with a *positive air* and a great assurance. Others quickly swallow any doctrine when it is proposed with all the *airs of piety*, and with solemn appeals and protestations. Some are frightened into the belief of particular doctrines, because a man of a great name or character pronounces the contrary sentiments *heretical* and *damnab'e* ; whilst others are led into error by a *soft address*, and the engaging methods of *persuasion* and *kindness*. The way to avoid such mistakes as these is to distinguish well between the *substance of any doctrine*, and the *manner in which it is proposed, attacked, or defended* ; and not to yield our assent to any thing but the convincing evidence of truth.

Having thus pointed out many of the numberless prejudices that attend mankind, and the means by which they may be avoided or removed, I shall conclude this part of Logic with some general directions to assist us in forming a *true judgment of things*.

C H A P. V.

General directions for JUDGING aright.

SOME hints for this purpose have been occasionally dropt already; but it will not be a needless repetition to collect them in this place, and exhibit at one view such general directions as are proper to assist us in judging rightly. A great number might be framed that would contribute to this end, but the most useful are those which follow.

DIRECTION I. *When we are searching after truth, we should bring all our old opinions to a fresh examination, enquire into the ground of them, and cast off those judgments which appear to have been formed without sufficient evidence.* This indeed cannot be done all at once, and few people have either time or capacity to take such a review of their opinions; but so far as we are able, it should be done by prudent steps and degrees, till our principles are reformed, or at least established upon juster foundations.

DIRECT. II. *We should endeavour to have clear, complete, comprehensive, extensive, and orderly ideas of those objects upon which we pass any judgment, so far as we have occasion to judge concerning them, and as our imperfect knowledge of things will admit.* This direction is not to be strictly observed in matters of testimony, wherein it is not absolutely necessary to have clear and distinct ideas of what is proposed to our belief, provided we have sufficient evidence of the credibility of the proposer.

DIRECT. III. *Compare the ideas of a proposition with the utmost attention, and observe how far they agree, and wherein they differ.* But in making this comparison between the ideas of the subject and the predicate, take care that you neither add to, nor diminish them.

DIRECT. IV. *Search diligently and honestly for evidence of the truth, and be ready to receive it on which side soever it appears.* Take great care that your wishes or inclinations do not pervert your judgment.

DIRECT. V. *Suspend your judgment, and neither affirm nor deny without sufficient evidence.* It is more particularly necessary to observe this direction, when the propositions to be examined are supported by education, authority, interest, or any other powerful prejudice.

DIRECT. VI. Judge of every proposition by the proper mediums or means whereby its evidence is to be obtained. That is, if we judge of sounds, colours, or any other objects of sense, we must do it by the use of our *senses*. If we judge of the nature of spirits, their powers and perceptions, we must apply to our *consciousness* of what passes within our own mind: If we judge of matters done in past ages, or in distant countries, we must have recourse to the *testimony* of others.

DIRECT. VII. We should have some general principles of truth settled in our minds, that they may be always ready to assist us in forming our judgments of other things whose evidence is less obvious.

DIRECT. VIII. The degrees of our assent should always bear an exact proportion to the different degrees of evidence. This will secure us from many mistakes both in speculation and practice.

DIRECT. IX. Our minds should be always open to receive the truth; nor should we ever think ourselves too wise to be instructed. Let us part with the oldest and most favourite opinions for the sake of truth, and remember that our knowledge is always capable of improvement.

PART III.

Of REASONING.

WE have already shewn that the *first* operation of the mind is **PERCEPTION**, whereby our ideas are framed; and that the *second* is **JUDGMENT**, which joins or disjoins our ideas, and forms *propositions*: We now come to the *third* work of the mind, called **REASONING** or *argumentation*, whereby several propositions are joined together, to form an *argument* or *syllogism*.

C H A P. I.

Of the nature of a SYLLOGISM, and the parts of which it is composed.

A SYLLOGISM is an *argument*, or *form of reasoning*, whereby we infer something that is less known from truths which are more evident. Or, it is an *argument* consisting of three *propositions*, disposed in such a manner, as that the last is necessarily inferred from the two former; so that if the first and second proposition be granted, the conclusion must be granted also. This will easily be understood by the following example:

Our creator must be worshipped.
God is our creator.
Therefore God must be worshipped.

In a syllogism we are to consider the *matter* and the *form*.

The **MATTER** is the *three propositions* of which it is composed; and these are made up of *three terms* or *ideas*. The terms are called the *remote matter*, and the propositions the *immediate matter* of a syllogism.

The terms are denominated the *major*, the *minor*, and the *middle*. The *major*, or *greater term*, is the *predicate* of the

conclusion ; the *minor*, or *lesser term*, is the *subject* ; and these are called *extremes*. The *middle term* is one chosen at pleasure, and so disposed in two propositions, as to shew the agreement or disagreement between the *major* and *minor* terms in the conclusion ; and therefore the *middle term* is sometimes called the *argument*.

The first proposition in a syllogism is usually called the *major*, wherein the middle term is connected with the predicate of the conclusion : The second is called the *minor*, (and sometimes the *assumption*) wherein the subject of the conclusion is connected with the middle term. These propositions have the name of *premisses* ; and the third, which is drawn from them, is the *conclusion*.

The FORM of a syllogism is the *framing and disposing the premisses justly, and from thence drawing a regular conclusion or inference.* This inference is generally expressed by the particle *therefore*, or the Latin word *ergo*, (which is of the same signification) when the argument is formed according to the rules of art : But in common discourse or writing, the particles *for*, *because*, &c. shew the act of reasoning, or inferring one thing from another, as well as *then* and *therefore* ; and when such words are used, a syllogism is express'd or implied, though perhaps the three propositions are not disposed in a regular form.

C H A P. II.

Of the various kinds of SYLLOGISMS.

SYLLOGISMS are distinguished into several kinds, either according to the *question* to be proved, their *nature* and *composition*, or the *middle term*, which is used to prove the question.

Syllogisms, in respect to the *QUESTION* to be proved, are distinguished into *universal affirmative*, *universal negative*, *particular affirmative*, and *particular negative*. This is sometimes called a division of syllogisms according to the *conclusion* ; for there may be so many sorts of conclusions, denoted by the letters *A*, *E*, *I*, *O*, as may be seen in chap. III. of the second part of this treatise.

And with respect to their *NATURE* and *COMPOSITION*, they are distinguished into *single* and *compound*. A *single* syllogism is made up of three propositions : A *compound* syllo-

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gism contains more than three, and may be formed into two or more syllogisms.

SINGLE syllogisms are subdivided into *simple*, *complex*, and *conjunctive*.

Those properly called *simple* syllogisms are composed of three *plain*, *single*, or *categorical* propositions, wherein the middle term is evidently joined with one part of the question in the major proposition, and with the other in the minor, from whence a plain and single conclusion is naturally drawn. Such is the syllogism in the foregoing chapter.

The rules relating to the formation of *simple* syllogisms are these. 1. *The middle term must not be taken twice particularly, but once at least universally.* 2. *The terms in the conclusion must never be taken more universally than they are in the premisses.* 3. *A negative conclusion cannot be proved by two affirmative premisses.* 4. *If one of the premisses be negative, the conclusion must be negative.* 5. *If either of the premisses be particular, the conclusion must also be particular.* 6. *No conclusion can be drawn from two negative premisses.* 7. *Nor can thing be concluded from two particular premisses.*

Here it may be proper to take some notice of the various *moods* and *figures* of simple syllogisms, which have been invented by logicians, and about which they have spent a great deal of time and paper; for though the light of nature and a good judgment contribute more to true reasoning than all these scholastic subtleties, yet in some cases they may have their use, and therefore we shall briefly explain them.

The *figure* of a syllogism is the proper disposition of the middle term with regard to the *extremes*, or parts of the question.

The *mood* of a syllogism is a proper disposition of the propositions according to their *quantity* and *quality*, that is, their *universal* or *particular affirmation or negation*. The several moods of syllogisms have certain artificial names given them by logicians, wherein the consonants are neglected, and only the vowels A, E, I, O, regarded, which denote the quantity and quality of the propositions.

The figures are usually reckoned *three*, though some add a *fourth*.

In the *first figure*, the middle term is the subject of the major proposition, and the predicate of the minor. In

the *second*, the middle term is the predicate of both the premisses. In the *third*, it is the subject of both the premisses.

The first figure contains four moods, whose names are *Barbara*, *Celarent*, *Darii*, and *Ferio*; of which the following are examples:

BAR- Every wicked man is miserable.

BA- All tyrants are wicked men.

RA. Therefore all tyrants are miserable.

CE- They who neglect their duty are not wise.

LA- Idle boys neglect their duty.

RENT. Therefore idle boys are not wise.

DA- They who please God are happy.

RI- Some poor men please God.

I. Therefore some poor men are happy.

FE- Disobedient children are not blessings.

RI- Some children are disobedient.

O. Therefore some children are not blessings.

There are four moods also in the second figure, the names whereof are *Cesare*, *Camestres*, *Festino*, and *Baroco*; of which take these examples:

CE- No liar is fit to be believed.

SA- Every good Christian is fit to be believed.

RE. Therefore no good Christian is a liar.

CA- All pious men deserve esteem.

MES- No robbers deserve esteem.

TRES. Therefore no robbers are pious men.

FE- No sin is excusable.

STI- Some faults are excusable.

NO. Therefore some faults are not sins.

BA- Every part of religion is rational.

RO- Some doctrines are not rational.

CO. Therefore some doctrines are no part of religion.

The moods in the third figure are six, the names of which are *Darapti*, *Felapton*, *Disamis*, *Datisi*, *Bocardo*, *Ferison*. Examples of each follow.

- | | |
|------|---|
| DA- | <i>All good Christians shall be saved.</i> |
| RAP- | <i>All good Christians have sinned.</i> |
| TI. | <i>Therefore some who have sinned shall be saved.</i> |
| FE- | <i>No hypocrites are pleasing to God.</i> |
| LAP- | <i>All hypocrites appear to be religious.</i> |
| TON. | <i>Therefore some who appear to be religious are not pleasing to God.</i> |
| DI- | <i>Some men are honourable.</i> |
| SA- | <i>All men have their imperfections.</i> |
| MIS. | <i>Therefore some who have imperfections are honourable.</i> |
| DA- | <i>All virtuous men are happy.</i> |
| TI- | <i>Some virtuous men are beggars.</i> |
| SI. | <i>Therefore some beggars are happy.</i> |
| BO- | <i>Some wars are not to be avoided.</i> |
| CAR- | <i>All wars produce bloodshed.</i> |
| DO. | <i>Therefore some bloodshed is not to be avoided.</i> |
| FE- | <i>No afflictions are pleasant.</i> |
| RI- | <i>Some afflictions are good for us.</i> |
| SON. | <i>Therefore some things that are good for us are not pleasant.</i> |

The special rules to be observed in the figures are these: In the first, the major proposition must always be universal, and the minor affirmative; but it admits of all sorts of conclusions, whether universal or particular, affirmative or negative.—In the second, the major must always be universal; and one of the premisses, with the conclusion, always negative.—In the third, the minor must be affirmative, and the conclusion always particular.

The middle term placed in the fourth figure is the predicate in the major proposition, and the subject in the minor; but this is such an indirect way of drawing a conclusion, that it may look'd upon as useless, and is not worth explaining by examples.

Those syllogisms are call'd *complex*, wherein the *middle term* is not connected with the *whole predicate*, or the *whole subject*, in two distinct propositions, but is intermixed and compared with them by parts, or in a confused manner, and in different forms of speech. For example:

The devil is a wicked spirit.
Some Indians worship the devil.
Therefore some Indians worship a wicked spirit.

In this syllogism the predicate of the conclusion is *worship a wicked Spirit*; part of which is join'd with the middle term *devil* in the major proposition, and the other part in the minor. This reduced to a simple syllogism, in the mood *darii*, stands thus.

The devil is a wicked spirit.
What some Indians worship is the devil.
Therefore what some Indians worship is a wicked spirit.

But the conclusive force of this syllogism was evident enough without such reduction: and the same may be said of a vast number of other arguments used in the writings of learned men, as well as in common conversation, it often appearing plainly that the inference is just and true, though the form of the syllogism is irregular and confused.

A *conjunctive syllogism* is one whose major proposition has *distinct parts*, which are joined by a conjunction, or some such particle of speech. These syllogisms are of various kinds, but the chief of them are *four*, viz. the *conditional*, the *disjunctive*, the *relative*, and the *connexive*; which the following examples will explain.

1. A *conditional* or *hypothetical syllogism* is that whose major or minor, or both, are conditional propositions; as,

If there be a God, the world is governed by providence.
But there is a God.
Therefore the world is governed by providence.

Here the antecedent is asserted in the minor, that the consequent may be asserted in the conclusion; which is called *arguing from the position of the Antecedent to the position of the consequent*.—Again :

*If the sun shines, it is day.
But it is not day.
Therefore the sun does not shine.*

Here the consequent is contradicted in the minor proposition, that the antecedent may be contradicted in the conclusion; which is called *arguing from the removing of the consequent, to the removing of the antecedent.*

A *disjunctive syllogism* is when the major proposition is disjunctive, being connected by the particles *or*, *either*, &c. as in the following instances :

*We either desire to be happy or miserable.
But we do not desire to be miserable.
Therefore we desire to be happy.*

This kind of syllogism may have many parts or members; as,

*It is either spring, summer, autumn, or winter.
But it is neither spring, summer, nor autumn.
Therefore it is winter.*

3. A *relative syllogism* is when the major proposition is relative; as,

*Where the treasure is, there is the heart.
But a miser's treasure is in his bags.
Therefore his heart is there also.
Or, A saint's treasure is in Heaven:
Therefore his heart is in Heaven also.*

To this head may be referred those syllogisms that relate to proportion; as

*As three are to six, so are four to eight.
But three make the half of six.
Therefore four make the half of eight.*

4. A *connexive syllogism* has generally the parts of the major joined together by a copulative, and is by some called a *copulative syllogism*; as,

No man can serve God and Mammon.
But the covetous man serves Mammon.
Therefore he cannot serve God.
Or, *The true Christian serves God:*
Therefore he cannot serve Mammon.

N. B. In all kinds of conjunctive syllogisms great care should be taken that the major proposition be true; for upon that depends the whole force of the argument.—Thus much for *single* syllogisms.

Those are properly called *compound* syllogisms, which contain more than three propositions, being made up of *two or more single syllogisms*, into which they may be resolved. Of these there are several kinds, the chief whereof are the *epichirema*, *dilemma*, *prosyllogism*, and *sorites*.

An *epichirema* is a syllogism which proves the major or minor, or both, before it draws the conclusion; as,

Sickness may be good for us; for it shews us our frailty, weans us from our worldly enjoyments, and makes us think of dying.
But we are uneasy under sickness; which we manifest by complaints, groanings, &c.
Therefore we are sometimes uneasy under that which is good for us.

A *dilemma* is a sort of argument wherein the whole is divided into all its parts or members, and then something is inferred concerning each part, which is finally inferred concerning the whole. This kind of syllogism is so contrived, that let your adversary take which side of the question he pleases, the conclusion turns to his disadvantage. For example:

In Heaven we shall either have desires or not.
 • *If we have no desires, then we shall have full satisfaction: If we have desires, they will be satisfied as fast as they arise.*
Therefore in Heaven we shall be compleatly satisfied.

A *dilemma* may be faulty three ways: *First*, when the parts or members of the division in the major are not fully enumerated; *secondly*, when what is asserted in the minor concerning each part is not true; *thirdly*, when the argu-

argument may be retorted with equal force upon him who uses it. This last was the fault of the celebrated dilemma of *Protagoras*, which he made use of on the following occasion. *Protagoras* taught *Euathlus* the art of pleading, in consideration of a sum of money, which *Euathlus* promised to pay him the first day that he gained any cause in court. After a time *Protagoras* goes to law with *Euathlus* for the money, and argues in this manner : *Either I shall gain the cause, or you will gain it.* If I gain the cause, you must pay me according to the sentence of the judge : if you gain it you must pay me according to the covenant between us. Therefore whether the cause goes for me or against me, you must pay me the money. But *Euathlus* thus retorted the dilemma upon his master. *Either I shall gain the cause or lose it.* If I gain it, nothing will be due to you according to the sentence : If I lose it, nothing will be due to you according to our covenant. Therefore, let the cause go which way it will, I shall pay you nothing.

A *prosyllogism* is an argument composed of two syllogisms, so connected, that the conclusion of the former is the major or minor of the latter ; as,

Blood cannot think :
But the soul of man thinks :
Therefore the soul of man is not blood.
But the soul of a brute is his blood :
Therefore the soul of a man is different from the soul of a brute.

A *sorites* is an argument wherein several middle terms are successively connected in several propositions, till the last proposition connects its predicate with the subject of the first.—Such was the merry argument of *Themistocles*, to prove that his little son, under ten years of age, governed the whole world : *My son governs his mother ; his mother me ; I the Athenians ; the Athenians the rest of Greece ; Greece commands Europe ; Europe the whole world : therefore my son governs the whole world.*

In this place it may not be improper to add a syllogism called *induction*, wherein from several particular propositions a general one is inferred ; as,

Purgatory cannot be proved from the gospels ;
Nor from the Acts of the apostles ;

Nor

Nor from the Epistles;

Nor from the book of Revelations:

Therefore it cannot be proved from the New Testament.

These kinds of syllogisms, which have more than three propositions, may be called redundant; but there is a *defective* or *imperfect* kind, called an *enthymem*, which is the most common sort of argument both in writing and conversation.

An *enthymem* is an argument consisting only of two propositions, *viz.* the *conclusion*, and *one of the premisses*, the other being suppressed, as being sufficiently clear and obvious, and easily supplied by the understandings of mankind; as,

True religion is accompanied with good morals:

Therefore a knave is not truly religious.

Syllogisms, or *arguments*, (for so they are properly called as we now consider them) are said to be *grammatical*, *physical*, *moral*, *theological*, &c. according to the art, science, or subject from whence we borrow the *middle term*, or *topic*, which we make use of in the proof of any proposition. For instance: if we endeavour to prove from the principles of *reason* and *equity*, that *no man should steal his neighbour's goods*, the argument is *moral*; but if we prove the same thing from scripture, then it is a *theological argument*.

The middle terms are also distinguished into *certain* and *probable*, *artificial* and *inartificial*, *direct* and *indirect*.

If I infer that *Thomas* will bring himself to the gallows because he commits frequent robberies on the highway, this is a *probable argument*, not a *certain one*, for it is possible he may die a natural death.

Certain arguments are usually called *demonstrations*, because their conclusions are founded on clear and undeniable principles; and they are generally divided into two sorts: (1) Demonstrations *à priori*, whereby an effect is proved from a cause; as, I prove the *scriptures to be true*, because they were *dictated by the spirit of God, who cannot lye*. (2) Demonstrations *à posteriori*, whereby a cause is proved from an effect; as, when I view a *watch*, or other *curious machine*, I conclude it was made by some *artificer*—N.B. Though these are peculiarly called *demonstrations*, yet the name

name is frequently given to any strong and convincing argument.

An *artificial* argument is that which is taken from the nature and circumstances of things ; and such an argument, if strong, produces a *natural certainty*.

An *inartificial* argument is that which is founded on the testimony of another : And human testimony, if strong, produces a *moral certainty* ; but divine testimony produces *supernatural certainty*, which is of the highest kind.

A *direct* argument is that wherein the middle term proves the question itself, and infers the proposition which was the matter of enquiry.

An argument is said to be *indirect* or *oblique*, when the truth of the thing enquired after is made appear by proving or refuting some other proposition. — *Indirect* arguments are of several kinds, *viz.* (1.) When any proposition is proved to be true by shewing the falsity, improbability, or impossibility of some contradictory proposition ; and when it is shewn, that if the original proposition be supposed false, or denied, some great absurdity will follow. This logicians call a proof *per impossibile*, or a *reductio ad absurdum*. (2.) When some proposition is proved to be true that is *less probable*, and thence it is inferred that the original proposition is true, because it is *more probable*. This is called an argument *ex magis probabili ad minus*. (3.) When we prove the truth of any proposition, upon which our adversary had before agreed to give up the question. This is called an argument *ex concessso*.

There are several other arguments that derive their distinction from the *middle term*, whose *Latin* names it may be proper to mention and explain, as they are frequently made use of by *English* authors. (1.) An argument founded on the professed principles or opinions of the person with whom we argue is called *argumentum ad hominem*, an address to our *principles* or *profession*. (2.) An argument drawn from the nature or existence of things, and addressed to the reason of mankind, is called *argumentum ad judicium*, an address to our *judgment*. (3.) If it be built on some convincing testimony, it is termed *argumentum ad fidem*, an address to our *faith*. (4.) If an argument be weak in itself, and yet an adversary is not able to confute or answer it, this is called *argumentum ad ignorantiam*, an address to our *ignorance*. (5.) An argument suited to engage the inclinations and passions, rather than to convince the

the judgment, is called *argumentum ad passiones*, an address to our *passions*. (6.) When an argument is drawn from the sentiments of some great or learned man, whose authority we revere, and are afraid or ashamed to oppose, it is termed *argumentum ad verecundiam*, an address to our *modesty*.

There is but one other distinction of arguments, and that arises from the premisses, according to which an argument is either *uniform* or *mixed*. If both the premisses are derived from the same source of knowledge, whether *sense*, *reason*, or any other, an argument is called *uniform*; but if the premisses are derived from different springs of knowledge, it is called a *mixed* argument.

Having thus given an account of the chief kinds of syllogisms or arguments made use of in just reasoning, I now proceed to those called *sophisms* or *fallacies*, which appear to be true, but are really false at bottom, and are invented with a design to embarrass and deceive.

C H A P. III.

Of the several kinds of SOPHISMS, and the method of solving them.

A Sophism is an argument which carries with it the face or appearance of truth, and yet leads us into mistake.

The kinds of sophisms are very numerous, but they may all be reduced to some of the following heads :

The first sort is called by logicians *ignoratio elenchi*, or a *mistake of the question*; that is, when something is proved which is neither necessarily connected nor inconsistent with the thing enquired after. For instance, if the question were proposed, *whether it be hurtful to drink wine to excess*; a sophist might endeavour to prove it not hurtful, by arguing that wine *helps digestion, raises a man's spirits, gives him courage, makes him strong, active, and capable of enduring hardships and fatigue*: But though all this be granted, it is easy to shew, that the excessive drinking of wine may be very prejudicial to him that drinks it, by bringing on poverty, diseases, and death itself, as well as endangering his happiness in the world to come.—It is a fallacy of the same kind, when a disputant, finding his adversary too hard for him, artfully turns the discourse to some

ome other point which he can prove, (and which indeed his opponent never denied) and then triumphs as if he had gained a considerable advantage.

2. Another kind of sophism is called *petitio principii*, a *begging the question*, or a *supposition of what is not granted*; that is, when we endeavour to prove any proposition by something equally uncertain and disputed. Thus a Papist pretends to prove his religion the best, *because it is derived from Christ and his apostles, and agrees with the doctrine of the fathers, and of the Christian church throughout all ages*: Whereas these are contested points, and what Protestants will by no means grant.

3. A fallacy of the same nature with that last mentioned is the *circle*; which is, when one of the premisses of a syllogism is questioned, and we attempt to prove it by the conclusion; or when in a train of syllogisms we prove the last by the conclusion of the first. Thus the Papists pretend to prove the *scriptures to be true by the authority of their church*, and then to shew the *authority of their church from the scriptures*.

4. There is another kind of sophism called *non causa pro causa*, or the *assigning a false cause*. Scarce any thing is more common than this sort of fallacy: *Astrology*, or the *telling of Fortunes* by the various positions of the stars and planets, is built upon it: And it is a sophism of this kind, when comets, eclipses, northern lights, or such like phænomena, are supposed to foretel the fate of kings and kingdoms, wars, famine, and other national calamities. In the same fallacious manner weak people are apt to judge of accidental events: If a man steals a horse, and a twelvemonth afterwards rides a hunting, is thrown off, and has a leg or an arm broke, it is presently imputed to the divine vengeance on him for the theft he had committed.

5. The next sophism, which is akin to the former, and very frequent, is called *fallacia accidentis*, wherein, from something merely *accidental* to any subject, we judge of its *nature and essential properties*. Thus, because a neighbour, when over-heated with exercise, received injury by drinking too large a quantity of *cold water*, we are apt to condemn it as absolutely unwholsome upon all occasions. So *wine* has been pronounced an evil thing, and the use of it forbidden, because it has been the accidental cause of quarrels and bloodshed.

6. Another

6. Another sophism of the same nature is when we argue from that which is true in *particular circumstances*, to prove the same thing true *absolutely* and *simply*, without any circumstances being considered; as if we should say, *what we buy of the butcher we eat for dinner*: But *we buy raw meat of the butcher*: Therefore *we eat raw meat for dinner*.—The reverse of this sophism is arguing from what is *simply* and *absolutely* true, to prove the same true in all *particular circumstances*; as if I should wrest a sword out of the hand of an enemy going to stab me, and he should argue that *I ought to give it him again, because no man should withhold another's property*.

7. We now come to the sophisms of *composition* and *division*, which are the reverse of each other. When an inference is drawn from ideas in a *compound sense*, which is only true in a *divided one*, this is a sophism of *composition*; as if a man should argue thus: *Two and three are even and odd*: *Five are two and three*: Therefore *five are even and odd*. On the contrary, to infer a thing concerning ideas in a *divided sense* which is only true in a *compound one*, is a sophism of *division*; as if I should say, *five is one number*: *Two and three are five*: Therefore *two and three are one number*.—A sophism of the same kind is sometimes committed by not rightly distinguishing between the *collective* and *distributive* sense of the word *all*; or by making *all* or *one* refer to *species* in one proposition, and *individuals* in another.

8. The sophisms arising from the *ambiguity of words* are more numerous than those of any other kind; and indeed several of the fallacies already mentioned might be comprehended in this class. If we make use of words or phrases plainly equivocal, it is a *sophism of equivocation*; as if one should argue thus: *A church is a building of stone*: But *a religious assembly is a church*: Therefore *a religious assembly is a building of stone*. Here every one sees, that the word *church* bears a very different signification in the *major proposition* from what it does in the *minor*, and therefore the syllogism proves nothing at all. But we need not enlarge upon this head, since there is little danger of being imposed upon by such gross equivocations, which a person of common sense discovers as soon as they are proposed, though perhaps he cannot shew the fault of the syllogism by the rules of logic.

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There are two general methods of reducing all syllogisms to a test of their truth or falsehood, and of solving sophistical arguments.

The first is this : *In a just syllogism one of the premisses must contain the conclusion, and the other must shew the conclusion to be so contained.* This will appear by considering the following example : *Whosoever bridles his passions is wise : But a virtuous man bridles his passions : Therefore a virtuous man is wise.* Here it is plain that the major proposition contains the conclusion, because under the general character of *one who bridles his passions*, the *virtuous man* is undoubtedly included. This is shewn or declared in the minor proposition ; and thence the conclusion is evidently deduced, that *a virtuous man is wise.* — *N. B.* It is not always necessary that the major proposition should contain the conclusion ; in some syllogisms the minor contains it, and the major shews it.

The second general test of syllogisms is this : *As the terms in a syllogism are usually repeated twice, so they must be taken precisely in the same sense in both places.* It is generally some difference in the sense of one of the terms in the two parts of a syllogism that renders it inconclusive and fallacious, as appears by considering the following sophisms. (1.) *Nothing is better than Heaven : But a penny is better than nothing : Therefore a penny is better than Heaven.* This sophism is evidently founded on the different signification of the term *nothing*, it being used in a *positive sense* in the first proposition, but in a quite opposite or *negative sense* in the second. (2.) *It is a sin to kill a man : But a murderer is a man : Therefore it is a sin to kill a murderer.* Here the sophism lies in the different senses of the word *kill*; it being used in the first proposition to signify *killing unjustly, or without a law*; and being taken absolutely in the conclusion for *putting a man to death in general.*

Thus much for the various kinds of sophisms.—I shall conclude this part of logic with some general rules to assist our reasoning powers in their enquiry after truth.

C H A P. IV.

General rules to direct our REASONING.

THE directions given in the preceding part of logic to form our judgments aright will also be of service

to direct our reasoning; but we may draw some farther assistance in this respect from a careful observation of the following rules.

RULE I. *We should accustom ourselves, even in our young years, to clear and distinct ideas, to evident propositions, and to strong and convincing arguments.* A habit of conceiving clearly, and reasoning strongly, is not to be attained by set of logical precepts, a happiness of constitution, or brightness of genius: Such a habit must be formed and established by custom and practice, which therefore should begin in the early part of our life.

RULE II. *Endeavour to enlarge your general acquaintance with things, in order to furnish yourself with plenty of topic or middle terms, to make use of in your syllogisms; and diligently search into and consider the nature, properties, circumstances, and relations of the particular subject about which you are arguing or judging.* The most extensive survey possible of our whole subject is the best security against inconsistencies; for it is arguing upon a partial view of things that leads us into frequent mistakes and absurdities.

RULE III. *While you are arguing upon any subject, be sure to keep the precise point of the question always in view; and neither add to it, nor omit any part of it.* By thus keeping to the simple matter of enquiry, you will be secured from impertinent answers and rash determinations.

RULE IV. *Having well considered what is unknown in the question, then consider how much you know of it already or of the ideas and terms wherof it is composed.* By comparing the known and unknown parts of a question together, we find what connection they have with each other, and the ideas by which they are connected will furnish us with arguments: But when we make this comparison, we must take care not to be too hasty in determining, especially in matters of importance, lest our conclusion should be fancy, instead of real truth.

RULE V. *In choosing our arguments, we should always choose such as are surest, and carry with them the greatest evidence.* Remember that it is the weight of arguments, not the number, which is chiefly to be regarded, especially when the thing to be proved admits of *natural certainty* and *monstration*: But in cases where we cannot go beyond probability or moral certainty, the number of arguments increases the degree of probability, and gives us a greater assurance of the truth of what is proposed.

RULE VI. *If we are to prove any conclusion we have made, we should do it (as far as possible) by propositions that are still more plain and certain, at least more known and intelligible to the person whom we are endeavouring to convince.* The reason of this is evident; for every one sees the folly of attempting to explain one obscurity by another, or to confirm what is doubtful by something equally or more uncertain.

RULE VII. *Let your arguments tend to enlighten the understanding, as well as to captivate the judgment.* That is, let them not only force the assent, but also illustrate the point in question, so as to make it better understood.

RULE VIII. *Take care to distinguish between an explication and an argument, between a mere illustration and a solid proof.* Proper similes and allusions are often useful in explaining and giving light to a subject, but we should not mistake them for conclusive arguments.

RULE IX. *In all our reasonings let us pursue truth with sincerity, and follow it wherefoever it leads us.* In our search after true knowledge we should not be diverted or influenced by any passion or prejudice; nor should we determine on either side of a question, till we have well weighed the arguments and objections on both.



P A R T IV.

Of DISPOSITION, or METHOD.

DISPOSITION, or the *Art of METHOD*, is the ranging a variety of thoughts on any subject in such an order as is fittest to gain the clearest knowledge of it, to retain it longest, and to explain it to others in the best manner. Or, it is the disposing our thoughts in such order as to be most easily conceived and remembered by ourselves and others: Without which, confusion, darkness, and mistake will unavoidably attend our thoughts and discourses.

C H A P. I.

Of the several kinds of METHOD.

METHOD is distinguished into two general kinds, viz. *natural* and *arbitrary*.

Natural method is that which observes the order of *nature*, and proceeds in such a manner, as that the knowledge of the things which follow depends in a great measure on the things which go before.

This method is either *analytic* or *synthetic*.

The *analytic* method, or method of *resolution*, is what we generally use in our enquiries after truth. It begins with the *whole compound*, and then leads us into a more perfect knowledge of it, by *resolving* it into its *first principles* or *parts*, and shewing its *nature* and *properties*. Thus we are first acquainted with the *whole body* of an animal and afterwards come to the knowledge of its several *parts* by *anatomy* or *dissection*.

The *synthetic* method, or method of *composition*, is that whereby truth, when discovered, is usually taught or imparted to others. This begins with the *parts*, and so leads on to the knowledge of the *whole*; it proceeds gradually from the *most simple principles*, to that which is *drawn from* or *compounded of them*. Thus having learnt the *letters* of the alphabet

alphabet, we join them to make *syllables*, of syllables we compose *words*, and of words we make *sentences* and *discourses*.

These two methods differ from each other as a way which *leads up* from a valley to a mountain differs from itself, when considered as *leading down* from the mountain to the valley. The one is like tracing a genealogy by *descending* from the ancestors to the posterity; the other like the contrary method of *ascending* from the posterity to the ancestors. Thus the difference between the *synthetic* and *analytic* method is plain and obvious; but as the subjects of knowledge are infinite, and the ways of obtaining it almost infinitely various, the precise distinction between these two methods cannot always be maintained; and in many cases they are mixed together, and both employed in searching after and communicating truth. Upon the whole, neither of these methods should be too scrupulously observed, either in our investigation of truth, or the communication of it to others: It is sufficient, if we so far keep to the order of nature as to make the knowledge of things following, depend on the knowledge of those that go before. A *mixed method* will often answer these purposes most effectually; and indeed all method whatsoever must be regulated by a judicious view of, and attention to our chief end and design.

Arbitrary method is that which leaves the order of nature, and is not confined to any certain forms, but accommodates itself to various purposes; whether it be to assist the memory, to persuade, delight or amuse the reader or hearer. This kind of method is chiefly used by *orators* and *poets*, who sometimes omit things essential to the subject which they apprehend would be displeasing, and run into beautiful digressions or needless circumstances, which have little relation to the point in hand, but are adapted to allure and entertain the mind. In a word, they artfully invert the order of times and actions, placing the first last, and the last first; and so manage it as to set every thing in the most affecting light, and captivate the senses and passions of mankind.

C H A P. II.

The Rules of Method.

THE most important rules of true method, whether analytic or synthetic, are the following.

R U L E I. *Good method should be safe and secure from error.* To this end our fundamental propositions must be well grounded, our arguments strong, and drawn up with so much caution, as to prevent (if possible) all objections.

R U L E II. *Our method should be plain and easy,* that so it may exhibit a clear and comprehensive view of the whole design. In order to this we must begin with things that are most known and obvious, and proceed by gentle steps to things that are unknown and difficult; always endeavouring to express our conceptions in a clear and easy manner. We should not be over-hasty either in learning or teaching; nor fond of crowding too many thoughts into a little compass, or of running into numerous subdivisions.

R U L E III. *Our method should be distinct, and free from any mixture that might introduce perplexity and confusion.* No arguments must be used that are entirely foreign to the subject; every idea must be divided into its parts, as far as is requisite to the present design; every argument must be ranged in its proper class; and in the partition of a discourse we should take care that particular heads do not interfere with the general, nor with each other.

R U L E IV. *Good method should be full, so that nothing may be wanting that is necessary or proper.* In explaining a subject we should not skip over what is difficult or obscure; nor be deficient in enumerating its parts or properties. In illustrating a difficult point we should not be sparing of words, but rather diffusive; and in a narrative we should omit no important circumstance. By *Fulness of method*, however, is not meant that every thing should be said that can be said upon any subject, but only what is necessary or has a direct tendency to the design in view.

R U L E V. *Our method should be brief,* (so far as is consistent with the foregoing Rule) *and free from every thing superfluous and impertinent.* To this end we must guard against a tedious prolixity, avoid needless repetitions, explications where there is no obscurity, proofs and refutations where the case requires none, useless formalities, and long

long or frequent digressions. In short, there is a due medium to be observed in our method, so that our brevity may not render us obscure, nor our copiousness tedious and trifling.

RULE VI. *We must adopt our method to the subject in hand, to our present design, and to the age and place we live in.* All subjects are not to be handled in the same method; and if we treat the same subject with different views, we shall find it necessary to use different methods. Some little difference must likewise be paid to the custom of the age, and to the humour and genius of our readers or hearers; though we must by no means suffer ourselves to be so far influenced thereby, as to neglect those rules of method which are absolutely necessary to find out truth, or communicate it to others.

RULE VII. *Good method requires that the parts of a discourse should be well connected.* In order to this, we must always keep our main design in view, and let every particular as far as possible, have a visible tendency towards it. The mutual relation and dependence of the several parts of a discourse should be so just and evident, that each may naturally lead on to the next, and be joined to it by some proper and graceful form of transition.

We are now come to the end of our little treatise of LOGIC, which we have endeavoured to render as complete as our narrow limits would permit: But we think it will neither be impertinent, nor unserviceable to the young scholar, to add here, by way of supplement, some short account of the *academic* and *Socratic* methods of *disputation*.





A

S U P P L E M E N T T O T H E A R T o f L O G I C.

C H A P. I.

Of Academic or Scholastic Disputation.

BY the academic method of *disputation* is meant that in which disputes are usually managed in *academies* or *schools of learning*.

The manner is this: First of all the *tutor* appoints a *question* in some of the sciences, to be debated amongst the students; one of whom undertakes the *affirmative* or *negative* side of the question, and is to defend his assertion or negation, and to answer all objections against it. Hence he is called the *respondent*; and his fellow-students, who are appointed to raise objections and carry on the dispute against him, are called the *opponents*.

Before the time appointed for this exercise, the *respondent* writes a *thesis*, or short discourse on the question proposed, which he reads at the beginning of the dispute. In this discourse he explains and fixes the sense of the terms of the question, declares its true intent and meaning, and separates and distinguishes it from those with which it has been complicated, or to which it happens to be related. This done, he *affirms* or *denies* it, according to the opinion of the *tutor*, which is supposed to be the truth.—In the second part of this discourse he produces

his strongest arguments in defence of his own side of the question, and then leaves the other students to object against it.

The *respondent* having read over his *thesis*, the youngest student makes an objection, which he draws up in the form of a syllogism. This objection is repeated by the *respondent*, who either denies one of the premisses directly, or distinguishes upon some expression in the *major* or *minor*, shewing in what sense the proposition may be true, but denying it to be true in the sense which affects the question in dispute.

The *opponent* then proceeds by another syllogism to vindicate the proposition which the *respondent* denied; and the *respondent* again answers, either by denying or distinguishing: And thus the disputation is carried on by successive syllogisms and answers, till the *opponent* has no more to say.

The first being silenced, the *next student* proposes his objection; then the *third, fourth, fifth*, and so each in his turn according to seniority, till it comes to the *oldest student*, who is the last *opponent*.

During this time the *tutor* sits in a chair as *president* or *moderator*, whose business is to see that the rules of disputation and decency are observed on both sides, and to admonish those who are guilty of any irregularity. He is also to explain, strengthen, or correct the *respondent's* answers, as he finds occasion; and if the *respondent* be at a loss, he assists him by suggesting some answer to his *opponent's* objection. But this is not done in public disputes, where the disputants chuse their own side of the question; for in such cases the *moderator* neither favours the *respondent* nor *opponent*, but only takes care that they observe the laws of disputation.

The laws to be observed by the *opponent* are these which follow: 1. He must directly contradict the *respondent's* proposition, and not merely attempt to confute the arguments by which it is supported. 2. He must contradict the proposition as the *respondent* has stated it, and not in any other sense. 3. His argument must be proposed in the form of a syllogism, agreeable to the rules of *logic*, and without any fallacy whatsoever. 4. It is best for the *opponent* to draw his objections from the nature of the question itself; though it is also allowable for him to attack the *respondent* by *indirect arguments*. 5. If the *respondent* denies any

proposition, the *opponent* must directly defend it, by making it the conclusion of his next syllogism. 6. When the *respondent* limits or distinguishes any proposition, the *opponent* must directly prove it in that very sense wherein the *respondent* denied it.

The laws to be observed by the *respondent* are these. 1. He must repeat the *opponent's* argument before he attempts to answer it. 2. If a syllogism be faulty in its *form*, he must shew where the fault lies according to the rules of *logic*. 3. If the *matter* of an objection be faulty in any part of it, he must grant what is true in it, and deny what is false. 4. If his *opponent's* argument does not directly affect his proposition, he must expose its weakness, by shewing it might be admitted without any prejudice to his own *thesis*. 5. If an *hypothetical* proposition be false, he must deny the *consequence*; if a *disjunctive* one, he must deny the *disjunction*, &c. 6. After the *respondent* has answered directly, he is sometimes permitted to answer indirectly; and also to shew how the *opponent's* argument may be retorted upon himself.

The laws that oblige both *respondent* and *opponent* are these that follow. 1. Certain general principles, relating to the question, should be first agreed on by both the disputants. 2. When the state of the controversy is well known and determined, neither of them must alter it in the course of the disputation. 3. Neither of the disputants should invade the province of the other. 4. The one should not interrupt the other, but wait patiently till he has done speaking.

The *advantages* usually gained by this sort of disputation are very considerable; for it gives a proper degree of courage to those who are too modest and distrustful of their own abilities, and procures a freedom and readiness of speech. It makes a student more expert in vindicating truth and refuting error; in warding off objections, and discovering the subtil arts of sophisters. In a word, it gives vigour and briskness to the mind, makes the thoughts active, sharpens the wit, and quickens all the powers of invention.

There are *inconveniences*, however, arising from this method of disputation; for experience shews, that by a habit of disputing many young students grow impudent, proud, unseasonably talkative, obstinate in maintaining their own assertions, and ready to contradict almost every thing.

thing asserted by others. It is also plain that by this sort of exercises, wherein the same persons are sometimes on the side of truth and sometimes against it, the mind becomes insensibly wavering and unsettled, and is in danger of falling into a *sceptical or doubting humour*. Add to this, that in scholastic disputationes the *opponents* being all warmly employed in finding arguments against the truth, if one of them happens to invent a plausible sophism, and manage it so as to puzzle the *respondent*, and perhaps the *moderator* himself, he is tempted to suppose his argument unanswerable, and so his sentiments become engaged in favour of error instead of truth, which last is supposed to be maintained by the *respondent*.

The observation of the following directions in scholastic disputes may be of some service to prevent the ill consequences that too often attend them.

1. Never dispute about things not worth the knowing, but upon useful subjects.
2. Dispute not about matters beyond the reach of human capacity, or about words without ideas.
3. Let not obvious and known truths be brought into dispute, merely to try the skill of the disputants.
4. To find out truth should be the end of disputation, not a desire of glory or triumph over an adversary.
5. Let not the *respondent* endeavour to avoid the force of his *opponent's* objections; nor let the *opponent* study to darken and confound the answers of the *respondent*.
6. To this end let both of them express their thoughts as clearly and distinctly as possible, and be as brief as is consistent with perspicuity.
7. They ought not to indulge ridicule, nor use jests or witticisms, especially if the subject be serious or divine.
8. They should abstain from all sarcasm, reproach, personal scandal, and insolent language.
9. When the truth evidently appears on either side, let them readily yield to conviction; but let not the victor (whether it be *respondent* or *opponent*) triumph or insult over his vanquished adversary.

C H A P. II.

Of the SOCRATIC Method of DISPUTATION.

THIS method of disputation derives its name from *Socrates*, an antient Athenian philosopher, by whom it was practised, and by other philosophers in his time,

long before Aristotle invented the forms of syllogism in mood and figure, now used in scholastic disputations.

A dispute in the Socratic manner, is carried on by way of question and answer, representing the form of a dialogue or common conversation, wherein the person who instructs seems to be the enquirer, and seeks information from him who is instructed. If the person with whom we argue makes use of obscure or ambiguous words, we must ask him to explain his meaning; for it often happens, that men have accustomed themselves to some words or phrases which they do not perfectly understand; and then by a few modest questions they will much better discover their ignorance than by a direct opposition, which often raises the passions, and shuts the door against conviction. When we have gone thus far, if the person be a sincere lover of truth, he will presently acknowledge that he did not sufficiently understand the matter, and then the dispute is at an end: But if he is obstinate, and will obtrude his words upon us without defining them, we ought to proceed no farther till he has satisfied us what he means. We must press him with little questions, as if we were dull of apprehension, and should be glad to understand him better: But if we can by no means prevail with him to speak plainly, it is time to put an end to the dispute; since it is evident he knows not what he would be at, or has only a mind to wrangle. If at last we bring him to declare his meaning clearly, we then proceed to ask him questions upon the several parts of the doctrine he advances, and their consequences; not as objecting against them, but for the sake of better information. From these questions, if proposed with dexterity, it will easily appear whether the doctrine be absurd or not; and to make the matter still clearer, it will be proper to use examples and similitudes: But if this be not sufficient to shew the falsity of the opinion, we must enquire of the person on what arguments or proofs he grounds it; and then pursue the same conduct as we did in the first part of the dispute. Thus the learner will be led into the knowledge of truth as it were by his own invention, and being drawn by a series of pertinent questions to discern his mistakes, he will more easily be induced to relinquish them, as he seems to have discovered them himself.

An example of this method of disputation.

We will suppose two persons (M. and N.) disputing upon the Efficacy of the Divine Providence with respect to the actions of men.

M. You say that God has an *efficacious operation in the sins of men*: Do you mean that he *makes sin*?

N. Far be it from me, for then God would be the *author of sin*.

M. Do you mean that God *forces men to commit sin*?

N. No, the expression is too harsh; but God in an unknown and secret manner so *permits sin*, that it must necessarily be committed.

M. At first you used the word *operation*, now you use *permit*; pray do they signify the same thing?

N. They do not absolutely mean the same thing, but they must be joined together; so that what God does should be called an *efficacious permission*: for God neither *makes sin*, nor does he simply *permit it*.

M. Then you mean that God *permits something*, and *does something*, so that sin *necessarily follows*.

N. You have hit my meaning.

M. Perhaps therefore God does in this case what a man does who cuts down a dike, and lets the sea overflow the fields; for he *does* something in breaking the dike, and *permits* something in letting the water run through the breach.

N. The similitude expresses my opinion very exactly.

M. But pray who blames the sea or the dike for this inundation? And if I mistake not, man is no more to be blamed when he commits sin, (according to your doctrine) than the sea or the dike.

N. You do not observe the vast difference there is between the things themselves: Men are endued with *understanding* and *will*, which the dike and the water have not; and therefore that is a *crime in man*, which is not so in the sea and the dike.

M. But I desire to know, whether that which God *does* or *permits* has such an *efficacy*, that men can no more *not sin* in consequence of it, than the water can refrain from flowing through the breach which affords it a free passage?

N. That is what I mean.

M. Therefore, according to you, there is the same relation between God and the sins of men, as there is between the man who made a breach in the dike and the inundation which followed it.

N. There is, as to the event; for both are equally *necessary*.

M. Then, according to our common way of speaking,

the action of both may be expressed in the same manner : That is, as the man who broke down the dike is properly said to be the *Cause* of the damage done by the inundation, because he did that which *necessarily* produced it ; so God (according to your doctrine) is the *author of sin*, because he has put man under a *necessity* of sinning.

N. I cannot withstand the force of your reasoning ; I am now thoroughly sensible of the absurd consequences of my opinion.

To make the *Socratic* way of disputing still better understood, let us consider another example. Suppose *M.* would lead *N.* into the belief of a future state of rewards and punishments, it might be done in the following easy manner of reasoning.

M. Did God make the world ?

N. Certainly he did.

M. Does God govern the world ?

N. As he made it, 'tis reasonable to suppose he governs it.

M. Is not God a *good* and *righteous* governor ?

N. Doubtless he is.

M. What is the true idea of a *good* and *righteous* governor ?

N. That he *punishes the wicked*, and *rewards the good*.

M. But are the wicked always punished in this life ?

N. No, every one's observation tells him the contrary; for the worst of men are oftentimes advanced to riches and honour, and have all the external comforts that the world affords.

M. Are the good always rewarded in this life ?

N. No certainly ; for poverty, persecution, and various kinds of affliction, are often the lot of the most virtuous men.

M. How then does it appear that God is *good* and *righteous* ?

N. I confess there is but little appearance of it in the present state of things.

M. Will there not be a time when the scene of things will be changed, and God will make his goodness and righteousness in the government of mankind appear ?

N. Undoubtedly such a time will come.

M. But if this be not done before death, how can it be done at all ?

N. No

N. No other way, that I can think of, but by supposing man to have some existence after this life.

M. Then you are convinced that there must be a state of rewards and punishments beyond the grave?

N. Yes, I am thoroughly persuaded of it; since the goodness and righteousness of God, as governor of the world, cannot be made appear without it.

This method of reasoning, though it has been long neglected, is certainly a natural and pleasing manner of instruction, and is much more agreeable to that candour and sincerity which every honest man ought to propose, than the art of wrangling which for several ages prevailed in the schools, and tended to overspread the minds of youth with darkness and uncertainty, and retard or mislead them in their enquiries after truth.



Sci



ONTOLOGY:
OR THE
Science of BEING in general;
With its AFFECTIONS.



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ONTOLOGY, OR METAPHYSICS.

CHAP. I.

of BEING and NOT-BEING, and of the Modes or Affections of Being in general.

ONTOLOGY is a science which considers *Being* in general, its various *Modes* or *Affections*, and its several *inds* or *Divisions*.

In the word *Being* we include not only whatsoever *is*, but whatsoever *can be*.

As for *not-being*, if we consider it as excluding all substances and modes whatsoever, it is then *nihil* or *mere nothing*: But as it excludes particular modes or manners of being, it may be considered either as a *negation*, such as deafness in a stone; or as a *privation*, such as deafness in a man.—*N. B.* Pure *nothing*, considered in itself, has neither being nor affections, and yet it is evident we can frame some sort of notion or idea of it, since we can reason and discourse about it: But our imagination now and then leads us to mistake *nothing* for *something*, as in the case of *darkness* or *shadows*, which are only the absence of light; and on the other hand we sometimes mistake *something* for *nothing*, as when we say *a room has nothing in it*, though it be full of *light and air*.

By

By the *affections* of *Being* are meant all the properties, powers, accidents, relations, qualities, adjuncts, conditions, circumstances, or considerations of *Being* whatsoever; that is, all that vast variety of *modes* which belong to things, either as they are in themselves, or as they are related to other things, or as they are represented by our conceptions and ideas.

The most general and extensive distribution of the affections of *Being* is into *absolute* and *relative*.

By *absolute* affections, I understand those which belong to every *Being* considered in itself; and these are *nature*, or *essence*, and *existence*; *duration* and *unity*; *power* and *act*.

Relative Affections are such as arise from the *relations* in which different Beings stand to each other, or to some part or property of themselves: And these relations may be subdivided into *real* and *mental*.

Real relations are those which are founded in the very constitution of things, and always subsist whether we think of them or not. Such are the relations between a *whole* and its *parts*, *cause* and *effect*, and several others; which more hereafter.

Mental relations are such as do not arise from the nature of things themselves, but from the manner in which the mind thinks of them, and refers them to one another. Of this kind are our *most abstracted notions*, *signs*, *words*, &c. as will be explained by and by.

C H A P. II.

Of ESSENCE, or NATURE.

THAT *absolute Affection of Being, NATURE, or ESSENCE* consists in an union of all those things, whether substances, or modes and properties, which are necessary to make a *Being* what it is. Thus it is the nature or essence of a *grove* to be a *spot of ground thick set with trees*; and of a *triangle* to have *three lines so joined as to make three angles*.

The essences of mathematical Beings (which are only kind of abstract ideas) are immutable; for it is plain that the least alteration in a *triangle*, a *square*, or a *circle*, would make it lose its nature and cease to be that figure. But

the essences of *natural* Beings as well as *artificial*, are not unchangeable; for a *tree* may still remain a *tree*, though some of its branches be lopped off; and a *door* is still a *door*, whether it be painted blue or green. We may observe however, that if the alteration be very great, it will be sometimes hard to say whether the thing retains the same essence, so as to deserve the same name; for you may gradually lessen the brims of a *hat*, or cut it into such a shape, till you will scarce know whether to call it a *hat* or a *cap*.

The essence of every particular kind of *body* consists in matter and form.

Matter is that solid extended substance of which bodies are made, which seems to be uniform and the same in all.

Form includes all those peculiar qualities, both real and sensible, which make any particular body what it is, and distinguish it from all other bodies.

The shape, size, situation, motion, and rest of bodies are called their *real* or *primary* qualities, because they do and would belong to bodies, whether there were any sensible being to observe them or no: And from the different combinations and dispositions of these primary qualities arise the *colour*, *taste*, *smell*, *hardness*, *cold*, *heat*, &c. of bodies, which are called *secondary* or *sensible* qualities, as being ideas or modes which we attribute to things merely as they affect our senses.

The matter of a body is said to be either *proxime* or *remote*. Thus the *proxime* matter of a book is *paper*, *ink*, and *covers*; but the *remote* matter is that whereof the paper, ink, and covers are made.

By nature is sometimes meant the eternal and unchangeable reason of things: Thus it is necessary in the *nature* of things, that *three and three should make six*, and that *a part should be less than the whole*. Sometimes this term signifies the constant course and order of second causes, and the laws of matter and motion which God the first cause has established: And things which go on in this course are said to be *according to nature*; as the production of *grapes* on a *vine*, the *succession of day and night*, &c. But when things deviate from this course, they are said to be *befide nature*, as *monsters*; or *above nature*, as *miracles*; or *contrary to nature*, as when the *stock of an apple-tree brings forth pears* by virtue of a *graft* taken from a *pear-tree*.

C H A P. III.
Of EXISTENCE.

THAT absolute affection of Being EXISTENCE, is distinguished from essence, as the actual Being of a thing is distinguished from its mere nature considered as possible. What really is in Being has both essence and existence; what possibly may be can be said to have an essence only.

A Being is said to be possible, when the ideas we form of any supposed Being have no inconsistency, but may be actually united, as a mountain of gold, or a river of oil: but when the ideas are inconsistent with each other, and cannot be united, such a Being is called an impossible; as a fire, or silent thunder.

Impossibles are distinguished into four kinds, viz. Some things are metaphysically or absolutely impossible, in the abstracted reason and nature of things; as a square circle, a green sound, a thinking sign-post, or a bushel of souls. Others are physically or naturally impossible, that is, according to the present laws of nature; as a day in our latitude thirty hours long, or three eclipses of the sun in a month. Others are morally impossible, that is, improbable in the highest degree; as that a man should throw the same number with three dice a hundred times successively, or that an atheist should be strictly virtuous. 4. Some things are conditionally impossible, that is, made so by a certain condition, as that a tree should bear fruit supposing it has no bloom.

There is a farther distinction of existence; for it is said to be either necessary or contingent, dependent or independent.

Things which are because they must be, have a necessary existence; but those which might not have been, and may cease to be, have only a contingent existence. A necessary Being is without a cause, and independent; but a contingent Being is the effect of a cause, and dependent thereon.

Independence and necessity of existence, taken in the highest sense, belong to God alone, whose existence is absolutely necessary, and without any pre-existent cause: But a sort of conditional necessity may be ascribed to creatures; that such a creature must exist if the causes are put which necessarily produce it; as, if a hen's egg be hatched it will produce a chicken.—Here it may be proper to observe that Beings are said to be necessary or contingent, not

with regard to their *existence*, but to the *manner* of it also. God is necessary in this respect, as well as in the other; and therefore he is *unchangeable*: But as to creatures, their manner of existence is *contingent*, and therefore they are changeable things.

Necessity is distinguished into *natural*, *logical*, and *moral*. *natural necessity* water congeals with cold, and ice melts with heat. By *logical necessity* a conclusion flows from the premisses of a syllogism. By *moral necessity* virtue will be morally rewarded, and vice punished; and 'tis morally necessary that intelligent creatures should worship their Creator. — It is to be observed that both *necessity* and *contingence* are frequently applied to events in the *natural world*; those in the *moral world* are usually called *contingent*, signifying the voluntary actions of intelligent Beings.

Events in the natural world are said to be *necessary*, when they are derived from the connection of second causes, and those laws of motion which God established at the creation: But they are said to be *contingent*, or to arise from chance, when they come unexpectedly, and are different from what is usual in the course of nature.

C H A P. IV.

Of DURATION.

By that *absolute affection of Being*, which is called DURATION, we mean nothing more than a continuance of Being; and this is divided into permanent and successive. By permanent duration is meant that state of Being (strictly speaking) which belongs to God alone, and implies not only his continuance in existence, but an universal and endless possession of the same unchangeable powers and properties.

Successive duration belongs to creatures, and implies the continuance of the same Being, though its modes, powers, properties, and actions are successively changing.

We cannot easily conceive how there should be duration without succession: But of this sort of duration is God's infinity, which has some things in it above our narrow conceptions. — It is *successive duration* only that can properly be divided into *past*, *present*, and *future*. The *present*, in strict sense, is only the single moment that now exists, and

and divides the years or ages past from those which are to come.

The duration of creatures depend on God: For as creation gives them existence, so conservation is said to give them duration, i. e. a continuance in Being. The latter is an exercise of God's almighty power, as well as the former; and how far they differ, or whether they differ at all, is not our business to enquire.

C H A P. V.

Of UNITY and UNION.

UNITY is that *absolute affection of Being* by which any thing stands as it were alone in our conception, and divided from every thing else: And this unity is either *simple* or *compound*; for we say *one grove*, as well as *one tree*, and *one army*, as well as *one soldier*.

Union is that whereby *two or more things* either *really* come one, or are *considered as such*: And therefore union may be distinguished into *real* and *mental*.

Real union is either *natural* and *necessary*, as between a tree and its root; or *accidental*, as when two nuts grow together; or *artificial*, as a mixture of wine and water. Again, *real union* is considered as *corporeal*, *spiritual*, or *human*. By the first is meant the *union of bodies*, which is made by blending, compounding, fastening them together, or any other means; as *drugs in a compound medicine*, a *bundle of sticks*, &c. *Spiritual union*, or that of minds, is either *intellectual*, by mutual consciousness of each other's thoughts, or likeness of sentiments; or it is *moral*, mutual love or friendship; or *supernatural*, as it may relate to God and Religion. *Human union* is that of an animal body with a spirit to constitute a man; but how this union is effected is entirely unknown to us, and must be resolved into the appointment of the all-wise creator.

Mental union happens when several things, which are really distinct and different, are considered as *one*. Thus a vast variety of thoughts as well as words may be considered as making up one book or treatise.

C H A P. VI.

Of Act and Power.

THESE two absolute affections of Being, called *act* and *power*, may be distinguished three ways, 1. As *actual being* is distinguished from *potential*, or a *power to be*: thus a house already built differs from a house which it is merely possible may be built one time or other. 2. As *actual doing* or *action* is distinguished from a *power to do*: the putting a body in motion differs from the power moving it. 3. As *actual suffering* or *passion* is distinguished from a *power to suffer*: So the actual motion of a body is different from its mobility or power to be moved.

By *action* I here mean the exercise of a *power to do*, and by *passion* the exercise of a *power to suffer*: But let it be observed, that the words *passion* and *suffering* are here used signify merely the receiving the act of the *agent* or *doer* the *patient* or *sufferer*. When a horse rubs himself against a tree, the horse is the *agent*, and the tree is the *patient*; or when a father loves his son, the father is the *agent*, and the son the *patient*, in this philosophical sense the words.

Action is distinguished into *immanent* or *transient*, *natural* *supernatural*, *voluntary* or *accidental*, *necessary* or *free*.

An *immanent* action is that which continues in the agent, being not directed to any other object; as when a man loves himself. *Transient* action passes from the agent to some other object or patient; as when a man loves his friend, or whips his horse. Action is *natural*, as when he melts butter; or *supernatural*, as when the prophet *Isha* made iron swim. When a man drives a nail with a hammer, it is a *voluntary action*; but if he should miss the nail and hit his fingers, the action would be *accidental*. Lastly, action is *necessary*, as the sun's enlightning the earth; or *free*, as a man can run or walk, sit or stand, dine at twelve or two, or not dine at all, just as he pleases. As for the freedom of action, it may truly be said, that the *will* is always *free* in chusing what it likes, or refusing what it dislikes; and so when a man *wills* and pursues any proposed pleasure or happiness, he is said to do this *freely*, though indeed the *action* is *necessary*, and he cannot do otherwise: Hence it appears, that *necessity* is not universally

sally and utterly inconsistent with *freedom* and *liberty*. But sometimes the liberty of the *will* is a liberty of *chusing or refusing indifferently*, a freedom or power to chuse or not to chuse among two or more things proposed: So a man may chuse to walk abroad or stay at home, to speak or to be silent. This is *liberty* in the most proper sense, and is absolutely inconsistent with *necessity*.

2. Powers are distinguish'd into several kinds and degrees. First, *disposition* is reckoned an imperfect power of performing any thing, and the very lowest degree. The next is *mere ability*; and then a *habit* of performing it with ease and certainty.—Some powers are *corporeal*, as that of the sun to warm the earth; some *spiritual*, as meditating reasoning; some *animal* powers, as eating, waking, sleeping; some *human*, arising from the union of mind and body, as sensation and imagination; some *vegetative*, as nourishment and growth.—Powers are also distinguished into *natural*, as that in man of forming a voice; *acquired* as music; and *infused*, as the power which the apostles had of speaking many languages.

Powers acquired by exercise are properly called *habits*. The powers of *natural action* in animals, and *artificial* in men, as walking, dancing, &c. are called *faculties*; and in all inanimate beings they are termed *principles*. The powers of *moral action* are also called *principles* or *habits*, as justice, temperance, &c.

C H A P. VII.

Of RELATIVE AFFECTIONS, or RELATIONS.

WE have observed already that these *affections* arise from the *respect* or *relation* that one thing bears to another, or to some part or property of itself; and the same relation is not confined to *two* things, but may belong to *many*. *Greatness* and *smallness*, *paternity* and *sonship*, are relative ideas.

The subject of a relation, or the thing spoken of, is called the *relate*; and the other term, to which the subject relates, is called the *correlate*. So if we speak of a *husband*, he is the *subject* or *relate*, and the wife is the *correlate*; but if we are first speaking of the wife, then she is the *relate* or *subject*, and the husband is the *correlate*.

Relations have been already divided into *real* and *mental*, but there are some other distinctions which it may be proper to mention. 1. They are *natural*; as the relation between father and children, root and branches. 2. *Moral*, which are the relations that the actions of men bear to a law or rule, either human or divine; and thus they are good or evil, lawful or unlawful. 3. *Voluntary*, or freely chosen; as between friends, or husband and wife. 4. *Accidental*, as between persons happening to become neighbours, or between trees growing in the same grove. 5. *Reciprocal*, or synonymous, that is, of the *same name*; as cousins, partners, schoolfellows, &c. 6. *Not-reciprocal*, or *heteronymous*, that is, of a *different name*; as master and scholar, father and son, king and subjects.

The real relations we are to explain are *truth* and *goodness*, *whole* and *part*, *cause* and *effect*, *subject* and *adjunct*, *time* and *place*, *agreement* and *difference*, *number* and *order*; all which, as here enumerated, shall be briefly considered.

C H A P. VIII.

Of TRUTH and GOODNESS.

THE word truth is used in various senses; as, 1. A being is said to be *metaphysically true*, when it is perfectly conformable to the divine intellect or idea, which is the grand pattern of all created beings. 2. A thing may be said to be *physically* or *naturally true*; as, that is *true gold* which has all the properties requisite to its nature. 3. There is *logical truth*, as when propositions are conformable to things intended: and this is the most usual meaning of the word, the propositions themselves being frequently called *truths*; of which some are probable, some improbable; some necessary, others contingent, &c. 4. There is also *ethical* or *moral truth*; which is when our words and actions agree with our thoughts, and our deeds with our words: The first is called *sincerity*, which is the truth of the heart; the latter *Veracity*, which is the truth of the lips.

Goodness is likewise distinguished into, 1. *Metaphysical*, as when things are agreeable to the will of God, and answer his design: So he surveyed the works of his creation, and saw that they were *good*. 2. *Physical* or *natural*, when things come up to a supposed standard, or are capable of answering their natural end; so air is *good*, when pure and fit

fit for breathing : And in this sense *artificial* things are also called *good*; as, a *good sword*, a *good house*, a *good watch*, &c. 3. Besides these there is *moral good*, which in general is the conformity of our thoughts, words, and actions to the reason of things, or the law of God. When this regards our neighbours or ourselves, it is called *virtue*; but when it has a regard to God, it is called *religion*.

Natural good is sometimes used (with respect to sensible or rational beings only) to signify whatever is *pleasant*, or which tends to procure *pleasure* or *happiness*.

The union of *truth* and *goodness*, is by *Ontologists* called *perfection*; so that when they are united in any being, that being is said to be *perfect*: By which is meant, that it contains all its essential parts and properties without blemish, comes up to its standard, and is capable of answering all the ends for which nature has designed it. Where any of these are wanting in any degree, the being is called *imperfect*.

The word *perfection* however is used in different senses: *Absolute perfection* belongs to *God* alone. A being may be called *perfect in its own kind*, as a compleat circle or triangle; or *comparatively*, as a picture, which so perfectly resembles the original that no unlikeness can be discovered.—Again, a being is perfect either as to *parts*, or to *degrees*; so a colt is a perfect horse with respect to his parts, but his degrees of growth, strength, and swiftness are imperfect. Or a thing may be perfect as to *quantity* and *measure*, but imperfect in other respects; so a horse may be of full grown stature, but defective with regard to beauty, swiftness, or other *powers* and *qualities*.—Lastly, a thing may be perfect with respect to *essentials*, though not to *circumstantial* also; as a garden just laid out and planted may have all the *essential* parts and properties of a garden, though it have not the *circumstantial* perfection of summer-houes, green-houses, water-works, &c.—Sometimes the word *perfect* is used for *excellent*; as when we say men are more perfect than brutes, and spirits more perfect than bodies.

C H A P. IX.

Of the WHOLE and PARTS.

A Being is called a *whole*, when we consider it as made up of several *parts* properly united: So that part

are beings, which joined together in a proper manner constitute the *whole*.

Whole is distinguished into four kinds, viz. *formal* or *metaphysical*, *essential* or *physical*, *integral* or *mathematical*, and *universal* or *logical*.

A *formal* or *metaphysical* *whole* is the *definition* of a thing : which consists of two parts, the *genus* and the *difference*, that is, the *general* and the *special* nature of the thing defined.

An *essential* or *physical* *whole* is applied to natural beings, whose essence is supposed to consist in *matter* and *form*. It is likewise usually made to signify the two *essential parts* of *man*, viz. *body* and *soul*. But in a larger sense it may include the *substance* of a thing, with all its *essential properties*.

An *integral* *whole* is when the several parts of it have a proper existence of their own, and are really distinct from one another: Thus the body of a man is an *integral* *whole*, consisting of head, limbs, and trunk, all which have a real existence in nature, when separately considered. But this is call'd a *mathematical* *whole*, when applied to number, time, dimension, or any thing that has proper quantity.

An *universal* or *logical* *whole* is a *genus* including several species, or a *species* including several individuals. Thus *animal* is a *whole* with respect to *man*, *beast*, *bird*, and the other living creatures ; and *mankind* is a *whole* with respect to *John*, *Thomas*, *William*, and other individuals.

And all these several kinds of *whole* may be applied to *spirits* as well as to *bodies*, except the *mathematical* kind. For instance : A *spirit* is defined a *thinking substance*; *substance* is the *genus*, and *thinking* the *difference*, which make up the *metaphysical* *whole*. So *perception*, *judgment*, *reason*, &c. are the *essential parts* or *powers* of a *spirit*, which make it a *physical* or *essential* *whole*. When we speak of a *whole host* of *angels*, this is a *whole* of the *integral* kind : And when we consider *spirit* as a *genus*, and *human souls* and *angels* as the *species*, it is a *logical* or *universal* *whole*.

Parts are distinguished into *homogeneous*, or of the same kind ; and *heterogeneous*, or of different kinds. Of the first sort are the branches of a tree ; of the latter are the parts of a house, which consists of stone, wood, iron, &c.

N. B. That which is a *whole* in one sense may be a *part* in another ; as a whole page is a part of a book.—A part of a part is also a part of the whole ; as a line is a part of a book, because it is a part of a page.

C H A P. X.

Of Causes and Effects.

A Cause in general is a principle distinct from the thing produced, and has some real influence on its existence. An effect is that which is produced, done, or obtained by the influence of some other being, which is called the *Cause*.

A principle and a cause, though frequently, are not always the same, as will appear by considering the different kinds of principles. 1. There are principles of *essence* or *existence* ; of which some are *contingent*, as herbs, metals, and minerals are the principles of medicines, for they contain the salts, oils, spirits, &c. extracted from them by the chymists. Some are *constituent*, as the stones, timber, &c. of which a building consists : But this sense of the word *principle* is not quite so proper as the former. Others are *causal*, and such are all the causes hereafter enumerated. 2. There are principles of *knowledge*, which are either *internal*, as reason ; or *external*, as books : And these are either *natural*, as sense ; or *supernatural*, as inspiration. The principles of knowledge are also *simple*, as ideas ; or *complex*, as propositions. 3. There are principles of *operation* ; and these sometimes include the operating beings themselves, as painters, warriors, &c. as well as their natural and moral powers, and supernatural influences.—But almost all principles, except the *contingent* and *constituent*, may be ranked amongst causes of one kind or other.

Distinctions of Causes are numerous ; in general they may be divided as follows. 1. Into *universal* and *particular* : Thus the sun, earth, and rain are the *universal* causes of plants, herbs, and flowers ; but the seeds of each are the *particular* causes. 2. Into *remote* and *proximate* ; as a father is the *proximate* cause of his son, and a grandfather the *remote* cause. 3. Causes are called *uni-vocal* when they produce effects of the same Nature with themselves as when a rabbet produces a rabbet ; or *equivocal*, when the effect is of a different nature, as when a man writes a book.

book, or makes a pair of shoes. 4. Causes are *sole* or *soli-tary*, as when a pestilence destroys a city; or *social*, as when it is plundered and burnt by an army, consisting of officers and soldiers. *Total* and *partial* is a distinction near akin to the former. 5. *Physical* causes are those which work by natural influence; and *moral*, those which work by persuasion. 6. Causes are *ordinary*, when they work according to the usual course of nature; and *extraordinary*, when they are productive of miracles.—Thus much for causes in general.

As for particular kinds of causes, leaving out the common distinction of *material* and *formal*, (since matter and form are not properly causes) they may be distributed into four kinds, viz. *emanative*, *efficient*, *instructive*, and *utive*.

An *emanative* cause is that from which the effect flows without any action to produce it; as heat from fire, a sweet smell from flowers, or water from a spring.

An *efficient* cause is that which produces the effect by some sort of *active power* or *natural agency*, and therefore most properly deserves the name of a *cause*; as when a man rolls a great stone down a hill, and the stone beats down a wall, and the wall kills a cow or a horse that lay under it. Here are three distinct causes, producing three distinct effects—But *efficient causes* are divided into various kinds.

1. They are either *first* or *second*; and a cause may be *first absolutely*, which is applicable to God alone; or *first in its own kind*, as a gardener who plants trees in his garden is the *first* cause of their growth, and his under agents are *second causes*. 2. They are distinguished into *principal*, *less principal*, and *instrumental*. The architect is the *principal* cause of building a house; the *less principal* are bricklayers, carpenters, &c. and the *instrumental* are trowels, hammers, saws, axes, &c. 3. Efficient causes are *internal* or *external*, which words need no explanation. 4. They may be *exciting* and *disposing*, as fine fruit excites us to eat it: or *compelling* and *constraining*, as when a farrier gives a horse a drench. 5. A cause is *forced*, as when a man to avoid a mad dog jumps into a boat and oversets it; or *free*, as when a man sinks a vessel by boring holes in the bottom of it. 6. Efficient causes may be *necessary*, as when fire burns a child that falls into it; or *contingent*, as when a person is killed by a tile falling from a house. 7. A cause may be *accidental*, as the breaking of a window by throwing a stone at

a bird ; or *designing*, when the mischief is done on purpose. 8. Causes may be *procuring* or *confirming*, *preventing* or *removing* : Thus medicines confirm or procure health, and prevent or remove diseases. 9. *Creative*, *conservative*, *destructive*, and several other distinctions of causes need not be explained; their very names describing them sufficiently.

An *instructive* cause is that which operates either by manifesting the truth, or directing the practice: and accordingly it may be called *manifestative* or *directive*. In the *manifestation of truth* this cause is sometimes *silent*, as a book, a map, a picture, &c. and sometimes *vocal*, as a watchman tells us the hour of the night, and a crowing cock the approach of the morning. In the *direction of practice* this cause is either a *rule* teaching us how to act, or a *pattern* for our imitation; or it is a guide, in which both *rule* and *pattern* seem to be included.

A *suaive* cause, is something which works upon the mind of a voluntary agent, and inclines it to act, either by intreaty or authority, by commands or counsels, by fear or hope, or any other motives. *Suaive* causes are either *personal* or *real*: The *personal* are the persuader, encourager, commander, &c. and the *real* are the end or design, the object, opportunity, &c. In a word, any thing that tends to affect and persuade the will may be properly called a *suaive* cause.—Of this sort of causes the *end* or *design* is reckoned one of the chief.

This last-mentioned cause is commonly called the *final cause*, by which is understood *that for the sake whereof any thing is done*. For instance, a man labours hard for a livelihood; in this case his labour is called the *means*, so that the end is the *cause*, and the *means* the *effect*. Victory and peace are the *final causes of war*.

There are various distinctions of *final causes*; but many of them are scarce worth mentioning. The principal seems to be the distinction of an end into *ultimate* and *subordinate*: And an ultimate end is either *absolutely so*, as the glory of God and our own happiness should be the end of all our actions; or it is *ultimate in its own kind*, as knowledge is the chief end of reading. *Subordinate* ends are such as tend to something farther; as knowledge is sought in order to practice.

There are three other kinds of causes worthy our notice, v.z. a *deficient cause*, a *permissive cause*, and a *condition*; though these have obtained the title of *causes* for want of a fitter name.

A *deficient cause* is that when the effect is in a great measure owing to the absence of something that would have prevented it; so that it may be reckoned a *negative* rather than a *positive* cause. Thus the want of rain is the deficient cause of the withering of the grass, and of the dustiness of the roads; and a leak is the deficient cause of a ship's sinking, or of liquor's running out of a vessel.

A *permissive cause* is that which removes obstructions, and lets the proper causes operate: And this sort of cause is either *natural* or *moral*. 1. A *natural permissive cause* removes natural impediments; so the opening of the window-shutters is the cause of light's entering a room, and the letting loose a rope is the cause of a boat's running adrift. 2. A *moral permissive cause* removes moral impediments or prohibitions, and gives leave to act: Thus a master is the permissive cause of his servant's going to a horse-race, and so is a general of his soldiers plundering a city. The taking off an embargo is the permissive cause of a ship's sailing out of port, which had been thereby detained.

A *condition* is ranked among these causes, because it is a sort of cause *without which the effect is not produced*. It is generally applied to something which is requisite in order to the effect, though it has no actual influence in the production of it. Thus darkness is a condition without which we cannot see the stars; and a handsome dress, and a head uncovered, is a condition of being admitted into the king's presence.

C H A P. XI.

Of S U B J E C T and A D J U N C T.

WHAT has been said in the first part of *logic* upon *subject* and *adjunct* (chap. II.) where *substances* and *modes* are treated of, may be consulted, but need not be here repeated. In this place the word *subject* is rather considered as having *accidental modes* than those which are *essential*; and these *accidental modes* or *external additions* which adhere to the subject, or *names* and *denominations* by which it is called, are what is here to be understood by *adjuncts*.

The most considerable *adjuncts* of actions or appearances are what we call *circumstances*, which include time, place, light, darkness, cloathing, the situation of other things

or persons with all the concomitant, antecedent, or consequent events.

When we consider things as the subjects of occupation, operation, thought, or discourse, subjects are then properly called *objects*; as leather is the *subject* or *object* on which a shoemaker works, about which he is busied, or of which he thinks or discourses.

Objects are distinguished into *immediate*, and *remote*; as the words and sentences of a book are the *immediate* object of a student's occupation; and the art, science, or doctrine taught by that book is the *remote* object. They are also distinguished into *common* and *proper*, as the size, figure, and motion of bodies are *common* objects of the two different senses of sight and feeling; but colours are *proper* to the sight only, and cold to the feeling. Lastly, they are either *material* or *formal*; as the body of a man is the *material* object both of *physic* and *anatomy*, and dissection and healing are the *formal objects* of those two sciences.

C H A P. XII.

Of TIME and PLACE.

TIME, as considered by ontologists, is that part of duration which terminates the interval of the existence of things; or it is what we call *successive duration*. It is divided into *past*, *present*, and *future*, (as has been before mentioned) and is usually measured by the motion of some bodies, which is supposed to be most regular, uniform, and certain. These are either the heavenly bodies, as the sun, moon, and stars, which are *natural measures* of time; or there are hour-glasses, clocks, watches, &c. which are *artificial measures*. And thus time is divided into years, months, weeks, days, hours, minutes, &c. and as it commonly refers to something that measures it, it is esteemed a *relative affection*.

Place is the *position* or *situation* of *bodies*; and it is frequently distinguished into *absolute* and *relative*.

Absolute place is that part of the supposed infinite void or space which any being fills up or possesses, considered simply in itself.

Relative place is the situation that any being has with respect to other bodies round about it, which are supposed quiescent, or at rest.—We usually conceive of things in

this manner : But if space (as some philosophers maintain) be only a creature of imagination, a mere *nothing*, then all *place* is properly *relative*, and if a body existed alone, it would have no place at all.

Ubidity is a term used to signify the place of *spirits*; though it must be confessed we have no clear idea how they can have any proper locality, situation, nearness, or distance with respect to bodies, without changing their very nature, and making them quite other beings than what they are. The *Ubidity* of a spirit, therefore, can only properly refer to such a part of the material world, of which it has a more evident consciousness, and on which it has a power of acting. When we say that *God, the infinite spirit, is every where*, we mean that he has an immediate and unlimited consciousness of and agency upon all things, and that his knowledge and power extend to all possible, as well as to all actual beings; for he knows and can do whatsoever can be known or done. When we say *the soul of man is in his body*, we mean that it has a consciousness of the impression made on the body, and can excite particular motions therein at pleasure.—The situation of bodies in a certain place is sometimes called a *circumscriptive* presence; that of a spirit by its consciousness or operation is termed a *definite* or limited presence; and the omnipresence of God has been called his *replete* presence, because he *fills heaven and earth*, as the Scripture expresses it.

C H A P. XIII.

Of AGREEMENT and DIFFERENCE.

THE agreement and difference of things are words which need no explanation. They are found out by comparing one thing with another, or the same thing with itself at different times and places, or under different circumstances or considerations.

Agreement is distinguished into *real*, that is, in substance; or *moral*, i. e. in modes, properties, or accidents; or *mental*, that is such as is made only by our conceptions.—An agreement in essence, quantity, or quality, is called *internal*; as that in causes, effects, adjuncts, names, or circumstances, is called *external*.—Agreement is *total* and *perfect*, where there is no difference at all; or *partial*, where there is a difference in some respect. An agreement in essence

is called *sameness* or *identity*; but agreement in quality is properly called *likeness*.

Agreement in quantity is sometimes called *sameness*, but more properly *equality*: So five shillings are said to be the *same* w^t a crown, that is, *equal* to it, as containing the same quantity of silver. But sometimes an agreement in value arises from the difference of quality compensating the defect of quantity, as a guinea in gold is equal to one and twenty shillings in silver.—Where there is not an *absolute sameness in quantity*, the agreement is called *proportion*: So there is a *proportion* between six and twelve, for one is the half of the other; and between three fours and twelve, for they are equal.

Two or more things may be said to have the *same general essence* or nature; as beasts, birds, and fishes agree in this, that they are all animals: Or they are said to have the *same special nature*; as trouts and oysters agree in that they are fishes. But *individual* or *numerical sameness* of nature or essence can be ascribed to one and the same thing only; as a man of a hundred years of age is the same individual that he was when a boy of six, or a youth of twenty.—There is another distinction of *sameness* into *material* and *formal*. Tobacco is the same body *materially* when it is dried and ground into snuff, as when it is green and growing in the field; but it is not *formally* the same.

Likeness is also distinguished into different kinds; for the *likeness* or *similitude* is chiefly applied to qualities, yet it sometimes relates to natures and substances themselves; and it may be either *total* or *partial*.—*Likeness* is also in the *same kind*, as one egg is like another; or in a *different kind*, as a picture may be like a statue, or as poesy resembles painting; which last sort of likeness is sometimes called *Analog*.

Analogy sometimes signifies *proportion*, and we get the idea of it by comparing two quantities together, and considering the relation they bear to each other. In a word, *proportion* includes every sort of agreement in *quantity* (except individual sameness) whether it be time, magnitude, or number; and thence arise the ideas of *equal* and *unequal*, *greater* and *less*, *more* or *fewer*, &c. *Proportion* may also be applied to any *qualities* that admit of degrees of difference, as whiteness, sweetness, cold, heat, good, evil, &c.

Having thus explained *agreement*, we shall now speak of *difference*, but it must be observed, that *difference* is not

here taken in a logical sense for the primary *essential mode* of any being, which joined to the *genus* makes a *definition*; but it includes every *distinction* of one thing from another.

Difference is divided into either *real*, (i. e. *substantial*) as one substance differs from another; or *modal*, when it relates to modes, properties, or qualities; or *mental*, when it is only made by the mind.—*N. B.* The difference between modes or properties is sometimes called *real*, because it is founded in the nature of things; and so is opposed to *mental*, which is made only by our conceptions.

Difference or *disagreement* will admit of much the same divisions as belong to *agreement*, which therefore need not be repeated.

The disagreement of things is expressed by various names. A disagreement in substance or essence is called *diversity*; in quality, it is *diffimilitude*; and in quantity it is opposed to *sameness*, and is then peculiarly called *difference*. As it stands opposed to *proportion*, it is called *disproportion*; that is, where there is no proportion at all, as between finite and infinite; but the word is frequently used in a more vulgar sense, sometimes to signify any great difference between two quantities or numbers, as one is *disproportionate* to ten millions; and sometimes it means that one part or adjunct of a thing is too large or two small for the others; as a man's mouth or nose may be *disproportionate* to his face.—The chief or highest kind of disagreement is called *opposition*, and there are reckoned five sorts of *opposites*.

As for the names of the kinds of *opposition*, some are called *disparates*, as red, blue, yellow, &c. but these seem to be improperly reckoned *opposites*, since they are only different species under the same genus. 2. Others are *relative opposites*, as *master* and *servant*; but neither can all relatives be properly called *opposites*, as two friends cannot who agree in their humours and sentiments. 3. *Contraries* are proper kind of *opposites*, as *hot* and *cold*, *white* and *black*. 4. So are *privative opposites*, as *sight* and *blindness*; The last kind are *negative opposites*, or *contradictries*. *honour* and *dishonour*, *perfection* and *imperfection*.

N. B. Among *contradictries* some are express, and others implied; as a *square circle* is an express contradiction, at a *religious villain* is only an implicit one, meaning a person who is religious in words, but the reverse in practice.—Observe also, that *contraries* are called *mediate*, when there is some middle quality or medium which partakes of

both the extremes ; as *luke-warm* between *hot* and *cold*: But where there is no such medium they are termed *immediate*, as *living* and *dead*.

C H A P. XIV.

Of N U M B E R and O R D E R.

NU M B E R is a manner of conception, whereby several distinct and separate things are reckoned together, and considered as *more* or *fewer*.

An *unit* or *one* is rather *part of a number*, for *number* is made up of many *units* put together ; and therefore *number* is a *real relative affection* of being, as it plainly denotes a relation between two or more beings or ideas.—*Number* is called *discrete quantity*, because its parts are distinct; as *magnitude* is called *continued quantity*, because its parts are united.

Our idea of *order* arises from considering one thing as being *before*, *together with*, or *after* another ; according to which it is said to be *prior*, *simultaneous*, or *posterior*.

Order is distinguished into five kinds, *viz.* 1. The order of *nature*, as a father is before his son. 2. Of *time*, as the spring is before the summer. 3. Of *Place*, as the horse is before the cart. 4. Of *dignity*, as a duke is before an earl. 5. Of *knowledge*, as we learn letters before syllables, and syllables before words.

Note, Things are said to be *together in time*, either when they begin together, as fire and heat ; or when they co-exist with each other during some part of their life, time, or being ; as *Socrates* and *Plato* are said to be *contemporaries*, though the former was born many years before the latter.

C H A P. XV.

Of M E N T A L R E L A T I O N S.

WE have already observed, that *mental relations* have no foundation in the nature of things themselves, but arise merely from our manner of conceiving them. These relations therefore may be known by this consideration, that if there were no intelligent beings to conceive of them, such relations could never have existed.

The chief kinds of *mental relations* are *pure abstracted notions*, *signs*, *words*, *terms of art*, and *external denominations*.

Pure abstracted notions are what ontologists call *second notions*, *second intentions*, mere creatures of the mind: But observe, it is not every degree of *abstraction* that makes a *mental relation*. If we abstract the common idea of a *man* or *humanity* from the particular ideas that distinguish *Thomas* and *Francis*, this is an *abstract idea*; though it is not a mere *mental relation*, because it is part of the *real and absolute idea* of *Thomas* or *Francis*: But if we abstract this common idea of *humanity* yet farther, by considering it as a special nature agreeing to several individuals, and so call it a *species*, this is a *mental relation*; and so is the abstract idea of *animal* called a *genus*. These and the like ideas are formed by a *second abstraction*, and may therefore be called *pure abstracted notions*; which having no reality or existence in things themselves, are properly termed mere *mental relations*.

A *sign* is that which represents to the mind something besides itself, which is called the *thing signified*.

There are various kinds of *signs*; the chief of which are the following. 1. Signs are *natural*, as a beard is of manhood; or *instituted*, as baptism or washing away sin, or as a constable's staff is a sign of his office. 2. Some are mere *tokens* or *pledges*, which do not at all represent the thing signified, as the rainbow is a token to assure us that the earth shall not be drowned again. 3. Signs are *antecedent*, as the gathering of clouds is of approaching rain; or *concomitant*, as shivering is of an ague; or *consequent*, as a funeral is of death. 4. Another distinction of signs near akin to the former is into *prognostic*, as a hiccup with an intermitting pulse are prognostics of death; *memorial*, as a funeral ring is of a friend deceased; and *commemorative*, as a tomb is of a person buried there. 5. Signs are sometimes *necessary* and *certain*, as the morning star is of the rising of the sun; and sometimes *contingent*, or *probable*, as prudence and industry are probable signs of a man's thriving in the world.

Words are called *signs*, and may be reckoned the chief kind of all, as they are the most universal signs of our thoughts or ideas. But though all words and names are signs invented by the *mind*, and signify things from the mere *appointment* and *agreement* of *men*, and are therefore

mental relations; yet those are more eminently so which are called *external denominations*, that is, names given to things upon account of some idea which the mind affixes to them, rather than for any thing that really belongs to them; as if we say, such a building stands on the right or the left side of the road, these are mere *outward denominations*, which depend on turning one's face this way or that.—Of this kind are *technical words*, or *terms of art*, which are used to signify the manner of our conception of things; as if I say a *hawk is a species of birds*, the word *species* is a *logical term of art*, and may be called a *mental relation*.

N. B. Besides these already mentioned, there are various *symbolical signs* and *representations* of things, invented and used by artists; as the *characters* of *algebra*, *music*, &c.

C H A P. XVI.

Of the chief kinds of BEING.

BEING is usually distinguished into *substances* or *modes*; *finite*, or *infinite*; and *natural*, *artificial*, or *moral*.

Every being that may be considered as subsisting of itself is called *substance*; as an angel, a man, an horse, a tree, a stone, an apple: But when we consider it as subsisting by means of some other being to which it belongs, it is then called a *mode*; as length, colour, shape, wisdom, roughness, smoothness, &c.

When we give to *modes* the name of *beings*, we only mean that they have a *real existence* in nature; though this indeed is denied by some philosophers, who from thence are called *nominalists*, as those who maintain the contrary opinion are called *realists*. It must be granted, however, that *being* does not belong to *modes* in so full and strong a sense as it does to *substances*.

The kinds of *substances* are only two that we know of, *viz.* *material* and *intelligent*; that is, either *bodies* or *spirits*: But the substance of *spirits* is of so fine and subtle a texture, as not to be the object of our senses.

Modes are distributed into various kinds, the chief whereof have been enumerated and explained in *logic*, (part I. chap. II.) to which we refer the reader.

C H A P. XVII.

Of FINITE and INFINITE Beings.

*F*inite beings are those which are limited or bounded, either with respect to their nature, parts, quantity, qualities, powers, or durations: But those are infinite which are unlimited, or have no bounds.

All substances are finite or infinite, either in respect of their quantity, or of their powers. Created spirits are said to be finite, as well as bodies; not as to quantity, for we have no idea of their dimensions, but as to their qualities, their knowledge, their goodness, and all their operations. They are allowed, however, to have an unlimited duration with regard to the future, not though with regard to the past; that is, they may have no end, though they had a beginning: And this duration is usually called immortality.—We commonly call space infinite, which some philosophers will not allow, making it a mere nihility, or the limit of existence, as existence may be said to limit nihility.

As for modes, some of them cannot be called either finite or infinite; for though we can say finite or infinite knowledge, patience, length, breadth, &c. yet we cannot say a finite or infinite colour, roughness, &c.

God is said to be infinite with respect to his essence, his duration, or his attributes. The infinity of his essence is his immensity or omnipresence: The infinity of his duration is his eternity, without beginning and without end: The infinity of his attributes implies that his knowledge, power, holiness, goodness, &c. are infinite, that is, every way perfect in the most absolute sense.

N. B. There is no medium between finite and infinite; for what we call indefinite is only that of which we know not the limits.

C H A P. XVIII.

Of NATURAL, ARTIFICIAL, and MORAL Beings.

*N*atural beings are those which have a real and proper existence, and are considered as formed and appointed by God the Creator; as spirits, bodies, men, beasts, birds, fire, air, water, light, sense, reason, &c. For though some

some of these are produced by others, as animals produce their own species, yet God is properly the author of them all, either immediately, or by the laws of nature he has ordained.

Artificial beings are those which are made by the *skill, contrivance, and operations of men*; as houses, picture, garments, paper, propositions, arguments, sciences, books, &c.

Moral beings are those which relate to the *manners, conduct, and government* of intelligent creatures, endued with freedom of will, and under obligations to particular actions of duty. Thus law, virtue, vice, sin, righteousness, justice, injustice, reward, punishment, &c. are called *moral beings*; but under this consideration they are only *modal*.—In this manner new names might be given to different beings, by calling them *political, mathematical, theological, medicinal, &c.* as they are treated of in the sever'l sciences: But these had better be called *different ideas than beings*; as rebellion, allegiance, treason, &c. are *political ideas*; length, breadth, &c. are *mathematical*; and holiness, repentance, salvation, &c. are *theological*.



P O E T R Y

FAMILIARIZED,

And Embellished with

A great Variety of the most shining EPI-
GRAMS, EPITAPHS, SONGS, ODES, PAS-
TORALS, EPISTLES, and other POEMS,
from the best AUTHORS.

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T H E P R E F A C E.

If the sciences were to be estimated by their antiquity, Poetry would undoubtedly bear the palm from all others, since it is, we may suppose, nearly as old as the Creation, and had its being almost with the first breath of mankind.

When Adam came from the hands of his all bountiful Creator, and found himself in the plains of paradise, amidst an infinite number of creatures, *so* artfully and wonderfully made*; when he saw every herb, plant, and flower rise up for his use and pleasure, and every creature submit to his will; when he heard the morning's dawn ushered in with the orisons of Birds, and the evenings warbled down with notes of thanks and gratitude; when all nature exulted in praise of the omnipotent Creator; when the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy †, could man, thus highly favoured of heaven, withhold his tribute?—No,

when all things that breathe
From th' earth's great altar send up silent praise
To the Creator, and his nostrils fill
With grateful smell; forth came the human pair,

* Psalms.

+ Job xxxviii, 7.

And

*And join'd their vocal worship to the Choir
Of Creatures wanting voice.* —

— both stood

*Both turn'd, and under open sky ador'd
The God that made both sky, air, earth and heaven
Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent glo'e,
And starry pole :— Thou also mad'st the night,
Maker omnipotent, and thou the day ! **

Poetry in its infant state was the language of devotion and love. It was the voice and expression of the heart of man when ravished and transported with a view of the numberless blessings that perpetually flowed from God the fountain of all goodness.

— all things smil'd

With Fragrance, and with Joy their hearts o'erflow'd. †

Enraptured thus with the love of God, and filled with an awful idea of his power, glory, and goodness ; the soul, incapable of finding words in common language suitable to it's lofty conceptions, and disdaining every thing low and vulgar was obliged to invent a language intirely new. Tropes and figures were called in to express it's sentiments, and the diction was dignified and embellished with metaphors, beautiful descriptions, lively images, similes, and whatever else could help to express, with force and grandeur, it's passion and surprise : disdaining common thoughts and trivial expressions, it explores all Nature and aspires at all that is sublime and beautiful, in order to approach perfection and beatitude. Nor was this sufficient.—The mind dissatisfied with culling only the most noble thoughts, arrayed in forcible and luxuriant terms, and perceiving the sweetness which arose from the melody of birds, called in musick to its aid ; when these illustrious thoughts, dignify'd and dress'd with pomp and splendor, were

* Milton's Paradise Lost.

† Ibid.

so placed as to produce harmony : the long and short, the smooth and rough syllables were variously combined to recommend the sense by the sound, and elevation and cadence employed to make the whole more musically expressive.

Hence Poetry became the parent of musick, and indeed of dancing ; for the method of measuring the time of their verses, *par Arsin et Thesin*, and of beating the bars or divisions of musick, gave rise, we may suppose, to this art, and taught the feet also to express the transports of the soul. * To the truth of these reflections, which are drawn from nature, every one will assent, who considers how he is affected by Poetry and musick ; for no man can resist the natural impulse he will have to dance, or agitate the body at certain combinations of words and of sounds, unless he be unhappily posseſſ'd of one of those gloomy minds described by Shakespeare. † And this will in some measure account, not only for the great antiquity of dancing, but for it's application to religious ceremonies even in the first ages of the world. Both, Poetry, Musick, and Dancing; were used by the Israelites of old in their worship, and are thus employ'd by many of the eastern nations, and by the Indians of America to this day.

What we have said of the origin of Poetry will account for the necessity there is for that enthusiasm, that fertility of invention, those sallies of imagination, lofty ideas, noble sentiments, bold and figurative expressions, harmony of numbers, and indeed that

* *Ducunt Clcoreas et Carmina dicunt.* VIRG.

† The Man that hath no musick in himself,
That is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils ;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus :
Let no such man be trusted.

natural love of the grand, sublime, and marvellous, which are the essential characteristics of a good poet. The poet, not satisfied with exploring all nature for subjects, wantons in the fields of fancy, and creates beings of his own. He raises floating islands, dreary deserts, and enchanted castles, which he peoples, by the magic of his imagination, with satyrs, nymphs, fairies and gnomes; and from imaginary things excites real pleasure, and furnishes the mind with solid instruction. He not only, like *Midas*, turns every thing he touches into gold, (but what has never yet been fabled) he soars beyond the regions of *Æther*, and brings gold out of nothing. From these bold and enthusiastic flights poets are said to be divinely inspired, since these qualifications are not to be obtained by art, but derive their source from nature, and are the gifts of heaven alone.

But this divine science, originally intended for the worship of God, was in process of time debased; and when men forsook the Lord of life, apply'd to inferior purposes. It was call'd in to the praise of legislators, and great men. This use was made of it not only by the eastern nations, but by the Greeks and Romans, and by the ancient bards in Britain, who as history tells us, made songs in praise of their heroes, which they adapted to musick, and sung to their harps. Of late indeed Poetry has been most shamefully prostituted; but that is no argument against it's excellency. Has not it's sister Eloquence shared the same fate, and been employ'd to unjust purposes, and to obtain the most wicked ends? Therefore it has in common with other sciences, and in consequence of the general depravity of mankind,

But the excellency of *Poetry* and the attractive charms of the Muses, may be estimated by the number of votaries they have obtained, since there are few men, how cold and phlegmatic soever, but have

I shall
author
* Pope

at some time or other paid their court to the ladies of Parnassus. And this general affection for the science will render any apology needless that might be made for the publication of this volume; in which we have not satisfied ourselves with writing *dull receipts how poems may be made**; but have, (together with such rules as are necessary for the construction of english verse and of the various species of Poetry) presented the reader with variety of examples from our best and most celebrated english poets.

What is said on versification is indeed but little, yet it is what was thought abundantly sufficient. In short no more could be introduced that would be useful; and to incumber a young student in any science with useless rules, is increasing his difficulty to retard his progress, and like loading a man with arms which may hinder his march but can afford him no defence or assistance on the road.

The rules observed by the ancient poets were adapted to the ancient tongues, but will not suit our language, since the quantity, or that space of time, whether long or short, in which any syllable is pronounced, is generally determined by the accents. And the harmony of *Milton's* numbers will be found not to depend on the rules of quantity, but on other principles. He has not confined himself to the iambic, which is the measure adjudged to our English Heroics, but compounded his verses with other feet, and so diversified his measures, by judiciously varying the *Cesural Pause*, that he has given them a variety of harmony not to be met with in other poets, and avoided a constant tedious uniformity, that would have been ever lifeless, dull, and disagreeable.

I shall conclude these reflections in the words of an author of great taste and judgement †. *Versifica-*

* POPE'S *Essay on Criticism*.

† Lord LANSDOWN.

tion,

tion, says he, is in *Poetry* what colouring is in *painting*, a beautiful ornament. But if the proportions are just, the posture true, the figure bold, and the resemblance according to nature, tho' the colours happen to be rough, or carelessly laid on, yet the picture shall loose nothing of its esteem. Such are many of the inestimable pieces of *Raphael*; whereas the finest and nicest colour that art can invent, is but labour in vain when the rest is in disorder; like paint bestow'd on an ill face, whereby the deformity is render'd but so much the more conspicuous and remarkable. It would not be unseasonable to make some observations upon this subject, by way of advice to many of our present writers, who seem to lay the whole stress of their endeavours upon the *Harmony* of words; Like *Eunuchs* they sacrifice their manhood for a voice, and reduce our Poetry to be like *Echo*, nothing but Sound.





THE
ART OF POETRY.

C H A P. I.

*Containing a Definition of POETRY, and the Qualifications
of a true POET.*

POETRY is the art of *composing poems*, or *pieces in verse*, in order to *please* and to *instruct*. But a skill in making verses, or writing in numbers, is one of the least qualifications of a good poet; for a person of an indifferent genius may be taught to compose verses that will flow smoothly, and sound well to the ear, which yet may be of no value for want of strong sense, propriety, and elevation of thought, or purity of diction. A true poet is distinguished by a fruitfulness of invention, a lively imagination tempered by a solid judgment, a nobleness of sentiments and ideas, and a bold, lofty, and figurative manner of expression. He thoroughly understands the nature of his subject; and, let his poem be never so short, he forms a design or plan, by which every verse is directed to a certain end, and each has a just dependance on the other; for it is this produces the beauty of order and harmony, and gives satisfaction to a rational mind.—The duke of *Buckingham*, in his *Essay on Poetry*, very justly observes:

Numbers, and rhymes, and that harmonious sound
Which never does the ear with harshness wound,
Are necessary, yet but vulgar arts:
For all in vain these superficial parts
Contribute to the structure of the whole,
Without a *genius* too, for that's the *soul*;
A *spirit*, which inspires the work throughout,
As that of nature moves the world about;

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A heat which glows in every word that's writ;
 'Tis something of divine, and more than wit;
 Itself unseen, yet all things by it shown,
 Describing all men, but describ'd by none.

A poetical genius is the gift of nature, and cannot be acquired; nor can the want of it be supplied by art or industry: but where such a genius is found, it may be assisted by proper rules and directions; and such we shall endeavour to lay down.

C H A P. II.

Of the Structure of English VERSE; and of RHYME.

IN order to make verses, you must understand that syllables are distinguished into *long* and *short*, and this length or shortness is called their *quantity*. Of two, three, and sometimes more syllables, the antients formed their poetical feet, giving each of them a different name. Thus a foot consisting of two long syllables, was called a *spondee*; of a short one follow'd by a long one, an *iambus*; of a long one followed by two short ones, a *dactyle*, &c. and of these feet they composed various kinds of verses.

But there is very little variety of feet in the *English* poetry, the *iambic* being, as it were, the sole regent of our verse, especially of our *heroics*, which consist of five short and five long syllables intermixed alternately, though this order is sometimes beautifully varied by our best poets, as an excellent writer observes:

Two syllables our *English* feet compose,
 But *quantities* distinguish them from prose.
 By *long* and *short*, in various stations plac'd,
 Our *English* verse harmoniously is grac'd:
 With *short* and *long* heroic feet we raiſe,
 But these to vary is the poet's praise;
 For the *same* sounds perpetually disgust:
Dryden to this variety was just.

After all, the *quantity* of the syllables in ours, and other modern languages, is not well fixed; nor need we be very solicitous about it in the composition of verses. The *number* of syllables, the *pause*, and the *seat of the accents and emphasis*,

emphasis, are the chief things to be considered in the *English* versification.

Accent is a particular stress or force of the voice, laid upon any syllable in speaking, as upon *fi* in *finite*, upon *in* in *infinite*; and *emphasis* is that stress or force of the voice which is laid on some particular word or words in a sentence to express the true meaning of the author.

In *English* verse, it is the accent that denominates a syllable *long*, rather than the *nature* of the *vowel*, *diphthong*, &c. though *accent* and *quantity* are, in reality, two different things.

It is not enough that verses have their just number of syllables; for the words must be so disposed, as that the accent and the *pause* may fall in such places, as to render them harmonious and pleasing to the ear.

This *pause* is a small *rest* or *stop* which is made in pronouncing the longer sorts of verses, dividing them into two parts, each of which is called an *hemistich*, or *half-verse*: but this division is not always equal, that is, one of the hemistichs does not always contain the same number of syllables as the other. This inequality proceeds from the seat of the accent, that is strongest in the first hemistich; for the pause is to be made at the end of the word where such accent happens, or at the end of the word following; as will presently be shewn.

Metre, or *measure*, which is such an harmonious disposition of a certain number of syllables as above-mentioned, is all that is *absolutely necessary* to constitute *English* verse; but *rhyme* is generally added to make it more delightful.

Now *rhyme* is a likeness of sound between the last syllable or syllables of one verse, and the last syllable or syllables of another.—When only one syllable at the end of one line rhymes to one syllable at the end of another, it is called *single rhyme*, as *made*, *trade*; *confess*, *distress*: but when the two last syllables are alike in sound, as *drinking*, *thinking*; *able*, *table*; it is called *double rhyme*. We have also some instances of *treble rhyme*, where the three last syllables chime together; as *charity*, *parity*, &c. But this is seldom or never admitted in serious subjects, and in such the *double rhyme* is to be used but sparingly.

You are further to observe, that the consonants which precede the vowels where the rhyme begins, must be different in each verse; so that *light* and *delight*, *vice* and *advice*, *move* and *remove*, must not be made to rhyme together;

ther ; for though the signification of the words are different enough, the rhyming syllables are exactly the same, and good rhyme consists rather in a *likeness* than a *sameness* of sound. From hence it follows, that a word cannot rhyme to itself, nor even words that differ both in signification and orthography, if they have the same sound ; as *heir, air; prey, pray; blew, blue, &c.* Such rhymes indeed, and others equally bad, as *nation* and *affection*, *villany* and *gentry*, *follow* and *willow*, where the likeness is not sufficient, were allowed of in the days of *Chaucer*, *Spencer*, and the rest of our antient poets, but are by no means to be admitted in our modern compositions. It may be farther observed, that the rhyming of words depends upon their likeness of *sound*, not of *orthography*; for *laugh* and *quaff*, though differently written, rhyme very well together ; but *plough* and *cough*, though their terminations are alike, rhyme not at all.

That sort of verse which has no rhyme is called blank verse ; some specimens of which will be given hereafter. We have verses of several measures containing seldom less than four, nor more than fourteen syllables ; in speaking of which I shall begin with those that are mostly in use.

C H A P. III.

Of the several sorts of English VERSES.

THE verses chiefly used in our poetry, are those of ten, eight, and seven syllables ; especially the first, which are used in heroic poems, tragedies, elegies, pastorals, and many other subjects, but generally those that are grave and serious.

In this sort the words are commonly so disposed, that the accent may fall on every *second, fourth, sixth, eighth, and tenth* syllable ; as in the two following lines.

From *vúlgar bóunds* with *bráve disórder* *párt*,
And *snátch* a *gráce* *beyónf* the *réach* of *árt*.

But (as we have intimated already) this order may be frequently dispensed with, without destroying the harmony of the verse ; nay, it adds a peculiar beauty to the poetry, to indulge such a variety now and then, especially in the first and second syllables of the line, of which the following

ing is an instance, where the accent is on the first syllable, and not on the second.

Nów to the máin the búrning sún descénds.

The pause to be in verses of this kind (as I have before observed) is determined by the seat of the most prevailing accent in the first half-verse, which ought to be either on the second, fourth, or sixth syllable ; and the pause must immediately follow the word where this accent happens, or the word after it.

In the following lines you have instances of each of the cases mentioned where the ruling accent only is marked, and the pause denoted by a dash—.

First Case.

As búsy—as intentive emmets are.
Despise it—and more noble thoughts pursue.

Second Case.

Belinda smíl'd—and all the world was gay.
So fresh the woúnd is—and the grief so vast.

Third Case.

Some have at first for wíts—then poets pass'd.
And since he could not save her—with her dy'd,

The pause is sometimes to be allowed of in other places of a verse ; but then the verses are not quite so agreeable to the ear, as is evident from the following instance :

Bright Hesper twinkles from afar—away
My kids—for you have had a feast to-day.

Here is nothing disagreeable in the structure of these verses but the pause, which in the first of them (you see) is after the eighth syllable, and in the latter after the second ; whereas so unequal a division cannot produce any true harmony.

It must be confessed, that the prevailing accent is sometimes not easily distinguished, as when two or three in the same verse seem equally strong ; in which case the sense and construction of the words must be your guide. And after all, a person who has a tolerable ear for poetry, will have little occasion for rules concerning the *pause* or the *accents*, but will naturally so dispose his words as to

create a certain harmony, without labour to the tongue, or violence to the sense.

Next to verses of *ten* syllables, those of *eight* are most frequent in our poetry, whereof we have many entire poems. In these verses, as in the former, the accents generally fall on every second syllable, but not without exception, as you will see in the following example :

A shów'r of soft and fléecy ráin
Fálls, to new-clóthe the éarth agáin ;
Behóld the móuntains tóps around,
As if with fur of érmin crówn'd.

The verses next to be considered, are those of *seven* syllables, which are called *anácreontic*, from *Anacreon*, a Greek poet, who wrote in verse of that measure.

The accents in this kind of verse, fall on the *first*, *third*, *fifth*, and *seventh* syllables, as in the following lines :

Glitt'ring stónes and gólden thíngs,
Wéalth and hónours thát have wings,
Ever flútt'ring tó be góne,
Wé can néver cáll our ówn.

As for verses of *nine* and *eleven* syllables, they are not worth our notice, being very seldom used, except those which are of double rhyme, and properly belong to the verses of *eight* and *ten* syllables.

There is a kind of verse of *twelve* syllables, having the accent on every *third*, which is only made use of in subjects of mirth and pleasantry, as are those of *eleven* syllables, which run with much the same cadence. But there is another sort of *twelve* syllables, which are now and then introduced amongst our heroics, being sometimes the last of a couplet, or two verses, as in the following instance.

The ling'ring soul th' unwelcome doom receives,
And, murmur'ring with disdain,—the beauteous body leaves.

Sometimes a verse of this kind concludes a triplet, or three lines that rhyme together, where the sense is full and complete ; as for example :

Millions of op'ning mouths to Fame belong,
And ev'ry mouth is furnish'd with a tongue,
And round with lis'ning ears—the flying plague is }
hung.

Here

Here let us observe by the way, that the sense ought always to be closed at the end of a triplet, and not continued to the next line ; tho' instances of this fault (if it be one) are to be found in some of our best poets.

This verse of twelve syllables (which is call'd *Alexandrine*, or *Alexandrian*, from a poem on the life of *Alexander*, written or translated into such verse by some French poets) is also frequently used at the conclusion of a stanza in *Lyric* or *Pindaric* odes, of which we shall speak hereafter. The pause, in these verses, ought to be at the sixth syllable, as we see in the foregoing examples.

In this place it cannot be amiss to observe, that tho' the *Alexandrine* verse, when rightly employ'd, has an agreeable effect in our poetry, it must be used sparingly, and with judgment. Mr. Pope has censured the improper use of it, and at the same time given us a beautiful verse of this kind, in his excellent *Essay on Criticism*, where, speaking of those who regard versification only, he says,

A needless *Alexandrine* ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.

Verses of fourteen syllables, are not so often used as those of twelve ; but they are likewise inserted in heroic poems, and are agreeable enough when they conclude a triplet where the sense is finish'd, especially if the preceding verse be of twelve syllables ; as in this of Mr. Dryden.

For thee the land in fragrant flow'r's is dreſt ;
For thee the ocean smiles, and smooths her wavy breast, }
And heav'n itself with more ferene and purer light is
bleſt. }

If these verses follow one of ten syllables, the inequality of the measure renders them leſs pleasing ; but this is only in heroics ; for in odes they are gracefully placed after verses of any number of syllables whatſoever.

The shorter kinds of verses are chiefly used in operas, odes, and our common songs ; but they have nothing in them worth notice. We meet with them of three, four, five, and six syllables ; but those of four and six are most common, of which let the following specimen suffice :

The battle near
When cowards fear,

The drum and trumpet sounds ;
 Their courage warms,
 They rush to arms,
 And Brave a thousand wounds.

It is now proper to say something of the *elisions* or contractions that are admitted in our poetry, according as the measure requires.

C H A P. IV.

Of the ELISIONS allowed of in ENGLISH POETRY; and some miscellaneous Remarks.

*E*lision is the cutting off one or more letters, either from the beginning, ending, or middle of a word, whereby two syllables are contracted into one, and are so pronounced.

In words of three or more syllables, which are accented on the last save two, when the liquid *r* comes between two vowels, that which precedes the *r* is frequently cut off; as in *temperance*, *difference*, *flatterer*, *victory*, *amorous*, and others; which, though three syllables, and often used as such in verse, may be contracted into two when the measure requires it; and this contraction is denoted by a little mark called an *apostrophe*, the words being written or printed *temp'rance*, *diff'rence*, *flatt'rer*, *vict'ry*, *am'rrous*, and pronounced accordingly. An elision is made of both vowels before the *r* in *lab'ring*, *endeav'ring*, *neighb'ring*, and such like words.

Sometimes a vowel is cut off before the other liquids *l*, *m*, *n*, when found between two vowels in words accented like the former; as in *fab'lous*, *en'my*, *mar'ner*, instead of *fabulous*, *en-my*, *mariner*: but this ought to be avoided, the sound being harsh and ungrateful.

Contractions are agreeable enough in some words of three syllables, where the letter *s* happens between two vowels, the latter of which is cut off; as in *reas'ning*, *pris'ner*, *bus'nels*, &c.

The letter *o* between *ll* and *w*, in words of three syllables, suffers an Elision; as in *foll'wer*, *b'lwing*, &c.

When the vowel *e* falls between *v* and *n*, and the accent lies upon the foregoing syllable, it is frequently cut off; as in *beav'n*, *sev'n*, *giv'n*, *driu'n*, &c. The same vowel

vowel is also cut off in the words *pow'r*, *flow'r*, and others of the like termination.

The words *never*, *ever*, *over*, may lose the consonant *v*, and be thus contracted, *ne'er*, *e'er*, *o'er*.

Most words ending in *ed*, which we contract in our common discourse, must also be contracted in poetry; as *lov'd*, *threaten'd*, *express'd*, *ador'd*, *abandon'd*, &c.

Some words admit of an elision of their first syllable; as '*mong*', '*mongst*', '*tween*', '*twixt*', '*gainst*', '*bove*', &c. are used instead of *among*, *amongst*, *between*, *betwixt*, *against*, *above*.

Instead of *it is*, *it was*, *it were*, *it will*, *it would*, we sometimes use '*tis*', '*twas*', '*twere*', '*twill*', '*twould*'. So likewise *by't*, for *by it*; *do't*, for *do it*; *wa't*, for *was it*, &c. But these last contractions are scarce allowable, especially in heroic poetry.

Am may lose its vowel after *I*; as *I'm*, for *I am*: and so may *are* after *we*, *you*, *they*; as *we're*, *you're*, *they're*; for *we are*, *you are*, *they are*: we also sometimes use the contraction *let's*, for *let us*.

The word *have* suffers an elision of its two first letters, after *I*, *you*, *we*, *they*; as *I've*, *you've*, *we've*, *they've*, for *I have*, *you have*, *we have*, *they have*. So *will* and *would* are often contracted after the personal pronouns; as *I'll* for *I will*, *be'd* for *he would*, &c. or after *who*, as *who'd* for *who would*, *who'll* for *who will*, &c.

The particle *to* sometimes loses its *o* when it comes before a verb that begins with a vowel; as *t'avoid*, *t'increase*, *t'undo*, &c. but this elision is not so allowable before nouns, and seldom used by correct writers.

When the particle *the* comes before a word that begins with a vowel or an *b* not aspirated, it generally loses its *e*; as *th' immortal*, *th' expressive*, *th' amazing*, *th' honest*, &c. and sometimes before an aspirated *b* when an *e* follows it; as *th' heroic*, &c. but elisions of this last kind are not to be commended.

Sometimes the *o* in *who*, and the *y* in *by*, is cut off before words beginning with a vowel; as *wb' expose*, for *who expose*; *b' oppression*, for *by oppression*: and other contractions of this kind are to be met with in some of our poets; but such a liberty is by no means to be indulged.

The pronoun *his* sometimes loses its first letters after words ending with a vowel; as *to's*, *by's*, for *to his*, *by his*; and after several words that end with a consonant; as *in's*,

for's, for in his, for his, &c. But this is rather to be observed than imitated.

These are the elisions and contractions most usually made in our versification ; the rest may be learnt by reading our best modern poets ; for the liberties taken by some of our antient ones, are not to be encouraged.

There are a few more particulars relating to this subject that are worth observing. In the first place, it may be laid down as a general rule, that whenever one syllable of a word ends with a vowel, and the next begins with another, these two syllables in verse are to be considered as *one* only, except when either of the syllables is the seat of the accent. Thus *region*, *valiant*, *beauteous*, *mutual*, and such-like words, are to be reckon'd only as *two* syllables in poetry ; and so *ambition*, *familiar*, *perpetual*, *presumptuous*, *superior*, and other words of the same nature, though consisting of four syllables, are to be used in verse as *three*.

The words *diamond*, *diadem*, *violet*, and a few others, may be excepted from this rule ; which, though accented on the first vowel, are sometimes used but as *two* syllables.

In general the ear is to be consulted ; we must consider how words are pronounced in reading prose, and observe how they are used by the best poets, and we shall seldom fail either with respect to justness of measure or propriety of contractions. It will very much add to the beauty of our verse to avoid, as much as possible, a concourse of clashing vowels ; that is, when one word ends with a vowel and the next begins with another, which occasions what is called an *hiatus*, or gaping, and is very disagreeable to the ear. Mr. Pope has censured this fault, and given us an instance of it in the following line :

Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire.

For this reason the *e* of the particle *the* is generally cut off (as has been observed), before words that begin with a vowel.

It is not well to make use of several words in a verse that begin with the same letter, unless it be to suit the sound to the subject. And observe, that though verses consisting wholly of monosyllables are not always to be condemned, (nay, possibly may be very good) yet they ought to be seldom used, a series of little low words having generally an ill effect in our poetry. Be careful also not to make use of

expletives, that is, such words as contribute nothing to the sense, but are brought into the verse, merely to fill up the measure. These two last faults Mr. Pope has taken notice of, and exemplified in the following verses :

While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line.

Take care likewise not to end a verse with an adjective, whose substantive begins the next verse ; and the same is to be observed with respect to a preposition, and the words it governs. In short, avoid every thing that tends to destroy that agreeable cadence and harmony which is required in poetry, and of which (after all the rules that can be laid down concerning it) the ear is the most proper judge. Remember, however, that easy and flowing numbers are not all that is requisite in versification ; for, as the last-mention'd excellent poet observes,

'Tis not enough no harshnes gives offence ;
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.

We now proceed to the beauty of thought in poetry, and to give some farther directions concerning the poetic style.

C H A P. V.

Of the BEAUTY of THOUGHT in POETRY.

AS we have already treated of thoughts and style in the preceding volume, under the article *Rhetoric*, this chapter and the ensuing may, perhaps, seem like a repetition, and be thought useless ; but it is to be considered, that though thoughts in poetry and prose differ but little, (except in pieces of fiction) a sublime thought being still the same, whether express'd in prose or verse, yet as the diction of poetry is very different from that of prose, and as this volume is intended to stand alone, and to be read distinctly from the other sciences, it will be here necessary to say something on these subjects, which are the foundation of elegance and sublimity.

Thoughts may, not improperly, be called the foundation or body of a poem, or discourse ; and the style, or diction, the dress with which they are decorated ; for the choicest and most brilliant expressions will be looked upon

as mere empty and contemptible sounds, unless they are animated with good sense and propriety of thought: but on the contrary, a new and beautiful thought will affect us agreeably, though unadorned, because it strikes the imagination with its novelty, and carries with it some degree of information, which it has drawn from truth and nature.

Thoughts are the images of things, as words are the images of thoughts, and they are both, like other pictures and images, to be esteemed or despised, as the representation is just and natural, true or false.

The thoughts we find in the best authors are natural and intelligible; they are neither affected to display wit, nor far-fetched to discover learning; but are such as arise, as it were spontaneously, out of the subject treated of, and seem so inseparable from it, that we cannot conceive how it could have been otherwise express'd with so much propriety.

Were we inclined to give instances of false and unnatural thoughts, enough might be found in the works of our modern poets, and not a few even among the ancients, especially in *Ovid, Lucan and Seneca.*

This celebrated passage in *Lucan,*

The heav'ns entomb the man th^t wants an urn.

which is apply'd to soldiers that are slain in the field and lie unburied, may, at first view, seem elegant and ingenious; but when we consider that the carcass of a horse, a kite, or a crow is entomb'd in the same manner, the appearance of wit will subside. For *wit* (in the sense it is used when apply'd to polite composition) is *elegance of thought*, which adds beauty to propriety, and not only pleases the fancy, but informs the judgment.

It is amazing, that one of the best poets this nation has produced should have been the author of the following wretched lines:

*Thou shalt not wish her thine, thou shalt not dare
To be so impudent as to despair.—
There's not a star of thine dares stay with thee,
I'll whistle thy tame fortune after me.*

Thoughts are more or less just and true, as they are more or less conformable to their object; and entire conformity is, in this respect, what we call the *justness* of a thought.

thought; for thoughts are just and fit when they perfectly agree with the things they represent.

Thoughts in poetry, however, may be just without being philosophically true; for it is the poet's business to represent things not *as they are*, but as they *seem to be*. In describing the rainbow, for instance, he may with justness dwell on the colours that seem to compose that beautiful phænomenon, though the philosopher should stand by with his prism, to prove that the whole of this appearance was occasioned only by the refraction of the rays of light. Nor are *metaphors*, *hyperboles*, *ironies*, or equivocal expressions, when properly used, nor *fiction* or *fable*, any deviation from this rule of right thinking; for there is a great difference between *Falsehood* and *fiction*, between that which is really false, and that which is only so in appearance. Tropes, figures, and fictions, when they are of any value, are raised on the foundation of right reason; they have truth for their basis, which is recommended and rendered more amiable by those airy disguises.

To think justly, therefore, and to raise beautiful thoughts, it is not sufficient that they have nothing in them *false*, for sometimes thoughts may become trivial by being *only true*. When *Cicero* applauds *Cressus* on the subject of his thoughts, after observing that they were just and true, he also adds, that they were new and uncommon; that besides truth and justness to satisfy the mind, he had thrown in something more to captivate and surprise it. Truth, says father *Boubours*, is to thoughts what foundations are to buildings, it supports and gives them solidity; but a building which has nothing to recommend it but solidity, will not please those who are skill'd in architecture. Besides solidity therefore, magnificence, beauty and delicacy are required; and these also must find a place in the thoughts of our poems, or they will be ever lifeless and unaffected. Truth, which on other occasions pleases though unadorned, requires embellishment here: though this ornament is sometimes no more than placing a thought, otherwise common and ordinary, in a new point of light, and giving it an agreeable turn.

Time plays for no man is a very true and just thought, but is very plain and common. It is raised, however, and made in a manner new by the following turn:

Time in his full career keeps pressing on,
Nor heeds he the entreaties, or commands,
Of the poor peasant, or tyrannic king.

So when you tell a sluggard that he has lost an hour in the morning, which he can never recover, you tell him the truth, yet there is no beauty or wit in it, because the thought is trite and common ; but in Sir ****'s remark on his friend, *that he lost an hour in the morning, and run after it all day, there is wit.*

But, as *Longinus* observes, it is those elevated thoughts, which represent nothing but what is great to the mind, that principally heighten and animate our poems. The sublimity and grandeur of a thought will always gratify and transport the soul, if it be just and conformable to the subject ; but where that conformity is wanting, dignity will rather disgust than please. To dress up a mean subject with pomp and splendor, is like putting the robes of royalty on a clown, which, instead of procuring him respect and esteem, will reduce him to the lowest degree of contempt and ridicule. The thoughts, therefore, as well as the style, must be suitable to the subject, or the writer will ever miss of his aim.

Sublime thoughts are no where to be found in such plenty, nor perhaps so well decorated, as in the sacred books of the Old and New Testament.—The Almighty's decking himself with light as with a garment, spreading out the heavens like a curtain, making the clouds his chariot, and riding upon the wings of the wind, are thoughts amazingly majestic.

Homer also abounds with these strains of sublimity. The passages wherein he describes *Jupiter* shaking the heavens with a nod ; and *Neptune* enraged at the destruction of the *Græcians*, are nobly conceived, but they fall short of the preceding.

He spoke, and awful bends his sable brows,
Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod ;
The stamp of fate, and sanction of the God ;
High heav'n with trembling the dread signal took,
And all Olympus to the centre shook.

Mean time the monarch of the watry main
Observe'd the thund'rer, nor observe'd in vain,

In Samothracia, on a mountain's brow,
 Whose waving woods o'er-hung the deeps below,
 He fate ; and round him cast his azure eyes,
 Where Ida's misty tops confus'dly rise ;
 Below, fair Ilion's glittering spires were seen ;
 The crowded ships, and fable seas between.
 There, from the crystal chambers of the main
 Emerg'd, he fate ; and mourn'd his Argives slain.
 At Jove incens'd, with grief and fury stung,
 Prone down the rocky steep he rush'd along,
 Fierce as he past, the lofty mountains nod,
 The forests shake ! earth trembled as he trod,
 And felt the footsteps of th' immortal God.
 From realm to realm three ample strides he took,
 And at the fourth, the distant Egæ shook.



The thought with which he has described the speed of the celestial coursers is altogether as magnificent. He disdains all comparisons drawn from the wind, hail, whirlwinds and torrents, which he had before apply'd to express the swiftness and impetuosity of his combatants, and to give us an idea of the rapidity of these immortal horses, he measures their strokes, as *Longinus* observes, by the whole breadth of the horizon.

Far as a shepherd from some point on high
 O'er the wide main extends his boundless eye
 Through such a space of air, with thund'ring sound,
 At every leap th' immortal coursers bound. POPE.

Milton's Paradise Lost is replete with these sublime thoughts ; among which, the several descriptions he has given us of *Satan* are admirably adapted to raise terror in the imagination of the reader.

Thus Satan talking to his nearest mate,
 With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes
 That sparkling blazed, his other parts beside
 Prone on the flood, extending long and large,
 Lay floating many a rood.—
 His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
 Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the mast
 Of some great Ammiral, were but a wand
 He walk'd with to support uneasy steps.

And

And in another place :

— he, above the rest
 In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
 Stood like a tower : his form not yet had lost
 All her original brightness, nor appear'd
 Less than arch-angel ruin'd, and th' excess
 Of glory obscur'd : As when the sun new-ris'n
 Looks thro' the horizontal misty air,
 Shorn of his beams ; or from behind the moon,
 In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
 On half the nations, and with fear of change
 Perplexes monarchs ; darken'd so, yet shone
 Above them all the arch-angel. —

As *Homer* has described *Discord*, and *Virgil Fame*, with their feet standing upon the earth, and their heads extended above the clouds, *Milton*, in imitation of them, has thus described *Satan* ;

— On th' other side, Satan alarm'd,
 Collecting all his might dilated stood
 Like Teneriff or Atlas unremov'd :
 His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest
 Sat horror plum'd —

The breaking up of this infernal assembly is also well described.

Their rising all at once was as the sound
 Of Thunder heard remote —

The following speech of *Satan* to the *Sun* is very beautiful, and, as Mr. *Addison* observes, has some transient touches of remorse and self accusation.

O thou, that with surpassing glory crown'd,
 Look'ſt from thy sole dominion like the god
 Cf this new world, at whose sight all the stars
 Hide their diminish'd heads, to thee I call,
 But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
 O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
 That bring to my remembrance from what state
 I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere.

We cannot leave *Milton*, without pointing out other passages that are as sublime as those we have already quoted, for such are his undrawn chariots that move by instinct. His ever

everlasting gates of heaven that self open'd wide on golden hinges moving, and the Messiah attended by angels, looking down into Chaos, calming its confusion, and drawing the first out lines of the creation; which is thus happily described.

On heav'ly ground they stood, and from the shore
 They view'd the vast immeasurable abyss
 Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
 Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds
 And surging waves, as mountains to assault
 Heav'n's height, and with the centre mix the pole.
 Silence ye troubled waves, and thou deep, peace,
 Said then th' omnific word, your discord end:
 Nor staid, but on the wings of cherubim
 Up-lifted, in paternal glory rode
 Far into *Chaos*, and the world unborn;
 For *Chaos* heard his voice: him all his train
 Followed in bright procession to behold
 Creation, and the wonders of his might.
 Then staid the fervid wheels, and in his hand
 He took the golden compasses, prepar'd
 In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
 This universe, and all created things:
 One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
 Round through the vast profundity obscure,
 And said, thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
 This be thy just circumference, O World.

The description he has given us of the angel *Raphael* is likewise nobly conceived, and finely delineated.

— Six wings he wore, to shade
 His lineaments divine; the pair that clad
 Each shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breast
 With regal ornament; the middle pair
 Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round
 Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold
 And colours dipp'd in heav'n; the third his feet
 Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,
 Sky-tinctur'd grain! Like *Maia*'s son he stood,
 And shook his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance fill'd
 The circuit wide —

There is something singularly sublime and beautiful in the following passage, transcribed from a poem, entituled, *The Omnipotence of the divine Being*, by Mr. Smart.

When Philomela, ere the cold domain
Of crippled winter 'gins t' advance, prepares
Her annual flight, and in some poplar shade
Takes her melodious leave, who then's her pilot?
Who points her passage thro' the pathless void
To realms from us remote, to us unknown?
Her science is the science of her God.
Not the magnetic index to the north
E'er ascertains her course, nor buoy, nor beacon.
She, heav'n-taught voyager, that fails in air,
Courts nor coy west nor east, but instant knows
What * NEWTON, or not sought, or sought in vain.
Illustrious name, irrefragable proof
Of man's vast genius, and the soaring soul!
Yet what wert thou to him, who knew his works,
Before creation form'd them, long before
He measured in the hollow of his hand
Th' exulting ocean, and the highest heav'ns
He comprehended with a span, and weigh'd
The mighty mountains in his golden scales:
Who shone supreme, who was himself the light,
E'er yet refraction learn'd her skill to paint,
And bend athwart the clouds her beauteous bow.

It would here be unpardonable to pass over all those sublime and animated descriptions we have of the Morning; which the writers of heroic and tragic poetry have laboured so much to heighten and variegate, that one would think they had exerted their utmost skill and genius, to see who could render that season the most endearing.

Homer leads the way, and by a beautiful and well-concerted fiction, describes the Morning as a goddess arrayed in a saffron robe, flying in the air, and with her rosy fingers unbarring the gates of light. She leaves the bed of *Titus* her lover, arises from the sea in a golden throne to usher in the sun, or in a chariot drawn by celestial horses, bearing with her the day, and is preceded by a star, which is her harbinger, and gives signal of her approach.

Virgil follows *Homer*, and never loses sight of him, will appear by the following descriptions.

* The Longitude.

Aurora now had left her saffron bed,
And beams of early light the Heav'ns o'erspread.

The morn began from *Ida* to display
Her rosy cheeks, and phosphor led the day.

And now the rosy morn began to rise,
And wav'd her saffron streamer thro' the skies.

Now rose the ruddy morn from *Tython's* bed,
And with the dawn of day the skies o'erspread ;
Nor long the sun his daily course with-held,
But added colours to the world reveal'd.

The morn ensuing from the mountain's height
Had scarcely spread the skies with rosy light ;
Th' ethereal coursers, bounding from the sea,
From out their flaming nostrils breath'd the day.

Tasso had most probably *Homer* or *Virgil* in view when he wrote the following lines :

The purple morning left her crimson bed,
And donn'd her robes of pure vermillion hue ;
Her amber-locks she crown'd with roses red,
In *Eden's* flow'ry gardens gather'd new.

And *Spenser*, who excels in description, has the same sort of images diversified.

Now when the rosy finger'd morning fair,
Weary of aged *Tython's* saffron bed,

Had spread her purple robes thro' dewy air,
And the hills *Titan* discovered ;
The royal virgin shook off drowsy-head,
And rising forth out of her baser bower,

Look'd for her knight —

— The day forth-dawning from the east,

Night's humid curtains from the heav'ns withdrew,
And early calling forth both man and beast,
Commanded them their daily works renew.

Milton's descriptions of the Morning are exquisitely drawn ; and though he has departed as much as possible from the beaten track, yet some traces of the former poets may be evidently seen.

Now

Now morn her rosy steps in th' *easter'n* clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl.

— The morn,
Wak'd by the circling hours, with rosy hand
Unbarr'd the gates of light —

— And now went forth the morn,
Such as in highest heav'n, array'd in gold
Empyreal; from before her vanish'd night,
Shot thro' with orient beams —

No descriptions of the morning can be more animated
and sublime than those of SHAKESPEAR; yet his thoughts
bear great affinity to the preceding.

Look where the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high *easter'n* hill.

— Look, Love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.
Night's tapers are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.

These passages, I think, may be justly rank'd among
grand and sublime thoughts; and though the out-lines seem
to have been drawn by Homer, on which they have run
their several divisions, yet they have all acquitted them-
selves, so as to obtain the plaudit of the learned and judi-
cious; for men of judgment will ever consider that nature is
still the same, and that where the same object is to be de-
scribed, the same thoughts, and often the same words, will
occur, if the descriptions are just and natural.

We have attributed the first instance of describing the
morning in this beautiful manner to Homer, yet it is to be
observ'd, that there is much of this sublime imagery in
the sacred writings, from whence some hints may probably
have been taken. Thus it is said of the sun, that *He cometh*
forth out of his chamber as a bridegroom, and exulteth as a
giant who is to run his race.

Besides these thoughts, which captivate with their gran-
deur and sublimity, there are others that equally affect us
by their agreeableness or beauty. The first please, because
they have something great, which always charms the mind,
whereas these please only, because they are agreeable.—
Comparisons and descriptions, taken from florid and de-
lightful subjects, form agreeable thoughts, in the same
manner as those we take from grand subjects form those that
are sublime.

The writings of the holy penmen are replete with these thoughts ; but as the beauties of the Bible are in every hand, and to be seen every day, we shall select what examples we have room to admit from our English poets. The description, however, which Solomon has given us of Wisdom, ought not to be omitted, because it is sufficient, one would think, to make every man in love with her.

Length of days are in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honour. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

There are many passages in Mr. Smari's poem on the Immensity of the Supreme Being, which contain agreeable thoughts; but that of the Ring-dove's nest is, I think, remarkably so :

— What are yon tow'rs

The work of lab'ring man and clumsy art
 Seen with the ring-dove's nest.—On that tall beech
 Her pensile house the feather'd artist builds—
 The rocking winds molest her not; for see,
 With such due poize the wond'rous fabrick's hung,
 That, like the compass in the bark, it keeps
 True to itself and stedfast even in storms.
 Thou ideot, that asserts there is no God,
 View, and be dumb for ever.—

Innumerable are the beauties of this agreeable kind that might be drawn from the poets, both ancient and modern. Those who would see more of these descriptive beauties, may abundantly gratify their curiosity in the preceding volume, where many are inserted to illustrate the figures in rhetoric. It is to be observed, however, that those where the tender passions are concern'd, are not only more affecting, but often more pleasing than others, as may be seen by this speech of *Eve* to *Adam* in *Milton's Paradise Lost*; and by other passages, which we shall insert from that ever to be admired poem.

With thee conversing, I forget all time,
 All seasons and their change, all please alike :
 Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet
 With charm of earliest birds, pleasant the sun
 When first on this delightful land he spreads
 His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flow'r,
 Glif'ring with dew ; fragrant the fertile earth
 After soft showers, and sweet the coming on
 Of grateful evening mild : then silent night

With

With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heaven, her starry train.
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds ; nor rising sun
On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flow'r,
Glist'ring with dew, nor fragrance after showers,
Nor grateful evening mild, nor silent night
With this her solemn bird ; nor walk by moon,
Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet.

Adam on seeing *Eve* asleep with unusual discomposure in her looks, regards her, as Mr. Addison observes, with a tenderness not to be expressed, and awakens her with the softest whisper that ever was conveyed to a lover's ear.

His wonder was to find unwaken'd *Eve*
With tresses discompos'd, and glowing cheek
As through unquiet rest : he on his side
Leaning half-rais'd, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty, which whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces : then with voice
Mild, as when *Zephyrus* on *Flora* breaths,
Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus ; awake
My fairest, my espoused, my latest found,
Heav'n's last best gift, my ever new delight,
Awake ; the morning shines, and the fresh field
Calls us, we lose the prime to mark how spring
Our tender plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrtle, and what the balmy reed;
How nature paints her colours, how the bee
Sits on the bloom, extracting liquid sweet.
Such whisp'ring wak'd her, but with startled eye
On *Adam*, whom embracing, thus she spoke—
O sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,
My glory, my perfection, glad I see
Thy face, and morn return'd—

The passage relating to *Eve's* dream, where she fancied herself awakened by *Adam*, is extremely beautiful ; and will appear the more so, when we consider that it was a dream in which the devil is supposed to have tainted her imagination by instilling into her mind those high conceit engendering pride.

Close

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Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk
 Wi h gentle voice, I thought it thine ; it said,
 Why sleep'st thou *Eve* ? now is the pleasant time,
 The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
 To the night warbling bird, that now awake
 Tunes sweetest his love-labour'd song ; now reigns
 Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light
 Shadowy sets off the face of things ; in vain,
 If none regard ; heav'n wakes with all his eyes,
 Whom to behold but thee, nature's desire ?
 In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment
 Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze !

That part of the narration where *Adam* is said to have cheared and instructed *Eve*, is amazingly beautiful, and the effect his admonition produced in her, and his behaviour on that occasion, is finely conceived, and most exquisitely described.

So clear'd he his fair spouse, and she was clear'd,
 But silently a gentle tear let fall
 From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair ;
 Two other precious drops that ready stood,
 Each in their crystal sluice, he ere they fell
 Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse
 And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.

In the part of the *Episode*, where *Adam* relates to the angel the circumittances he found himself in upon his creation, the author has raised our curiosity, and he has abundantly gratified it ; for nothing could on that occasion have been better conceived, or better expressed, especially in account *Adam* gives of the posture he found himself in, the landscape round him, his address to the sun, and of the dream in which he beheld the formation of *Eve*.

—As new waked from soundest sleep,
 Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid
 In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun
 Soon dried, and on the reaking moisture fed.
 Straight towards heav'n my wand'ring eyes I turn'd,
 And gazed a while the ample sky, till rais'd
 By quick instinctive motion up I sprung,
 As thither ward endeavouring, and upright
 Stood on my feet : about me round I saw
 Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
 And liquid lapse of murmuring streams ; by these

Creatures

Creatures that liv'd, and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew,
 Birds on the branches warbling ; all things smil'd :
 With fragrance, and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.

— Thou sun, said I, fair light,
 And thou enlighten'd earth, so fresh and gay,
 Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods and plains,
 And ye that live and move, fair creatures tell,
 Tell if you saw, how came I thus, how here ?

Under his forming hands a creature grew,
 Man like, but different sex : So lovely fair,
 That what seem'd fair in all the world seem'd now
 Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd,
 And in her looks, which from that time infus'd
 Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before,
 And into all things from her air inspir'd
 The spirit of love and amorous delight.

After receiving some admonitions from the angel, *Adam* explains himself on the subject of his love for *Eve*, in order to prove that his passion was founded on reason, and therefore though violent, not improper for *Paradise*.

Neither her outside form so fair, nor ought
 In procreation common to all kinds
 (Though higher of the genial bed by far,
 And with mysterious reverence I deem)
 So much delights me as those graceful acts,
 Those thousand decencies that daily flow
 From all her words and actions mixt with love
 And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd
 Union of mind, or in us both one soul:

The force of *Adam's* love, which we have already been describing, is exemplify'd towards the latter end of the work in many beautiful passages ; and the dispute that arises between our two first parents, proceeds, as Mr. Addison justly observes, from a difference of judgment, not of passion ; it is managed with reason, not with heat ; and is such a dispute as we may suppose might have happened in *Paradise*, when man was happy and innocent.. His parting with *Eve* is remarkably natural and affectionate.

Her long with ardent look his eye pursued
 Delighted, but desiring more her stay.

Oft he to her his charge of quick return
 Repeated ; she to him as oft engag'd
 To be return'd by noon amid the bow'r.

His impatience for her return, and his employment during her absence, are most beautifully expressed.

— Adam the while

Waiting desirous her return, had wove
 Of choicest flow'rs a garland to adorn
 Her tresses, and her royal labours crown,
 As reapers oft are wont their harvest queen.
 Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new
 Solace in her return, so long delay'd.

But his affection is more particularly and emphatically expressed in the speech he makes on seeing her irrecoverably lost.

— Some cursed fraud

Or enemy hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown,
 And me with thee hath ruin'd, for with thee
 Certain my resolution is to die ;
 How can I live without thee, how forego
 Thy sweet converse, and love so dearly join'd,
 To live again in these wild woods forlorn ?
 Should God create another *Eve*, and I
 Another rib afford, yet loss of thee
 Would never from my heart : no, no, I feel
 The link of nature draw me : flesh of flesh,
 Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state
 Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.

After this determination, *Adam* is represented as partaking of the forbidden fruit, the effects of which rash action are thus described ; though rather in the *sublime* style than the *agreeable*.

— He scrupled not to eat

Against his better knowledge, not deceiv'd,
 But fondly overcome with female charm.
 Earth trembled from her entrails, as again
 In pangs, and nature gave a second groan,
 Sky lowr'd, and muttering thunder, some sad drops
 Wept at compleating of the mortal sin.

Adam, whose passions had now gained the dominion over him, is represented as upbraiding *Eve* for the loss of *Par-*

disē, whom he spurns from him with indignation. This passage, in which she renews her addresses to him, is, in the opinion of the best judges, extremely pathetic and affecting.

He added not, and from her turn'd : but *Eve*
 Not so repulst, with tears that ceas'd not flowing,
 And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet
 Fell humble ; and embracing them, besought
 His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.
 Forsake me not thus, *Adam!* Witness heav'n
 What love sincere and reverence in my heart
 I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
 Unhappily deceiv'd ! Thy suppliant
 I beg, and clasp thy knees ; bereave me not
 (Whereon I live !) thy gentle looks, thy aid,
 Thy counsel in this uttermost distress,
 My only strength and stay ! Forlorn of thee
 Whither shall I betake me, where subsist ?
 While yet we live (scarce one short hour perhaps)
 Between us two let there be peace.

The complaint which *Eve* makes, on hearing that they were to be drove out of *Paradise*, is not only beautiful, but soft and suitable to the sex.

Must I then leave thee, *Paradise* ? thus leave
 Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades,
 Fit haunt of gods ? where I had hope to spend
 Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day
 That must be mortal to us both. O flow'r's
 That never will in other climate grow,
 My early visitation and my last
 At ev'n, which I bred up with tender hand
 From the first opening bud, and gave you names ;
 Who now shall rear you to the sun, or rank
 Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount ?
 I hee, lastly, nuptial bower, by me adorn'd
 With what to sight or smell was sweet ; from thee
 How shall I part, and whither wander down
 Into a lower world, to this obscure
 And wild, how shall we breath in other air
 Less pure, accustom'd to immortal fruits ?

The speech which *Adam* makes upon the same occasion is equally affecting, but is conceived and expressed in

manner more elevated and masculine: the following part of it especially.

This most afflicts me, that departing hence
 As from his face I shall be hid, deprived
 His blessed countenance; here I could frequent,
 With worship, place by place where he vouchsafed
 Presence divine, and to my sons relate
 On this mount he appear'd, under this tree
 Stood visible, among these pines his voice
 I heard, here with him at this fountain talk'd,
 So many grateful altars I would rear
 Of grassy turf, and pile up every stome
 Of lustre from the brook, in memory
 Or monument to ages, and thereon
 Offer sweet smelling gums and fruits and flowers.
 In yonder nether world where shall I seek
 His bright appearances, or footsteps trace?
 For though I fled him angry, yet recall'd
 To life prolong'd and promised race I now
 Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts
 Of glory, and far off his steps adore.

Agreeable and well conceived fictions have also a good effect either in prose or verse, and always please readers of taste and judgment. *Pliny* the younger, in order to engage *Cornelius Tacitus* to follow his example, and study even when hunting, tells him, that the exercise of the body exalts the mind; and that if he took his tablets with him, he would find that *Minerva* delighted as much in the forests and mountains as *Diana*. A fiction prettily conceived, and in few words. A kin to this is the image (or fiction of a person) which *Milton* has given us in what he calls his song of the *May* morning; which is extremely beautiful, especially that part of it describing *May* led in by the morning star, and throwing from her green lap the flowers of the season.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
 Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
 The flow'ry *May*, who from her green lap throws
 The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose,

Hail bounteous *May* that dost inspire
 Mirth and youth and warm desire;

Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

But the agreeable often arises from an opposition, especially in thoughts which have two meanings; or when a person agitated by passion asserts and contradicts himself almost in the same breath, as in the scene of Shakespear's *Romeo and Juliet*, where she to induce her lover to stay, cries,

Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day :
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear ;
Nightly she sings on yon pomgranate tree :
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

But after a moment's reflection, she corrects herself, and replies,

It is, it is, hie hence, begone, away ;
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.

That figure which seems to deny what it advances, and in appearance contradicts itself, is, when properly applied, extremely elegant.

Cowards die many times before their deaths ;
The valiant never taste of death but once. SHAKES.

But these thoughts are to be admitted with great caution and judgment; for the partition here betwixt wit and nonsense is so very slender, that many writers have broke through it, and converted what they intended for a beauty into a blot, by presenting their readers not with a seeming contradiction, but a real one. Nor are we to suppose that a thought cannot be agreeable or beautiful, unless it glitters with ingenious conceits, or a play of words; for in some cases, beauty may consist in simplicity alone, and be, in its place, like a plain pillar in some building, the only proper, and therefore the best ornament. Besides, it is impossible for a writer to be upon the sublime and the beautiful from one end of his piece to the other, nor will any subject admit of it; some things must occur that require common thoughts and a common stile; but if they did not,

and

and it was possible for a poet to keep up to the same elevated strain, yet would he miss of his aim, and rather disgust than please; for the mind would be deprived of the refreshment and recreation it takes in passing from things that are excellent to those that are common, and of the delight which springs from surprise, neither of which it can obtain, where all things appear with undistinguished lustre. The poet therefore should imitate nature, who has diversified the world with vales and mountains, rocks and lawns, trees, fruits, flowers, smiling fields and dreary deserts, purling streams and horrible cascades; and like nature too he should place them in such due opposition, that they may embellish and set off each other.

There is a third species of thoughts, whose agreeableness, beauty, and merit, is owing to their delicacy, and which it is easier to conceive than describe. A delicate thought is a most exquisite production, and as it were the very quintessence of wit. These thoughts have the property of being comprised in a few words, and the whole meaning is not at first so obvious, but seems partly concealed, that the mind of the reader might be gratified in the discovery. This little mystery, says father Bouhours, is as it were the soul of delicate thoughts; and those that have nothing mysterious either in their foundation or turn, but discover themselves at first sight, are not of the delicate kind, however ingenious they may be in other respects.

Cicero, in his oration for *Ligarius*, tells *Caesar*, that 'tis usual for him to forget nothing but injuries.

Dr. Garth, in his dedication to Mr. Henley, says, *A man of your character can no more prevent a dedication, than he would encourage one; for merit, like a virgin's blushes, is still most discovered, when it labours most to be concealed.*

'Tis hard, to think well of you should be but just ce, and to tell you so should be an offence: thus, rather than violate your modesty, I must be wanting to your other virtues; and to gratify one good quality, do wrong to a thousand.

Compliments that are thrown obliquely, and under the disguise of a complaint, are extremely delicate and pleasing.

In Pope I cannot read a line,
But with a sigh I wish it mine;
When he can in one couplet fix
More sense than I can do in six,

It gives me such a jealous fit ;
 I cry, pox take him and his wit.
 I grieve to be outdone by *Gay*
 In my own humourous biting way.
A-buthnot is no more my friend,
 Who dares to irony pretend ;
 Which I was born to introduce ;
 Refin'd it first, and shew'd it's use.
St. John, as well as *Pultney*, knows
 That I had some repute for prose ;
 And, till they wrote me out of date,
 Could maul a minister of state.
 If they have mortified my pride,
 And made me throw my pen aside ;
 If with such talents heav'n has blest 'em ;
 Have I not reason to detest 'em ? SWIFT.

Let humble *Allen*, with an awkward shame,
 Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame. POPE.

But besides these delicate thoughts which have an ingenuous turn, there are others whose beauty depends solely on the delicacy of sentiment; as when the poet says, that *the evening dews are the tears of the sky for the loss of the sun.*

I have attempted (says a young gentleman in a letter to his mistress) *to pursue your advice, and divert myself by the subject you recommend to my thoughts : but it is impossible, I perceive, to turn off the mind at once from an object, which it has long dwelt upon with pleasure. My heart, like a poor bird which is hunted from her nest, is still returning to the place of its affections, and, after some vain efforts to fly off, settles again where all its cares and all its tenderesses are centered.*

FITZOSBORN'S LETTERS.

But of this sort of delicate thoughts, enough may be seen in the passages we have extracted from *Milton*, who abounds with every kind of beauty.

One true characteristic of delicate thoughts (especially of those first mentioned) is, that they are not capable of being translated out of one language into another, without losing great part of their true spirit or essential quality. And this is the case also with what we call *true humour*, which is like those delicate flowers that will lose their beauty, if not their being, when transplanted into a foreign climate.

The inimitable character *Shakespear* has drawn of *Festaff*, might be understood perhaps in any other language

but would fail of the effect it has in the original ; as would the description *Butler* has given us of Honour, and many other parts of his celebrated poem.

He that is valiant, and dares fight,
Tho' drubb'd, can lose no Honour by't.
Honour's a lease for lives to come,
And cannot be extended from
The legal tenant ; 'tis a chattel
Not to be forfeited in battle.
If he that is in battle slain
Be in the *bed* of Honour lain,
He that is beaten may be said
To lie in Honour's *truckle-bed*.
— Honour in the breech is lodg'd,
As wise philosophers have judg'd,
Because a kick in *that part* more
Hurts Honour, than deep wounds *before*.

HUDIBRAS.

She too might have poison'd the joys of my life,
With nurses, and babes, and squalling, and strife ;
But my wine neither nurses nor babies can bring,
And a big bellied bottle's a mighty good thing.

But as *humour* is the offspring of nature only, and not to be taught, or perhaps cultivated, by any rules, it does not fall within our compass ; for to attempt any directions for obtaining that which nature alone can bestow, would be absurd and ridiculous.

Besides the thoughts we have already mentioned, there are others called brilliant thoughts, whose excellency consists in a short and lively expression, and which are made pleasing by a point of wit that strikes us by its boldness and novelty, and charms us with its ingenious and uncommon turn. These thoughts may be admitted into most of the species of poetry, when introduced cautiously and with propriety : but their peculiar provinces seem to be the *satire* and the *epigram* ; of which last they are the very essence : and indeed most of those shining and striking thoughts which we find in our best satires, have, when abstractedly and separately considered, all the essential properties of the epigram, *viz.* *brevity*, *beauty*, and *point* or *wit*. We shall give a few instances in confirmation of what we have advanced from the satires of Dr. *Young*, and more may be

found in the subsequent part of this volume, in the satires
of Mr. Dryden, Mr. Pope, and others.

Let high birth triumph ! what can be more great ?
Nothing—but merit in a low estate :
To virtue's humblest son let none prefer
Vice, tho' descended from the conqueror.
Shall men like figures pass for high, or base,
Slight, or important, only by their place ?
Titles are marks of *honest* men and *wife* ;
The fool, or knave, that wears a title, *lies*.

The man who builds and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a home from which to run away.
In Britain what is many a lordly seat,
But a discharge in full for an estate ?

Is thy ambition sweating for a rhyme,
Thou unambitious fool at this late time ?
While I a moment name, a moment's past,
I'm nearer death in this verse than the last ;
What then is to be done ? be wise with speed :
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.

Nothing exceeds in ridicule no doubt
A fool *in* fashion but a fool that's *out* ;
His passion for absurdity's so strong,
He cannot bear a rival in the wrong.

The sylvan race our active nymphs pursue ;
Man is not all the game they have in view :
In woods and fields their glory they compleat,
There *master* Betty leaps a five-barr'd gate ;
While fair *miss* Charles to toiletts is confin'd,
Nor rashly tempts the barbarous sun and wind.

But these thoughts, however pleasing, should never be introduced where the passions are concerned ; nor indeed are descriptions and similes there to be admitted, unless they are extremely short, and such as may be naturally thrown out by the conflicts of the soul, and help to express its passion and surprise : for to put points of wit, luxuriant descriptions, and beautiful similes into the mouths of persons agitated by passion, or labouring under the agonies of death, as is too frequently done in our tragedies, is offering violence to nature. Joy, grief, and anger are most naturally expressed by exclamations, sudden starts,

and

and broken sentences ; and even when nature is thus disturbed and agitated, a seeming incoherence may be pardonable ; but studied decorations can never be admitted.

There is another fault which young people are mighty apt to give into, and that is what may be called *running down a thought*. When they have started a thought which is in itself beautiful, and would dignify their work, they never know when to part with it, but keep tricking it up till they have turned the fine gentleman into a fop, and rendered that which was inestimable, of no manner of value.—Seasonable silence has its emphasis.—'Tis not in these works of genius prudent to be over explicit ; for it not only borders on vanity, and carries with it a supposition that nobody can discern a beauty except yourself, but deprives the reader also of the pleasure he would otherwise have of employing his own sagacity. In short, the writer should never say so much, but that the reader may perceive he was capable of saying more ; for the hunting down a thought, and tiring the reader with a repetition of tedious particulars, is ever the mark of a little trifling genius.

And here we are also to observe, that the too frequent use of *wit*, or, in other words, the filling any discourse or poem with too many of those thoughts we have been describing, is not be tolerated.

Another fault which often does befall,
Is when the wit of some great poet shall.
So overflow that it be none at all *.

A poem, like a dinner or a dessert, may be made too rich, and instead of gratifying, disgust. Poetry indeed admits of more ornament than prose ; but true taste and right reason abhors luxury in both. Besides, there are other thoughts to be introduced into every work which neither strikes us with their grandeur, beauty, delicacy, or pointed wit, but which are fraught with good sense and solidity ; that carry weight in their meaning, and sink deep in the understanding : these, therefore, and common thoughts, are to be considered as the basis and superstructure, and the other as the ornamental parts of the work ; which should not be forced in to display *wit* and *finery*, but introduced to constitute *beauty*, *variety*, and *order* ; and arise naturally,

* Duke of Buckingham's *Essay on Poetry*.

out of the subject treated of, and seem so insaperable from it, that every reader may think he should have so expressed it himself: in short, though the thoughts were not obvious to the reader before, they should appear so now; which, as Mr. Addison observes, is the true character of all fine writing.—We come now to

C H A P. VI.

Of the STYLE of POETRY.

AFTER dwelling so long on thoughts in poetry, little need be said of the poetic style; for the passages we have selected to illustrate the thoughts, may serve as so many examples of style also.

The beauty of style in general, consists in a proper choice of words so connected, that they may express the conceptions of the mind clearly, and with a becoming dignity; for the style is to be esteemed in proportion as it is expressive of the thoughts it is designed to convey.

As words are intended to express our thoughts, they ought to grow out of them. Since the most natural are the best, and proper expressions are generally connected with the ideas themselves, and follow them as the shadow does the substance. Those who think clearly therefore will always write so, provided they are masters of the language, and have obtained for the memory a good stock of expressions, by a constant perusal of the best and most elegant authors.

We are to observe, however, that poetry has a language peculiar to itself, which is in many respects very different from that of prose.—For as the poet's design is principally to please, to move the passions, and to inspire the soul with noble and sublime sentiments, he is allowed great latitude of language, and may use such bold expressions and uncommon modes of speech, such frequent repetitions, free epithets, and extensive and adorned descriptions as are not to be admitted in prose. Thus, for instance, in describing a lawn near to a grotto in a wood, the prose-writer says, *Close to her grotto, which is shaded by a grove, there is a beautiful lawn edged round with moss.* Which the poet would probably have described in this manner.

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Close to her grott within the grove,
A carpet's laid that Nature wove,
Which Time extended on the ground,
And tuff'd with moss the selvage round.

Poetry endeavours to express things paraphrastically, or in short descriptions rather than in simple terms ; and in those descriptions the prosopopœia is often used. Thus Milton, when describing the singing of the nightingale, says, *Silence was pleased* ; and that at the rising of the sun, *the Hours unbar'd the gates of light*. Which office Homer assigns to the morning.

Soon as the Morn, in orient purple dress,
Unbar'd the portals of the roseate east.

The royal Psalmist tells us, the clouds drop fatness, and the hills rejoice, that the fruitful fields smile, and the valleys laugh and sing. And these short allegories and images which convey particular circumstances to the reader after an unusual and entertaining manner, have a fine effect in poetry that delights in imitation, and endeavours to give to almost every thing, life, motion, and sound ; but these would in prose appear very ridiculous and pedantic. In poetry likewise, we often put particulars for generals, and frequently distinguish and allude to men, places, rivers, mountains, &c. by various names taken from any of their adjuncts, which prose will rarely admit of. In short, poetry is a sort of painting in words ; the thoughts are the figures, and the words are the colours, the lights and shades with which they are cloathed and presented to the imagination of the reader. The verse therefore (though poetry delights in harmony which excites a pleasure that makes its way directly to the soul) is not to be always harmonious, but should be so contrived, as Mr. Pope observes, that the sound may echo to the sense, and be rough or smooth, swift or slow, according to the idea or thought it is intended to elucidate. The following passage from his *Essay on Criticism* (some allowance being made for the second line and for the last) is in this case both a precept and an example.

Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows ;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.

When *Ajax* strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move slow ;
Not so when swift *Camilla* scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.

But before we speak of the several sorts of style, it will be proper to take some notice of the epithets, tropes and figures of which they are principally compounded; since it is by these different modes of speech that the poet is enabled to vary a discourse almost to infinity; to shew the same object in a thousand different forms, and all of them new; to present pleasing images to the senses and imagination, to address them in the language they love, to express small matters with grace, and the greatest with a nobleness and sublimity equal to their grandeur and majesty.

Nothing contributes more to the beauty of the poetic style than epithets properly employed; and *Quintilian*, and *Rollin* after him, observes, *that poets make use of them more frequently and more freely than orators*. More frequently, because it is a great fault to overload a discourse in prose with too many epithets; whereas in poetry, they always produce a good effect, though in ever so great a number. More freely, because with the poets it is enough that the epithet is suitable to the word it is annexed to: But in prose, every epithet which produces no effect, and adds nothing to the thing spoken of, is vicious. Great deference should be paid to authors so deservedly eminent in the literary world; we must however beg leave to observe, that the latitude they have given us for the use of epithets, is a little too extensive. Since nothing tires a reader more than too great a redundancy of them, and especially when they are useless, and thrown in, as they too often are, to make out the measure of the verse. Epithets can never be admitted with propriety, unless they excite some new ideas, or give some illustration and ornament to the substantives to which they are annexed; and it is with this view that they are used in *Milton*, and our best poets; where we also find many that are compounded, such as *bright-hair'd Vesta*, *dry smooth-shaven green*, *cloud-capt towers*, *vale-dwelling hilly*, &c. which have a peculiar beauty when properly applied, as indeed have those that are not compounded when they decorate and illustrate the substantive, or raise some new idea in the mind; but how trite, trifling, and even absurd and ridiculous are many that we meet with in some of the poets? such, for instance, as *watry floods*, *burning*

Burning fire, cold ice, arrow bearing quiver; which convey nothing to the mind of the reader, and when examined, carry no other meaning than *watery water, hot heat, cold cold, arrow bearing arrow bearer.* But even the best epithets may be so frequently used as to overload a discourse, and make it heavy, languid, and disagreeable. A good poem, like a rich dish, consists of many dainties so judiciously mixed, as to form one compound that is perfect and pleasing; no ingredient should predominate, for too great a portion of any one, however palatable it may be in itself, will rob the rest of their flavour. Besides, a luxuriancy of epithets tends to make the style prolix and flaccid, and robs it of that strength and force with which every discourse should be animated; for the shorter and closer the style the stronger. And even where some of the passions are concerned, or the subject is preceptive, and intended to inform the judgment, they are to be used very sparingly; for a redundancy of epithets will here break in upon perspicuity, and render that obscure, which would have been otherwise very plain and intelligible. In confirmation of this opinion I must beg leave to observe, that the funeral oration of *Mark Anthony* in *Shakespear's Julius Cæsar*, which is one of the most artful, pathetic, and best speeches that ever was penned in the *English* language, has hardly an epithet from the beginning to the end. There are indeed adjectives and participles to the substantives, but those are not to be called epithets, since they make up the essential part of the description; whereas what we call epithets, are added only by way of ornament and illustration.

But this is said not with an intention to lessen the reader's esteem for epithets, since it is certain that they are most admirably adapted to description, and so essential to poetry, that the beauty of its style depends in a great measure on their use, which *Homer, Virgil*, and the best poets were so sensible of, that their works abound with them. And in some places many epithets are joined to the same substantive without any conjunction between them, and are often the more elegant and expressive.

An eyeless monster, hideous, vast, deform!

VIRGIL.

—Imme-

— Immediately a place
Before his eyes appear'd, sad, noisome, dark.

MILTON.

— And the plain ox,
That harmless, honest, guileless animal,
In what has he offended? He, whose toil,
Patient, and ever ready, cloathes the fields
With all the pomp of harvest; shall he bleed,
And wrestling groan beneath the cruel hands
Even of the clowns he feeds?

THOMSON.

What therefore we contend for, is their proper application; we would have the poet, like a good architect, distinguish ornament from strength, and put each in its proper place; for as nothing adds more beauty to a poem than just and ornamental epithets, so nothing gives more grace to a building than windows well decorated; but no man would for that reason stick his house full of them, and displace those pillars which should support the fabric, to let in more light than is necessary.

The poet indeed, as *Quintillian* has observed, is here greatly indulged, and may use these bewitching ornaments more frequently and more freely than the orator; but both ought to take care that they are not too redundant, for elegance abhors a verbose luxuriance either in prose or verse.

We come now to speak of tropes and figures, materials which the poet handles very freely; but as we have treated largely of these in the preceding volume, under the article Rhetoric, we shall not take up the reader's time with an illustration of them here: besides, they are perhaps better and more easily obtained from experience than precept; for every one who is conversant with the best authors, and reads them with due attention, cannot be unacquainted with the figures of speech, and the art of applying them, though he never looked for them in the rhetoric of the schools, or ever heard so much as a definition of their names. Nor will this appear at all mysterious, when we consider that the works of the antient poets and orators, are the gardens from whence these flowers were taken.

Those which the young student will be most liable to err in, are the metaphor, the similitie, and the description, and there-

therefore a few cautions respecting these may be necessary.

Metaphors are always agreeable, and have a good effect when they are drawn from nature, and connect ideas that have a due relation to each other; but when they are forced, foreign, and obscure, they are altogether as insipid, absurd and ridiculous.

In similes or comparisons, the chief and essential parts should bear an exact and true proportion. A small disagreement in a less considerable circumstance, will not indeed spoil the figure; but the more exact the parallel is in every particular, the more perfect and lively it will be; and therefore similes are generally best when short; for, besides that tediousness tires, by running into minute circumstances, you are in danger of discovering some unpleasing disproportion. Similes need not be always drawn from lofty subjects; for those taken from common things are significant and agreeable, if they are cloathed with proper expressions, and paint in strong and lively colours the things we intend they should represent. In grand subjects, similes that are drawn from lesser things, relieve and refresh the mind.

Descriptions, which by historians and orators are used cautiously and through necessity either to describe persons, things and places, or to affect the passions, are often in poetry introduced only by way of decoration, and that with success. Great judgment however is required in the distribution of this figure. Whether it be intended to move the passions, or to please the fancy, it must answer the end proposed; and therefore it is never to be admitted but when some point can be obtained. A little wit never betrays himself more than when by attempting to display his genius, he throws in descriptions that have no connection with the subject in hand, and are therefore a dead weight to it. These versifiers are likewise too apt to lay hold of every hint that presents itself, and to run out into long common places; whereas the man of real genius and judgment considers that many things must be left to gratify the imagination of the reader, and therefore cuts off all superfluities however pleasing, and rejects every thing that would seem abrupt and foreign to his subject. He discards likewise all low and vulgar circumstances, and employs his genius in beautifying the essential and more noble parts.

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That painting as well as poetry so much affects us, is chiefly owing to the justness and elegance of description. Pieces of portraiture and history, as well as landscapes, if the figures are nobly designed, and finely executed, if the perspective is good, the lights and shades just and natural, and the whole bold and free, will always please ; and so it is with poetry, the descriptions in *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Milton*, and *Shakespear*, will live for ever, and like the pieces of *Raphael*, always feed the imagination with pleasure.

The power of description in poetry is very great, and there is more use made of it than is generally imagined ; for however the modes of expression have been multiplied, many of them will be found to be little more than descriptions : thus images are descriptions only heightened and animated ; allusions and similes, descriptions placed in an opposite point of view ; epithets are generally descriptions of the substantives they precede, or some of their properties ; every metaphor is a short description and comparison united ; and the hyperbole is often no more than a description carried beyond the bounds of probability ; and it is chiefly owing to their descriptive power that these figures strike the imagination so forcibly, and impress such lively images on the mind.

We are now to speak of the different sorts of style, which have been usually divided into the plain, mediate, and sublime. *Virgil* may be pointed out as a perfect pattern in each, that is to say, his *Bucolics* have been esteemed for the plain style, his *Georgics* for the mediate, and the *Aeneid* for the sublime. Though in many parts of each, examples may be seen of them all ; for there are few poems of any merit that can be wrote in the plain or mediate style only, without partaking of the other ; nor are there any that are in all places sublime. Even the epic poem and the tragedy have their under parts ; common things as well as great must be introduced, and both are to be expressed and treated according to their nature and dignity.

The sublime style has the property of expressing lofty ideas in a lofty language ; that is to say, with words that are sonorous and majestic, and suitable to the grandeur of the subject.

He on the wings of cherub rode sublime
On the crystalline sky, in saphire thron'd,

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Illustrious far and wide—
 Before him pow'r divine his way prepar'd ;
 At his command th' uprooted hills retir'd,
 Each to his place ; they heard his voice, and went
 Obsequious ; heav'n his wonted face renew'd,
 And with fresh flowrets hill and vally smil'd.

Up he rode,
 Follow'd with acclamation and the sound
 Symphonious of ten thousand harps that tun'd
 Angelic harmonies : the earth, the air
 Resounding ; (thou remember it, for thou heard'st)
 The heaven's and all the constellations rung,
 The planets in their station listning flood,
 While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.
 Open ye everlasting gates they sung,
 Open ye heav'ns, your living doors, let in
 The great Creator from his work return'd
 Magnificent, his six days work, a world.

MILTON.

This description of the Messiah is to be admired for the sublimity of the thoughts, as well as for that of the style ; as indeed is the following description of a tempest by Mr. Thomson.

'Tis dumb amaze, and listening terror all ;
 When to the quicker eye the livid glance
 Appears far south, emissive thro' the cloud ;
 And, by the powerful breath of God inflate,
 The thunder raises his tremendous voice :
 At first low muttering ; but at each approach,
 The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
 The noise astounds : till over-head a sheet
 Of various flame discloses wide, then shuts
 And opens wider, shuts and opens still
 Expanfive, wrapping Æther in a blaze.
 Follows the looven'd aggravated Roar,
 Enlarging, deepening, mingling peal on peal
 Crush'd horrible, convulsing heav'n and earth.

More examples may be seen under the article of Sublime Thoughts.

The sublime style is ever bold and figurative, and abounds more especially with metaphors and hyperboles,

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the free use of which requires great care and judgment; since without it there is danger of running into the turgid bombast, which is generally made up with empty sounding words, or unnatural sentences; absurd metaphors, or extravagant and rash hyperboles.

This caution is necessary, and should be ever in the poet's mind; yet, where the thought is great and noble, a bold and judicious incorrectness, as *Longinus* has observed, may be dispensed with, and will often seem rather a beauty than a blemish. The sublime poet, fired with his subject, and borne away on the wings of fancy, disdains accuracy, and looks down with contempt on little rules—Laws are, as it were, insufficient to restrain his boundless mind, which, having expatiated and ransacked the whole universe, soars into other worlds, and is only lost in infinity.

Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
And rise to faults true critics dare not mend;
From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the rules of art;
Which, without passing thro' the judgment, gains
The heart, and all its end at once attains.

POPE.

We are to observe likewise, that though the sublime style is bold and figurative, sublime thoughts may sometimes require only a plain and simple style, and may even by such contrast appear the more obvious and extraordinary; many passages of this we have in the sacred writings. And one which is particularly applauded as a true instance of sublimity by the great *Longinus*. *And God said let there be light, and there was light.* This, as that great critic observes, expresses the power of the Almighty more forcibly and fully than could have been done with a parade of pompous expressions.

“*And God said,—What?—Let there be light, and there was light.*” Such is the amazing power of the great Creator, that (as the Psalmist in the same plain yet sublime manner observes) *He spake and it was done; he commanded and it stood fast.*

Thus we see that sublime thoughts may sometimes appear to advantage in a common style. But the reverse will by no means hold; for words can have neither beauty nor sublimity, unless the thoughts have both. The sublime style therefore will no more suit common thoughts,

than

than an embroider'd coat would a clown ; for here ornaments are unnatural, nor indeed are mean and trivial thoughts ever thus dressed by good authors, unless it be in works of the burlesque and doggrel kind, to heighten the ridicule.

Sublime and beautiful thoughts however, require in general words of the same nature, and would often seem mean and contemptible without them. For ornaments properly placed, add a beauty to the most beautiful : And kings, however nature may have formed them for majesty, appear to most advantage when arrayed with the imperial robes.

This style is mostly employed in the epic poem, tragedy, and the ode. Though, as we have already observed, the elegy, satire, pastoral and other poems, may partake of it occasionally. For no particular rule can be laid down for its use, but *a strict observance of nature*.

In direct opposition to this is the plain or humble style, the elegance of which depends on the propriety of its application ; and it is properly applied in describing in a familiar and easy manner the common concerns of life.

Whence is it, Sir, that none contented lives
With the fair lot, which prudent reason gives,
Or chance presents, yet all with envy view
The schemes, that others variously pursue ?

Broken with toils, with ponderous arms opprest,
The soldier thinks the merchant solely blest.
In opposite extreme ; when tempests rise,
War is a better choice, the merchant cries ;
The battle joins, and in a moment's flight,
Death, or a joyful conquest, ends the fight.

When early clients thunder at the gate,
The barrister applauds the rustic's fate.
While, by subpoenas drag'd from home, the clown
Thinks the supremely happy dwell in town.

Francis's Horace.

This style, though intended to express common things in a common manner, may sometimes be more courtly, and admit of compliment.

If virtue's self were lost, we might
From your fair mind new copies write

All

All things, but one, you can restore;
The heart you get returns no more.

WALLER.

This style agrees with comedy, satires, pastorals, and epistles, and occasionally fills up the narration and under parts of other poems.

But the young student is here to be cautioned against descending too low; elegance is to be preserved in every part of composition, and where propriety of character does not demand vulgar expressions, they are always to be avoided.

Betwixt these, as a partition which serves to separate and yet at the same time unite the other two, is the mediate or middle style; which is suitable to every species of poetry, as it admits of ornament sufficient to distinguish it from the plain and humble, and yet is not animated enough to approach the sublime. Take an example from *Otway*.

Wish'd morning's come! and now upon the plains
And distant mountains, where they feed their flocks,
The happy shepherds leave their homely huts,
And with their pipes proclaim the new-born day.
The lusty swain comes with his well-fill'd scrip
Of healthful viands, which, when hunger calls,
With much content and appetite he eats,
To follow in the fields his daily toil,
And dress the grateful glebe that yields him fruits.
The beasts, that under the warm hedges slept,
And weather'd out the cold bleak night, are up,
And, looking tow'rds the neighb'ring pastures, raise
Their voice, and bid their fellow brutes good-morrow.
The cheerful birds too, on the tops of trees,
Assemble all in choirs, and with their notes
Salute, and welcome up the rising sun.

There is also a species of style called the sarcastical or invective, which is peculiar to the satire and the epigram; and when style abounds with figurative expressions, as the epic poem and sublimer ode more particularly do, we call it the florid style.

A style is also said to be concise or diffuse, easy or strong, clear or obscure, brisk or slow, sweet, soft and fluent, or rough and unpleasant; all of which are too obvious to

need

need any explication. Abundant instances of these are to be found in our poets, and they are all (except the obscure) proper or improper, according to the nature and subject of the poem in which they appear ; but obscurity is never to be admitted ; for as the style that is clear is seldom faulty, the obscure and uncouth will always be so, and, after perplexing the mind of the reader, leave him dissatisfied.

The rough style, however disagreeable it may be when improperly applied, enters with grace into several of the species of poetry, but especially into the epic poem and the tragedy ; for where things rude and horrible are to be expressed, such words must be used as will represent all their disagreeable and dreadful circumstances. The rough style therefore appears often with majesty and grandeur in the epic and tragedy ; where we find it frequently heightened by our best poets with a few antiquated words, which they apprehend adds a dignity and solemnity to the style ; but great judgment is here required ; none but a masterly hand should make these bold attempts ; for if too many obsolete terms are admitted, or improperly placed, instead of dignity and solemnity, dulness and obscurity will succeed.

But here we are to observe, that the passions have a style in a manner peculiar to themselves ; for sometimes the pathetic, and even the sublime (especially when united with pity and terror) is more emphatically expressed by a sensible silence, or a few plain words, than by a number of pompous periods. We shall give one instance out of a multitude in *Shakespear*. After a quarrel between *Brutus* and *Cassius*, in which the justice and generous resentment of *Brutus*, and the hasty choler and repentance of *Cassius*, with their reconciliation, is nobly expressed ; *Brutus* says,

O *Cassius*, I am sick of many griefs.

Cassius. Of your philosophy you make no use
if you give place to accidental evils.

Brutus. No man bears sorrow better—*Portia's* dead.

Cassius. Ha ! *Portia* ! —

Brutus. She is dead.

Cassius. How 'scap'd I killing when I crost you so ?

Here the grief in *Brutus*, and the surprise in *Cassius*, is better expressed than it could have been in a multitude of mere speeches ; since indeed both are inexpressible in any other manner.

These

The passions of anger, grief and joy, as we have already observed, are not to be loaded with studied metaphors, similes and descriptions, as they too frequently are in our English tragedies ; for here they are highly improper, and therefore inelegant and unaffected. Nature, in a tumultuous state, has not time to look round her for expressions that are delicate and pretty, but thunders out such as the passion has excited, and those often in broken and interrupted sentences. These passions therefore are, in general, better expressed by sudden starts, suppressions, apostrophes, exclamations, and broken and unconnected sentences, than by a forced and studied dignity. Nor in these need the writer be afraid of expressing himself improperly, if he feels, as he ought to do, the passion he would excite in others ; for, as we have elsewhere observed, the mind is extremely ready in culling such phrases as are immediately for her purpose ; and this is the reason why the common ignorant people, and even children, when under violent emotions of mind, so often express themselves with force, propriety, and elegance.

The rules and cautions we have here laid down, will at all times be found useful ; but none are sufficient to teach this art without daily practice, and a constant perusal of the best authors : to which let me add, that a fertile imagination, a clear conception, and a good ear, are indispensably necessary.—Fancy is the foundation of poetry.—Without a good imagination nothing can be new, and therefore not valuable ; without a clear conception nothing can be clearly or elegantly expressed ; for where there is confusion in the head, perspicuity can never flow from the pen ; and with regard to composition and versification, a good ear is beyond all the rules in the world.

We are now to speak of the laws and rules of the several kinds of poetry, as laid down by the best critics, and to give specimens of such as will fall within the compass of our design.

C H A P. VII.

Of the different SPECIES of POETRY.

THE writers on the art of poetry have usually classed the several sorts of poems under the following heads, viz. the Epigram, the Elegy, the Pastoral, the Ode, the Satire, Comedy, Tragedy, and the Epic poem. This di-

tribution, however, seems insufficient, and therefore we hope a deviation from the learned in this respect, will not appear arrogant or disagreeable; especially if the alterations we propose should be found to have their basis in truth and right reason.

Every thing in nature, that is distinct and different from all others, should have a name, whereby it may be distinguished without a tedious enumeration of its properties and adjuncts; since a method of that kind would occasion infinite perplexity and confusion, which is ever to be avoided, and especially in matters of science; and if on mature examination it be found that there are poems of considerable character which are essentially different from those we have already mentioned, and are not to be resolved into any of them, another distribution may be justified.

The *Epitaph*, on account, perhaps, of the epigrammatic point with which those little pieces are often closed, has been usually classed with the epigram; but as there are numberless epitaphs whose excellency does not consist in shining thoughts and points of wit, (the characteristics of our modern epigrams) we shall take the freedom to assign them a distinct place.

Epistles, *descriptive* and *preceptive* poems, and *tales* and *fables*, deserve the same distinction; for as these methods of writing have obtained much of late, they are of too great consequence to be passed over, and it seems impossible to treat of them under any other article without manifest incongruity. It may be said indeed, that many of our epistles (especially those of *Horace* and *Mr. Pope*) partake of the satire; but that is no reason why others that are of a quite different nature should be placed under that head.

The *descriptive poems* of *Milton*, I mean his *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, as well as *Denham's Cooper's Hill*, *Pope's Windsor Forest*, and others in our language, cannot be classed under any of the usual divisions of poetry; nor indeed can the *preceptive poems* with any degree of accuracy or shew of reason. *Virgil's Georgics*, *Horace's Art of Poetry*, the duke of *Buckinghamshire's Essay*, *Roscommon on translated Verse*, *Pope's Essay on Man*, and his *Essay on Criticism*, are so essentially different and distinct from any of the usual classes, that the critics, with all their art, will never be able to discover any real agreement between them; nor will they deny, I suppose, but that *Virgil's Georgics*, and *Pope's Essay on Man*, deserve as much esteem

at

at least as their pastorals, though they have been thus neglected in their division of this art. If it be said, that the other species of poetry often partake of all these different kinds, I answer, that is no objection; for this they occasionally do of each other; even the epic poem, with all its dignity, has sometimes the plaintive strain of the elegy, and the sarcasm and asperity of satire.

Tales and *fables*, indeed, when they are of any value, are in general either didactic or satirical, and may therefore be resolved into the preceptive poem or the satire; but as there is something peculiar in their composition, we shall assign them a distinct chapter, and deliver what we have farther to say on this art under the following heads, *viz.* the Epigram, the Epitaph, the Elegy, the Pastoral, the Epistle, the Descriptive Poem, the Preceptive Poem, Tales and Fables, the Ode, the Satire, Comedy, Tragedy, and the Heroic poem, of which the *Epic* is the most exalted part, and requires the utmost extent of human genius.

C H A P. VIII.

Of the EPIGRAM.

THE *Epigram* is a little poem, or composition in verse, treating of one thing only, and whose distinguishing characters are Brevity, Beauty, and Point.

The word *Epigram* signifies *Inscription*; for epigrams derive their origin from those inscriptions placed by the ancients on their statues, temples, pillars, triumphal arches, and the like; which, at first, were very short, being sometimes no more than a single word, but afterwards, increasing their length, they made them in verse, to be the better retained by the memory. This short way of writing came at last to be used upon any occasion or subject; and hence the name of *Epigram* has been given to any little copy of verses, without regard to the original application of such poems.

Its usual limits are from two to twenty verses, though sometimes it extends to fifty; but the shorter the better it is, and the more perfect, as it partakes more of the nature and character of this kind of poem: Besides, the epigram being only a single thought, it ought to be expressed in a little compass, or else it loses its force and strength.

The *Beauty* required in an Epigram is a harmony and apt agreement of all its parts, a sweet simplicity, and polite language.

The *Point* is a sharp, lively, unexpected turn of wit, with which an Epigram ought to be concluded. There are some critics, indeed, who will not admit the Point in an Epigram, but require the thought to be equally diffused through the whole poem, which is usually the practice of *Catullus*, as the former is that of *Martial*. It is allow'd there is more delicacy in the manner of *Catullus*, but the *Point* is more agreeable to the general taste, and seems to be the chief characteristic of the *Epigram*.

This sort of Poem admits of all manner of subjects provided that *Brevity*, *Beauty*, and *Point* are preserved; but it is generally employ'd either in *Praise* or *Satire*. — That we may the more easily remember the rules to be observed in the Epigram, I shall subjoin them in *English* verse, with some small alteration, as they are given us by very good writers on the Art of Poetry.

The *Epigram*, with little art compos'd;
Is one good sentence in a distich clos'd;
And tho' some stretch to twenty lines or more,
The best are those confin'd to two or four:
Of various subjects *Epigrams* admit,
But each of one, and one alone must treat.
Two parts this little whole must still compose,
Recital of the subject and the close.
To make this poem perfect, be your care,
That *Beauty*, *Point*, and *Brevity* appear.
Your single subject in few words explain,
But words which force and energy contain.
A symmetry of parts we *Beauty* name,
Which should be seen throughout the finish'd frame;
With elegant simplicity and truth,
And still the diction polish'd, not uncouth,
This *Beauty* sweetness always must comprise,
Which from the subject well express'd will rise.
The *Point* in the conclusion takes its place,
And is the *Epigram's* peculiar Grace;
Some unexpected and some biting thought,
With poignant wit and sharp expression fraught.
Tho' the best *Epigrams* are here said to be such as are comprized in two or four verses, we are not to understand as if none can be perfect which exceed those limits. either the ancients nor moderns have been so scrupulous with respect to the length of their *Epigrams*; but however,

Brevity in general is always to be studied in these compositions.

For examples of good Epigrams in the *English* language, we shall make choice of several in the different tastes we have mention'd ; some remarkable for their delicate turn and simplicity of expression, and others for their salt and sharpness, their equivocating pun, or pleasant allusion. In the first place, take that of Mr. *Pope*, said to be written on a glass with the earl of *Chesterfield's* diamond pencil :

Accept a miracle, instead of wit ;
See two dull lines by *Stanhope's* pencil writ.

The Beauty of this Epigram is more easily seen than described. For my part I am at a loss to determine whether it does more honour to the poet who wrote it, or to the nobleman for whom the compliment is designed.— The following Epigram of Mr. *Prior* is written in the same taste, being a fine encomium on the performance of an excellent painter.

On a Flower, painted by VARELST.

When fam'd *Varelst* this little wonder drew,
Flora vouchsaf'd the growing work to view :
Finding the painter's science at a stand,
The Goddess snatch the pencil from his hand,
And, finishing the piece, she smiling said,
Behold one work of mine which ne'er shall fade.

Another compliment of this delicate kind he has made Mr. *Howard* in the following Epigram.

VENUS mistaken.

When *CHLOE's* picture was to *VENUS* shown ;
Surpriz'd, the Goddess took it for her own.
And what, said she, does this bold painter mean ?
When was I bathing thus, and naked seen ?
Pleas'd *CUPID* heard, and check'd his mother's pride ;
And who's blind now, mamma ? the urchin cry'd.
'Tis *CHLOE's* eye, and cheek, and lip, and breast :
Friend *HOWARD*'s genius fancy'd all the rest.

Most of Mr. *Prior's* Epigrams are of this delicate cast and have the thought, like those of *Catullus*, diffused thro' the whole. Of this kind is his address

To CHLOE weeping.

See, whilst thou weep'st, fair Chloë, see
 The world in sympathy with thee.
 The cheerful birds no longer sing,
 Each drops his head, and hangs his wing.
 The clouds have bent their bosom lower,
 And shed their sorrows in a show'r.
 The brooks beyond their limits flow,
 And louder murmurs speak their woe :
 The nymphs and swains adopt thy cares :
 They heave thy sighs, and weep thy tears.
 Fantastick nymph ! that grief should move
 Thy heart obdurate against love.
 Strange tears ! whose pow'r can soften all,
 But that dear breast on which they fall.

The Epigram written on the leaves of a *Fan* by Dr. Atterbury, late bishop of Rochester, contains a pretty thought, express'd with ease and conciseness, and closed in a beautiful manner.

On a FAN.

Flavia the least and lightest toy
 Can with resistless art employ.
 This fan in meaner hands would prove
 An engine of small force in love :
 Yet she, with graceful air and mien,
 Not to be told or safely seen,
 Directs its wanton motion so,
 That it wounds more than Cupid's bow,
 Gives coolness to the matchless dame,
 To ev'ry other brest a flame.

We shall now select some Epigrams of the biting and satirical kind, and such as turn upon the *Pun* or *Equivoque*, as the French call it ; in which sort the *Point* is more conspicuous than in those of the former character.

The following distich, in my opinion, is an admirable Epigram, having all the necessary qualities of one, especially *Point* and *Brevity*.

On a Company of bad DANCERS to good Musick.
 How ill the motion with the music suits !
 So Orpheus fiddled, and so danc'd the brutes.

This puts me in mind of another Epigram upon a bad fiddler, which I shall venture to insert merely for the humour of it, and not for any real excellence it contains.

To a bad FIDDLER.

Old *Orpheus* play'd so well, he mov'd *Old Nick*;
But thou mov'it nothing but thy fiddle-stick.

One of *Martia's* Epigrams, wherein he agreeably rallies the foolish vanity of a man who hired people to make verses for him, and published them as his own, has been thus translated into *English*.

*P*aul so fond of the name of a poet is grown,
With gold he buys verses, and calls them his *own*.
Go on, master *Paul*, nor mind what the world says,
They are surely his *own* for which a man pays.

Another Epigram of the same *Latin* poet is very prettily imitated in the following Tetraastick :

On an ugly WOMAN.

Whilst in the dark on thy soft hand I hung,
And heard the tempting *Syren* in thy tongue;
What flames, what darts, what anguish I endur'd!
But when the candle enter'd, I was cur'd.

We have a good Epigram by Mr. *Cowley*, on *Prometheus* ill painted; to understand which we must remember his story. *Prometheus* is feign'd by the ancient poets to have form'd men of clay, and to have put life into them by fire stolen from heaven, for which crime *Jupiter* caus'd him to be chain'd to a rock, where a vulture was set to gnaw his liver, which grew again as fast as it was devoured. On this fiction the Epigram is founded.

PROMETHEUS drawn by a bad Painter.

How wretched does *Prometheus'* state appear,
Whilst he his second mis'ry suffers here!
Draw him no more, lest, as he tortur'd stands,
He blame great *Jove's* less than the painter's hands;
It would the Vulture's cruelty out-go,
If once again his liver thus should grow.
Pity him, *Jove*, and his bold theft allow;
The flames he once stole from thee, grant him now.

Some

Some bad writer having taken the liberty to censure Mr. Prior, the poet very wittily lash'd his impertinence in this Epigram.

While faster than his costive brain indites,
Philo's quick hand in flowing letters writes,
His case appears to me like honest *Teague's*,
When he was run away with by his legs.
Phabas, give *Philo* o'er himself command ;
Quicken his senses, or restrain his hand :
Let him be kept from paper, pen, and ink ;
So he may cease to write, and learn to think.

But perhaps there are none of Mr. Prior's little pieces that have more humour and pleasantry than the following.

A reasonable AFFLICTION.

Helen was just slipt into bed :
Her eye brows on the toilet lay :
Away the kitten with them fled,
As fees belonging to her prey.

For this misfortune careleſs *Jane*,
Assure yourself was loudly rated :
And madam getting up again,
With her own hand the mouse-trap baited.

On little things, as Sages write,
Depends our human joy, or sorrow :
If we don't catch a mouse to night,
Alas ! no eye-brows for to-morrow.

Mr. *W^{est}fly* has given us a pretty Epigram alluding to a well-known text of scripture, on the setting up a monument in *Westminster Abbey*, to the memory of the ingenious Mr. Butler, author of *Hudibras*.

While *Butler* needy wretch, was yet alive,
No generous patron would a dinner give.
See him when starv'd to death and turn'd to dust
Presented with a monumental bust !
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown ;
He ask'd for *Bread*, and he receiv'd a *Stone*.

We shall close this chapter with an *Epigram* wrote on the well-known story of *Apollo* and *Daphne*, by Mr. Smart :

When *Pbæbus* was am'rous and long'd to be rude,
 Miss *Daphne* cry'd Pish ! and ran swift to the wood,
 And rather than do such a naughty affair,
 She became a fine laurel to deck the God's hair.
 The nymph was, no doubt, of a cold constitution ;
 For sure to turn tree was an odd resolution !
 Yet in this she behav'd like a true modern spouse,
 For she fled from his arms to distinguish his brows.

C H A P. IX.

Of the E P I T A P H.

TH E S E Compositions generally contain some Elogium of the virtues and good qualities of the deceased, and have a turn of seriousness and gravity adapted to the nature of the subject. Their elegance consists in a nervous and expressive brevity ; and sometimes, as we have elsewhere observed, they are closed with an epigrammatic Point. In these compositions, no mere Epithet (*properly so called*) should be admitted ; for here illustration would impair the strength, and render the sentiment too diffuse and languid. Words that are synonymous are also to be rejected.

Tho' the true characteristic of the Epitaph is seriousness and gravity, yet we find many that are jocose and ludicrous ; some likewise have true metre and rhyme ; while others are between prose and verse, without any certain measure, tho' the words are truly poetical ; and the beauty of this last sort is generally heighten'd by an apt and judicious *Antithesis*. We shall give examples of each.

There are in the *Spectator* several old Greek Epitaphs very beautifully translated into English verse, one of which I shall take the liberty of transcribing. It is written on *Orpheus* a celebrated ancient poet and musician, whose story is well known. He is said to have been the son of *Apollo* and *Calliope*, one of the Nine Muses, the Goddess meant in the last line of the Epigram.

On O R P H E U S.

No longer, *Orpheus*, shall thy sacred strains
 Lead stones, and trees, and beasts along the plains ;
 No longer sooth the boist'rous wind to sleep,
 Or still the billows of the raging deep :

For

For thou art gone ; the Muses mourn'd thy fall
 In solemn strains, thy mother most of all.
 Ye mortals idly for your sons ye moan,
 If thus a Goddess could not save her own.

The ingenious translator observes, that if we take the fable for truth, as it was believed to be in the age when this was written, the turn appears to have piety to the gods, and a resigning spirit in the application : but, if we consider the Point with respect to our present knowledge, it will be less esteem'd ; tho' the author himself, because he believed it, may still be more valued than any one who should now write with a Point of the same nature.

The following Epitaph on Sir Philip Sidney's Sister, the Countess of Pembroke, said to be written by the famous Ben. Johnson, is remarkable for the noble thought with which it concludes.

On MARY Countess Dowager of PEMBROKE.

Underneath this marble hearse,
 Lies the subject of all verse,
 Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother :
 Death, ere thou hast kill'd another
 Fair, and learn'd, and good as she,
 Time shall throw a dart at thee.

Take another Epitaph of Ben Jonson's, on a beautiful and virtuous lady, which has been deservedly admired by very good judges.

Underneath this stone doth lie
 As much virtue as could die ;
 Which when alive did vigour give
 To as much beauty as could live.

Mr. Pope has drawn the character of Mr. Gay, in an Epitaph now to be seen on his monument in Westminster-Abbey, which he has closed with such a beautiful turn, that I cannot help looking upon it as a master-piece in its kind, as indeed are most of the productions of that surprising genius.

On Mr. G A Y.

Of manners gentle, of affections mild ;
 In wit, a man ; simplicity, a child :
 With native humour temp'ring virtuous rage,
 Form'd to delight at once and lash the age :

Above temptation in a low estate,
And uncorrupted, ev'n among the Great:
A safe companion, and an easy friend,
Unblam'd thro' life, lamented in thy end.
These are thy honours! not that here thy dust
Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
But that the worthy and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms—*Here lies GAY.*

There is something so tender and moving, and such a strain of paternal and filial affection in Mr. Pope's Epitaph on Dr. *Atterbury*, that we shall give it a place among these examples, tho' the Critics, perhaps, will object to its being a true Epitaph.

*On Dr. FRANCIS ATTERBURY, Bishop of Rochester,
who died in exile at Paris, 1732.*

[His only Daughter having expired in his arms, immediately after she arrived in *France* to see him.]

DIALOGUE.

She. Yes, we have liv'd—one pang, and then we part!
May heav'n, dear father! now have all thy heart.
Yet ah! how once we lov'd, remember still,
Till you are dust like me.

He. Dear shade! I will:
Then mix this dust with thine—O spotless ghost!
O more than fortune, friends, or country lost!
Is there on earth one care, one wish beside?
Yes—Save my country, heav'n,
—He said, and dy'd.

I shall conclude these examples of the serious kind with an Epitaph written by Mr. *Smart*, to the memory of Master * * *, who died of a lingering illness, aged eleven.

Henceforth be every tender tear suppress'd,
Or let us weep for joy, that he is blest;
From grief to bliss, from earth to heav'n remov'd,
His mem'ry honour'd, as his life belov'd.
That heart o'er which no evil e'er had pow'r!
That disposition, sickness cou'd not sour!
That sense, so oft to riper years deny'd!
That patience, heroes might have own'd with pride!
His painful race undauntedly he ran,
And in the eleventh winter died a MAN.

Amongst

Amongst the Epitaphs of a punning and ludicrous cast, I know of none prettier than that which is said to have been written by Mr. *Prior* on himself, wherein he is pleasantly satirical upon the folly of those who value themselves on account of the long series of ancestors through which they can trace their pedigree.

*Nobles and Heralds, by your leave,
Here lie the bones of Matthew Prior,
The son of Adam and of Eve:
Let Bourbon or Nassau go higher.*

Of the same cast is that written by Mr. Pope on one who would not be buried in *Westminster-Abbey*.

Heroes, and kings ! your distance keep,
In peace let one poor poet sleep,
Who never flatter'd folks like you :
Let Horace blush, and Virgil too.

The following Epitaph on a Miser contains a good caution and an agreeable raillery.

Reader, beware immod'rate love of pelf:
Here lies the worst of thieves, who robb'd himself.

But Dr. Swift's Epitaph on the same subject is, I think, a master-piece of the kind.

EPITAPH on a MISER.

Beneath this verdant hillock lies
Demer, the wealthy and the wise.
His Heirs, that he might safely rest,
Have put his *Carcass* in a *Chest* :
The very *Chest*, in which, they say,
His *other self*, his *money*, lay.
And if his *Heirs* continue kind
To that dear *self* he left behind,
I dare believe that four in five
Will think his *better Half* alive.

We shall give but one example more of this kind which is a merry Epitaph on an old Fiddler, who was remarkable (we may suppose) for beating time to his own musick.

On STEPHEN the Fiddler.

*Stephen and Time are now both even ;
Stephen beat Time, now Time's beat Stephen.*

We are now come to that sort of Epitaph which rejects Rhyme, and has no certain and determinate measure;

but where the diction must be pure and strong, every word have weight, and the antithesis be preserved in a clear and direct opposition. We cannot give a better example of this sort of Epitaph than that on the tomb of Mr. Pulteney in the cloysters of *Westminster-Abby*.

Reader,

If thou art a BRITON,
 Behold this Tomb with Reverence and Regret ;
 Here lie the Remains of
 DANIEL PULTENEY,
 The kindest Relation, the truest Friend,
 The warmest Patriot, the worthiest Man ;
 He exercised Virtues in this Age,
 Sufficient to have distinguish'd him even in the best.
 Sagacious, by Nature,
 Industrious by Habit,
 Inquisitive with Art ;
 He gain'd a compleat Knowledge of the state of *Britain*,
 Foreign and domestic.
 In most the backward Fruit of tedious Experience,
 In him the early Acquisition of undissipated Youth :
 He serv'd the Court several Years :
 Abroad, in the auspicious Reign of Queen *Anne*,
 At home, in the Reign of that excellent Prince K. *George* the first,
 He served his Country always,
 At Court independant,
 In the Senate unbias'd,
 At every Age, and in every Station :
 This was the bent of his generous Soul,
 This the Busines of his laborious Life.
 Public Men, and Public Things,
 He judged by one constant Standard,
The true Interest of Britain :
 He made no other Distinction of Party,
 He abhorred all other :
 Gentle, humane, disinterested, beneficent,
 He created no Enemies on his own Account :
 Firm, determin'd, inflexible,
 He feared none he could create in the Cause of *Britain*.
 Reader,
 In this Misfortune of thy Country lament thy own :
 For know,
 The Loss of so much private Virtue
 Is a public Calamity.

This

This sort of Epitaph may also admit of humour and ridicule, as will appear by the following on a boon companion who is supposed to have lost his life to obtain his friend a borough.

An EPITAPH on Mr. DOVE, an Apothecary; who unfortunately murdered himself by canvassing at Elections.

Here lie

Sequester'd from the various calamities of life,

The remains of *Benjamin Dove*,

Doctor, and dealer in politics;

Whose courage and intrepidity expos'd him

to many dangers and difficulties, and at

last to death itself; for on the 26th

of May, 1754, he fell a victim,

not to the sword, but to the glass.

He was in all respects a truly worthy man;

A kind and steady friend,

A generous benefactor,

A warm patriot,

An agreeable companion,

A cutter of jokes,

And a great canvasser at elections.

In the most corrupt and abandon'd age,

He maintain'd his independency,

Disdain'd every bribe;

Nor cou'd the arts and insinuations of the

Wicked induce him once to play

The part of a *Jack-of-both sides*.

But ever fix'd and determin'd in his choice,

And aided by the arms of *Bacchus*,

He gain'd many proselytes to the cause for
which he died;

He was a good *Christian* in his day,

And rather inclin'd to the Church than to the Synagogue,

A man of Virtue,

Tho' a lover of the Wenchies.

Some faults he had,

But none that his friends could see,

Or that his enemies can remember.

Farewel, dear friend, thy glass is run;

Death has a FINIS Fix'd to FUN.

These jokes which o'er the mantling bowl

Regal'd the heart, and cheer'd the soul,

*And gain'd thy patriot friend a vote,
Must, with thy virtues, be forgot :
Yet, of a thousand, one in ten,
May shrug, perhaps, and cry — POOR BEN !*

We shall conclude this species of poetry with a droll and satirical Epitaph written by Mr. Pope, which we transcribed from a monument in Lord Cobham's gardens at Stow in Buckinghamshire.

To the Memory
of

SIGNIOR FIDO,

An *Italian* of good Extraction ;

Who came into *England*,

Not to bite us, like most of his Countrymen,

But to gain an honest Livelyhood.

He hunted not after Fame,

Yet acquir'd it ;

Regardless of the praise of his Friends,

but most sensible of their Love.

Tho' he liv'd amongst the Great,

he neither learnt nor flatter'd any Vice.

He was no Bigot,

Tho' he doubted of none of the 39 Articles.

And, if to follow Nature,

and to respect the Laws of Society,

be Philosophy,

he was a perfect Philosopher ;

a faithful Friend,

an agreeable Companion,

a loving Husband,

distinguish'd by a numerous Offspring,

all which he liv'd to see take good Courses.

In his old Age he retired

to the House of a Clergyman in the Country,

where he finished his earthly Race,

and died an Honour and an Example to the whole Species.

Reader,

This Stone is guiltless of Flattery,

for he to whom it is inscrib'd

was not a MAN,

but a

GREY-HOUND.

C H A P. X.

Of the ELEGY.

TH E *Elegy* is a mournful and plaintive but yet a sweet and engaging kind of poem. It was first invented to bewail the death of a friend, and afterwards us'd to express the complaints of lovers, or any other doleful and melancholy subject. In process of time not only matters of grief, but joy, wishes, prayers, expostulations, reproaches, admonitions, and almost every other subject, were admitted into *Elegy*; however, funeral lamentations and affairs of love seem most agreeable to its character.

The plan of an *Elegy*, as indeed of all other poems, ought to be made before a line is written; or else the author will ramble in the dark, and his verses have no dependance on each other. No epigrammatic points or conceits, none of those fine things which most people are so fond of in every sort of poem can be allow'd in this, but must give place to nobler beauties, those of *Nature* and the *Passions*. *Elegy* rejects whatever is facetious, satirical or majestic, and is content to be plain, decent, and unaffected; yet in this humble state is she sweet and engaging, elegant and attractive. This poem is adorn'd with frequent *commiserations*, *complaints*, *exclamations*, *addresses* to things, or persons, short and proper *digressions*, *allusions*, *comparisons*, *prosopopœias* or feigned persons, and sometimes with short descriptions. The diction ought to be free from any *barshness*; *neat*, *easy*, *perspicuous*, *expressive* of the manners, tender, and pathetic: and the numbers should be *smooth*, and *flowing*, and captivate the ear with their uniform sweetness and delicacy. These rules are expressed in the following verses.

The *Elegy* demands a solemn style;
It mourns with flowing hair at fun'ral pile;
It paints the lover's torments and delights,
How the nymph flatters, threatens, and invites.
But well those raptures if you'd make us see,
You must know *love* as well as *poetry*.

The model of this poem should be made,
And ev'ry step of all its progress laid,

Each

Each part directed to some certain end,
And verse on verse perpetually depend.

No glitt'ring points, nor any nice conceit,
Must load the *Elegy* with foreign weight :
Passion and *nature* here avow their right,
And with disdain reject that mean delight.

Remember that the *dition* ev'ry where
Be gentle, tender, neat, correct, and clear ;
Let it the *manners* all along express,
And shew the *passions* in their proper dress.
Throughout the whole let nothing rough be found,
But still preserve its smooth and flowing sound.

For an example of a good and mournful *Elegy*, I shall insert one written by Mr. *Pope*, which will give the reader a just idea of the tender and plaintive character of this kind of poem.

To the memory of an unfortunate LADY.

What beck'ning ghost along the moonlight shade
Invites my step, and points to yonder glade ?
'Tis she ! —— but why that bleeding bosom gor'd ?
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword ?
Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly ! tell,
Is it, in heav'n, a crime to love too well ?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a lover's, or a *Roman's* part ?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky,
For those who greatly think, or bravely die ?

Why bade ye else, ye Pow'rs ! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire ?
Ambition first sprang from your blest abodes,
The glorious fault of Angels and of Gods :
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows !
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull, fullen pris'ners in the body's cage :
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres ;
Like eastern kings a lazy state they keep,
And close confin'd in their own palace sleep.

From these perhaps (ere nature bade her die)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.

As into air the purer spirits flow,
And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below ;
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou mean deserter of thy brother's blood !
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks, now fading at the blast of death ;
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall :
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent herses shall besiege your gates.
There passengers shall stand, and pointing say,
(While the long fun'rals blacken all the way)
Lo these were they whose souls the furies steel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day !
So perish all, whose breast ne'er learnt to glow
For others good, or melt at others woe.

What can atone (oh ever-injur'd shade !)
Thy fate un pity'd, and thy rites unpaid ?
No friends complaint, no kind domestic tear
Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier ;
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd !
What tho' no friends in fable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public show ;
What tho' no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb ;
Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be drest,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast :
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow ;
While Angels with their silver wings o'er shade
The ground, now sacred by thy reliques made.

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame :
How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot ;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be !

Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung,
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays :
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart :
Life's idle busines at one gasp be o'er,
The muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more !

But of *Elegies* on the subject of death, this by Mr. Gray is, perhaps, the best that has appeared in our language, and may be justly esteem'd a masterpiece.

An ELEGY. Written in a country church-yard.

The curfeu tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness, and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds ;
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
Or drowsy tincklings lull the distant folds.

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude fore-fathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their fire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their fickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team a field!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Forgive, ye proud, th' involuntary fault,
If memory to these no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn isle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the notes of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flatt'ry sooth the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
Hands that the reins of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to extasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their history in a nation's eyes
 Their lot forbad; nor circumscrib'd alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
 Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,
 The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
 Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
 With incense, kindled at the muse's flame.
 Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.
 Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.
 Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply;
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.
 For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?
 On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
 Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
 Awake and faithful to her wonted fires.
 For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate.
 Haply, some hoary-headed swain may say,
 ' Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
 ' To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

- There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
 ‘ That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
- His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
 ‘ And pore upon the brook that babbles by.
- Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 ‘ Mutt’ring his wayward fancies he would rove,
- Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
 ‘ Or craz’d with care, or cross’d in hopeless love.
- One morn I miss’d him on th’ accustom’d hill,
 ‘ Along the heath, and near his fav’rite tree;
- Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
 ‘ Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.
- The next with dirges due in sad array,
 ‘ Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
- Approach and read (for thou can’t read) the lay,
 ‘ Grav’d on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.
- There scatter’d oft, the earliest of the year,
 ‘ By hands unseen, are show’rs of violets found ;
- The red-breast loves to build and warble there,
 ‘ And little foot-steps lightly print the ground.

The E P I T A P H.

- Hear rests his head upon the lap of earth
 ‘ A youth to fortune and to fame unknown :
- Fair science frown’d not on his humble birth,
 ‘ And melancholy mark’d him for her own.
- Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 ‘ Heav’n did a recompence as largely send :
- He gave to mis’ry (all he had) a tear :
 ‘ He gain’d from heav’n (’twas all he wish’d) a friend.
- No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 ‘ Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
- (There they alike in trembling hope repose)
 ‘ The bosom of his father and his God.’

We have already observed that any dreadful catastrophe is a proper subject for Elegy ; and what can be more so than a civil war, where the fathers and children, the dearest relations and friends, meet each other in arms ? We have on this subject a most affecting Elegy, which was written by _____. Set to music by Mr. Oswald, just after the late rebellion, and intitled, *The Tears of Scotland*.

The

The Tears of SCOTLAND. Written in the Year 1746.

I.

Mourn, hapless CALEDONIA, mourn
 Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn !
 Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
 Lie slaughter'd on their native ground ;
 Thy hospitable roofs no more
 Invite the stranger to the door ;
 In smoaky ruins sunk they lie,
 The monuments of cruelty.

II.

The wretched owner sees afar
 His all become the prey of war ;
 Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
 Then smites his breast, and curses life.
 Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
 Where once they fed their wanton flocks :
 Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain ;
 Thy infants perish on the plain.

III.

What boots it then, in every clime,
 Thro' the wide spreading waste of time,
 Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
 Still shone with undiminish'd blaze ?
 Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,
 Thy neck is bended to the yoke.
 What foreign arms could never quell,
 By civil rage, and rancour fell.

IV.

The rural pipe, and merry lay,
 No more shall cheer the happy day :
 No social scenes of gay delight
 Beguile the dreary winter night :
 No strains but those of sorrow flow,
 And nought be heard but sounds of woe ;
 While the pale phantoms of the slain
 Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

V.

Oh baneful cause, oh ! fatal morn,
 Accur'd to ages yet unborn !

The sons, against their fathers stood,
The parent shed his children's blood.
Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,
The victor's soul was not appeas'd ;
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames, and murd'ring steel !

VI.

The pious mother, doom'd to death,
Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath.
The bleak wind whistles round her head ;
Her helpless orphans cry for bread,
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend,
And, stretch'd beneath inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

VII.

Whilst the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns ;
Resentment of my country's fate,
Within my filial breast shall beat ;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow,
“ Mourn, hapless *Caledonia*, mourn
“ Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn.”

Love, as we have already observed, is likewise one of the proper subjects for this kind of poem. An example of which we shall give from the love Elegies lately publish'd by Mr. Hammond.

A LOVE ELEGY.

I.

Let others boast their heaps of shining gold,
And view their fields with waving plenty crown'd,
Whom neighb'rинг foes in constant terror hold,
And trumpets break their slumbers, never found :

II.

While, calmly poor, I trifle life away,
Enjoy sweet leisure by my cheerful fire,
No wanton hope my quiet shall betray,
But cheaply bleis'd I'll scorn each vain desire.

III.

With timely care I'll sow my little field,
 And plant my orchard with its master's hand,
 Nor blush to spread the hay, the hook to wield,
 Or range the sheaves along the sunny land.

IV.

If late at dusk, while carelessly I roam,
 I meet a strolling kid, or bleating lamb,
 Under my arm I'll bring the wand'rer home,
 And not a little chide its thoughtless dam.

V.

What joy to hear the tempest howl in vain,
 And clasp a fearful mistress to my breast?
 Or lull'd to slumber by the beating rain,
 Secure and happy sink at last to rest.

VI.

Or if the Sun in flaming Leo ride,
 By shady rivers indolently stray,
 And with my DELIA walking side by side,
 Hear how they murmur, as they glide away.

VII.

What joy to wind along the cool retreat,
 To stop and gaze on DELIA as I go!
 To mingle sweet discourse with kisses sweet,
 And teach my lovely scholar all I know!

VIII.

Thus pleas'd at heart, and not with fancy's dream,
 In silent happiness I rest unknown;
 Content with what I am, not what I seem
 I live for DELIA, and my self alone.

IX.

Ah foolish man! who thus of her posse's'd,
 Could float and wander with ambition's wind,
 And if his outward trappings spoke him blest,
 Not heed the sicknes of his conscious mind.

X.

With her I scorn the idle breath of praise,
 Nor trust to happiness that's not our own,
 The smile of fortune might suspicion raise,
 But here I know that I am lov'd alone.

XI.

STANHOPE, in wisdom as in wit divine,
 May rise, and plead *Britannia's* glorious cause,
 With steady rein his eager wit confine,
 While manly sense the deep attention draws.

XII.

Let STANHOPE speak his list'ning country's wrong,
 My humble voice shall please one partial maid ;
 For her alone, I pen my tender song,
 Securely fitting in his friendly shade.

XIII.

STANHOPE shall come, and grace his rural friend,
 DELIA shall wonder at her noble guest,
 With blushing awe the riper fruit commend,
 And for her husband's patron cull the best.

XIV.

Her's be the care of all my little train,
 While I with tender indolence am blest,
 The favourite subject of her gentle reign,
 By love alone distinguish'd from the rest.

XV.

For her I'll yoke my oxen to the plow,
 In gloomy forests tend my lonely flock,
 For her a goat-herd climb the mountain's brow,
 And sleep extended on the naked rock.

XVI.

Ah ! what avails to press the stately bed,
 And far from her 'midst tasteless grandeur weep,
 By warbling fountains lay the pensive head,
 And, while they murmur, strive in vain to sleep !

XVII.

DELIA alone can please and never tire,
 Exceed the paint of thought in true delight,
 With her, enjoyment wakens new desire,
 And equal rapture glows thro' every night.

XVIII.

Beauty and worth, alone in her, contend,
 To charm the fancy, and to fix the mind ;
 In her, my wife, my mistress, and my friend,
 I taste the joys of sense, and reason join'd.

XIX.

On her I'll gaze when others loves are o'er,
 And dying, press her with my clay-cold hand—
 Thou weep'st already, as I were no more,
 Nor can that gentle breast the thought withstand.

XX.

Oh ! when I die, my latest moments spare,
 Nor let thy grief with sharper torments kill ;
 Wound not thy cheeks, nor hurt that flowing hair,
 Tho' I am dead, my soul shall love thee still.

XXI.

Oh quit the room, oh quit the deathful bed,
 Or thou will die, so tender is thy heart !
 Oh leave me, DELIA ! ere thou see me dead,
 These weeping friends will do thy mournful part.

XXII.

Let them, extended on the decent bier,
 Convey the corse in melancholy state,
 Thro' all the village spread the tender tear,
 While pitying maids our wond'rous loves relate.

Another example of this kind I shall introduce, written by Dr. Smollet; which, tho' short, contains all the essential properties of this poem.

A LOVE ELEGY. By Dr. SMOLLET.

I.

Where now are all my flatt'ring dreams of joy !
 MONIMIA, give my soul her wonted rest ;—
 Since first thy beauty fix'd my roving eye,
 Heart-gnawing cares corrode my pensive breast !

II.

Let happy lovers fly where pleasures call,
 With festive songs beguile the fleeting hour ;
 Lead beauty thro' the mazes of the ball,
 Or press her wanton in love's roseate bow'r.

III.

For me, no more I'll range th' empurpled mead,
 Where shepherds pipe, and virgins dance around ;
 Nor wander thro' the woodbine's fragrant shade,
 To hear the music of the grove resound.

IV.

I'll seek some lonely church, or dreary hall,
 Where fancy paints the glimm'ring taper blue,
 Where clamps hang mould'ring on the ivy'd wall,
 And sheeted ghosts drink up the midnight dew.

V.

There leagu'd with hopeless anguish and despair,
 Awhile in silence o'er my fate repine ;
 Then, with a long farewell to love and care,
 To kindred dust my weary limbs confine.

VI.

Wilt thou *Monimia*, shed a gracious tear
 On the cold grave where all my sorrows rest ?
 Wilt thou strew flow'rs, applaud my love sincere,
 And bid the turf lie light upon my breast !

But every species of poetry, however serious, may admit of humour and burlesque. Examples of which we have given in the Epigram, and Epitaph, and we shall conclude this chapter with a burlesque elegy, written by Dr. Swift.

An ELEGY on the supposed death of Mr. Partridge, the Almanack-maker.

Well ; 'tis as *Bickerstaff* has gues'd,
 Tho' we all took it for a jest ;
Partridge is dead ; nay more, he dy'd
 E're he cou'd prove the good 'Squire ly'd.
 Strange, an astrologer shou'd die
 Without one wonder in the sky !
 Not one of all his *crony* stars
 To pay their duty at his herse !
 No meteor, no eclipse appear'd !
 No comet with a flaming beard !
 The sun has rose, and gone to bed,
 Just as if *Partridge* were not dead :
 Nor hid himself behind the moon
 To make a dreadful night at noon.
 He at fit periods walks thro' *Aries*,
 Howe'er our earthly motion varies ;
 And twice a year he'll cut th' *Equator*,
 As if there had been no such matter.

Some Wits have wonder'd, what analogy
 There is 'twixt * *cobling* and *astrology*:
 How *Partridge* made his *opticks* rise,
 From a *shoe-sole*, to reach the skies.

A lift the cobler's temples ties
 To keep the hair out of their eyes;
 From whence 'tis plain the diadem,
 That princes wear, derives from them.
 And therefore *crowns* are now-a-days
 Adorn'd with *golden stars* and *rays*,
 Which plainly shews the near alliance
 'Twixt *cobling* and the *planets science*.

Besides, that flow-pac'd sign *Bootes*,
 (As 'tis miscall'd) we know not who 'tis:
 But *Partridge* ended all disputes;
 He knew his trade, and call'd it † *Boots*.

The *horned moon*, which heretofore
 Upon their shoes the *Romans* wore,
 Whose wideness kept their toes from corns,
 And whence we claim our *shooing-horns*,
 Shews how the art of *cobling* bears
 A near resemblance to the *Spheres*.

A scrap of *parchment* hung by *geometry*
 (A great refinement in *barometry*)
 Can, like the stars, foretell the weather;
 And what is *parchment* else but *leather*,
 Which an astrologer might use,
 Either for *almanacks* or *shoes*?

Thus *Partridge*, by his wit and parts,
 At once did practise both these arts :.
 And as the boading Owl (or rather
 'The Bat, because her wings are *leather*,)
 Steals from her private cell by night,
 And flies about at candle-light;
 So learned *Partridge* could as well
 Creep in the dark from *leathern* cell,
 And, in his fancy, fly as far
 To peep upon a twinkling star.

Besides, he could confound the *Spheres*,
 And set the *Planets* by the ears;
 To shew his skill, he *Mars* could join
 To *Venus* in aspect malign;

* *Partridge* was a Cobler.

† See his Almanack.

Then call in *Mercury* for aid,
And cure the wounds, that *Venus* made.

Great scholars have in *Lucian* read,
When *Philip* king of *Greece* was dead,
His soul and spirit did divide,
And each part took a diff'rent side ;
One rose a star, the other fell
Beneath, and mended shoes in Hell.

Thus *Partridge* still shines in each art,
The cobling and star-gazing part ;
And is install'd as good a star
As any of the *Cæsars* are.

Triumphant star ! some pity shew
On *Coblers* militant below,
Whom roguish boys in stormy nights
Torment, by pissing out their lights ;
Or thro' a chink convey their smoak
Inclos'd *Artificers* to choak !

Thou, high exalted in thy sphere,
May'st follow still thy calling there.
To thee the *Bull* will lend his bide,
By *Phæbus* newly tann'd and dry'd.
For thee they *Argo*'s hulk will tax,
And scrape her pithy sides for wax.
Then *Ariadne* kindly lends
Her braided hair to make thee ends.
The point of *Sagittarius*' dart
Turns to an awl by heav'nly art ;
And *Vulcan*, wheeled by his wife,
Will forge for thee a paring-knife.
For want of room by *Virgo*'s side,
She'll strain a point, and fit * astride
To take thee kindly in between ;
And then the Signs will be Thirteen.

C H A P. XI.

Of the PASTORAL.

THIS poem takes its name from the Latin word *Pastor*, a *Shepherd*; the subject of it being something in the Pastoral or rural life; and the persons, or in-

* *Tibi brachia contrahet ingens
Scorpius, &c.*

terlocutors, introduced in it, either shepherds or other rusticks.

These poems are frequently called *Eclogues*, which signifies *select* or *choice pieces*; tho' some account for this name after a different manner. They are also called *Bucolicks* from ΒΟΥΛΙΚΟΣ, a *Herdman*.

" The original of poetry, says Mr. *Pope*, is ascribed to " that age which succeeded the creation of the world: " and as the keeping of flocks seems to have been the first " employment of mankind, the most ancient sort of " poetry was probably *Pastoral*. It is natural to imagine, " that the leisure of those ancient shepherds admitting and " inviting some diversion, none was so proper to that soli- " tary and sedentary life as singing; and that in their " songs they took occasion to celebrate their own felicity. " From hence a poem was invented, and afterwards im- " proved to a perfect image of that happy time; which " by giving us an esteem for the virtues of a former age, " might recommend them to the present. And since the " life of shepherds was attended with more tranquility " than any other rural employment, the poets chose to " introduce their persons, from whom it received the name " of *Pastoral*."

Scaliger, and *Fontenelle* are of Mr. *Pope's* opinion, and suppose that *Pastorals* were the first poems; but this conclusion seems not to be drawn from nature and reason. As man in the infant state of the world, was undoubtedly struck with an awful idea of God, *arising* from a consideration of his works of creation, so must he be very early lead to supplicate and adore that divine Being on whom he perceived his existence depended; it is more natural, and more rational, therefore, to suppose that the first poems where hymns or odes made in praise of the Deity. We may allow shepherds indeed to have been the first poets, but we cannot suppose that *Pastorals* were the first poems; since it is more reasonable to conclude that the ancients would prefer the praise of the Creator to that of his creatures. But controversies of this sort are besides our purpose.

This kind of poem, when happily executed, gives great delight; nor is it a wonder, since innocence and simplicity generally please: To which let me add, that, the scenes of *Pastorals* are always laid in the country, where both poet and painter have abundant matter for the exercise of genius; such as enchanting prospects, purling streams,

shady groves, enamelled meads, flowery lawns, rural amusements, the bleating of flocks, and the musick of birds; which is of all melody the most sweet and pleasing, and calls to my mind the wisdom and taste of *Alexander*, who on being importuned to hear a man that imitated the notes of the Nightingale, and was thought a great curiosity, replied, that *he had had the happiness to hear the Nightingale herself.*

The character of the Pastoral consists in simplicity, brevity, and delicacy; the two first render an eclogue *natural*, and the last *delightful*. With respect to nature indeed, we are to consider, that as Pastoral is an image of the ancient times of innocence and undesigning plainness, we are not to describe shepherds as they really are at this day, but as they may be conceiv'd then to have been, when the best of men, and even princes, followed the employment. For this reason an air of piety should run through the whole poem, which is visible in the writings of antiquity.

To make it natural with respect to the present age, some knowledge in rural affairs should be discovered, and that in such a manner as if it was done by chance rather than by design; lest by too much pains to seem natural that simplicity be destroyed from whence arises the delight; for what is so engaging in this kind of poesy proceeds not so much from the idea of a country life itself, as in exposing only the best part of a shepherd's life, and concealing the misfortunes and miseries which sometimes attend it. Besides, the subject must contain some particular beauty in itself, and each eclogue present a scene or prospect to our view enriched with variety: which variety is in a great measure obtained by frequent comparisons drawn from the most agreeable objects of the country; by interrogations to things inanimate; by short and beautiful digressions; and by elegant turns on the words, which render the numbers more sweet and pleasing. To this let me add, that the connections must be negligent, the narrations and descriptions short, and the periods concise.

Riddles, parables, proverbs, antique phrases, and superstitious fables are fit materials to be intermixed with this kind of poem. They are here, when properly applied, very ornamental; and the more so, as they give our modern compositions the air of the ancient manner of writing.

The style of the *Pastoroi* ought to be humble, yet pure; neat, but not florid; easy, and yet lively: And the numbers should be smooth and flowing.

This poem in general should be short, and ought never much to exceed a hundred lines; for we are to consider that the ancients made these sort of compositions their amusement, and not their business: But however short they are, every eclogue must contain a plot or fable, which must be simple and one; but yet so managed as to admit of short digressions. *Virgil* has always observed this.—I shall give you the plot or argument of his first *Pastoral* as an example.

Melibœus, an unfortunate Shepherd, is introduced with Tityrus one in more fortunate circumstances; the former addresses his complaint of his sufferings and banishment to the latter, who enjoys his flocks and folds in the midst of the publick calamity, and therefore expresses his gratitude to the benefactor from whom this favour flow'd: but Melibœus accuses fortune, civil wars, and bids adieu to his native country. This is therefore a dialogue.

But we are to observe that the poet is not always obliged to make his eclogue *allegoric*, and to have real persons represented by the fictitious characters introduced; but is in this respect entirely at his own liberty.

Nor does the nature of the poem require it to be always carried on by way of dialogue; for a shepherd may with propriety sing the praises of his love, complain of her inconstancy, lament her absence, her death, &c. and address himself to groves, hills, rivers, and such like rural objects, even when alone.

The substance of these rules we find express'd in the following lines, which we shall introduce to aid the memory.

The *Pastoral*, which sings of happy *Swains*
And harmless *nymphs* that haunt the woods and plains,
Should through the whole discover ev'ry where
Their old simplicity and pious air;
And in the characters of *maids* and *youth*,
Unpractis'd plainness, innocence, and truth.
Each *Pastoral* a little plot must own,
Which as it must be *simple* must be *one*:
With small digressions it will yet dispense,
Nor needs it always allegoric sense.

Its *file* must still be natural and clear,
And elegance in ev'ry part appear:
Its humble method nothing has of *fierce*,
But hates the rattling of a lofty verse ;
With native beauty pleases and excites,
And never with harsh sounds the ear affrights.

We shall now give examples from each of those authors who have eminently distinguish'd themselves by this manner of writing, and introduce them in the order of time in which they were written.

Theocritus, who was the father or inventor of this kind of poetry, has been deservedly esteem'd by the best critics; and by some, whose judgment we cannot dispute, prefer'd to all other Pastoral writers. We shall insert his third *Idyllium*, not because it is the best, but because it is within our compass, and is already translated, or rather paraphrased, to our hands by Mr. *Dryden*.

AMARYLLIS : Or the third Idyllium of THEOCRITUS.

To *Amaryllis* love compels my way,
My browsing goats upon the mountains stray :
O *Tityrus*, tend them well, and see them fed
In pastures fresh, and to their wat'ring led ; {
And 'ware the ridgling with his butting head.
Ah beauteous nymph ! can you forget your love,
The conscious grottos, and the shady grove ;
Where stretch'd at ease your tender limbs were laid,
And ev'ry beauty carelessly display'd.
Then I was call'd your darling, your desire,
With kisses such as set my soul on fire :
But you are chang'd, yet I am still the same ;
My heart maintains for both a double flame ;
Griev'd, but unmov'd, and patient of your scorn :
So faithful I, and you so much forsworn !
I die, and death will finish all my pain ;
Yet, ere I die, behold me once again :
Am I so much deform'd, so chang'd of late ?
What partial judges are our love and hate !
Ten wildings have I gather'd for my dear ;
How ruddy like your lips their streaks appear !
Far-off you view'd them with a longing eye
Upon the top-most branch (the tree was high) :
Yet nimbly up, from bough to bough I swerv'd,
And for to-morrow have ten more reserv'd.

Look on me kindly, and some pity shew,
 Or give me leave at least to look on you.
 Some God transform me by his heav'ly pow'r,
 Ev'n to a bee to buzz within your bow'r,
 The winding ivy-chaplet to invade,
 And folded fern that your fair forehead shade.
 Now to my cost the force of love I find ;
 The heavy hand it bears on human kind.
 The milk of Tigers was his infant food,
 Taught from his tender years the taste of blood ;
 His brother whelps and he ran wild about the wood. }
 Ah nymph, train'd up in his tyrannick court,
 To make the suff'rings of your slaves your sport !
 Unheeded ruin ! treacherous delight !
 O polish'd hardness soften'd to the sight !
 Whose radiant eyes your ebon brows adorn,
 Like midnight those, and these like break of morn !
 Smile once again, revive me with your charms ;
 And let me die contented in your arms.
 I would not ask to live another day,
 Might I but sweetly kiss my soul away.
Ah why am I from empty joys debarr'd ?
 For kisses are but empty when compar'd.
 I rave and in my raging fit shall tear
 The garland, which I wove for you to wear,
 Of parsly, with a wreath of ivy bound,
 And border'd with a rosy edging round.
 What pangs I feel, unpity'd and unheard !
 Since I must die, why is my fate deferr'd !
 I strip my body of my shepherd's frock :
 Behold that dreadful downfal of a rock,
 Where yon old fisher views the ways from high !
 'Tis that convenient leap I mean to try.
 You would be pleas'd to see me plunge to shore,
 But better pleas'd if I should rise no more.
 I might have read my fortune long ago,
 When, seeking my success in love to know,
 I try'd th' infallible prophetick way,
 A poppy-leaf upon my palm to lay :
 I strnck, and yet no lucky crack did follow ;
 Yet I struck hard, and yet the leaf lay hollow.
 And which was worse, if any worse could prove,
 The with'ring leaf foreshew'd your with'ring love.

Yet farther (ah, how far a Lover dares !)
 My last recourse I had to sieve and sheers ;
 And told the witch *Agreeo* my disease :
Agreeo, that in harvest us'd to lease ;
 But harvest done, to chare work did aspire ;
 Meat, drink, and two pence was her daily hire.
 To work she went, her charms the mutter'd o'er,
 And yet the resty sieve wagg'd ne'er the more ;
 I wept for woe, the testy beldame swore,
 And, foaming with her art, foretold my fate ;
 That I was doom'd to love, and you to hate.
 A milk-white goat for you I did provide ;
 Two milk-white kids run frisking by her side,
 For which the nut-brown lass, *Eribacis*,
 Full often offer'd many a savoury kiss.
 Hers they shall be, since you refuse the price :
 What madman would o'er stand his market twice !
 My right eye itches, some good luck is near,
 Perhaps my *Amaryllis* may appear ;
 I'll set up such a note as she shall hear.
 What nymph but my melodious voice would move ?
 She must be flint, if she refuse my love.
Hippomenes, who ran with noble strife
 To win his lady, or to lose his life,
 (What shift some men will make to get a wife ?)
 Threw down a golden apple in her way ;
 For all her haste she could not choose but stay ;
 Renown, said run ; the glitt'ring bribe cry'd, hold ;
 The man might have been hang'd, but for his gold,
 Yet some suppose 'twas love (some few indeed)
 That stopt the fatal fury of her speed :
 She saw, she sigh'd ; her nimble feet refuse
 Their wonted speed, and she took pains to lose.
 A prophet some, and some a poet cry,
 (No matter which, so neither of them lye)
 From sleepy *Othrys*' top to *Pylus* drove
 His herd ; and for his pains enjoy'd his love :
 If such another wager should be laid
 I'll find the man, if you can find the maid.
 Why name I men, when love extended finds
 His pow'r on high, and in cœlestial minds ?
Venus the shepherd's homely habit took,
 And manag'd something else besides the crook ;

Nay, when *Adonis* dy'd, was heard to roar,
 And never from her heart forgave the Boar.
 How blest was fair *Endymion* with his moon,
 Who sleeps on *Latmos'* top from night to noon ?
 What *Jason* from *Medea's* love possest,
 You shall not hear, but know 'tis like the rest.
 My aking head can scarce support the pain ;
 This cursed love will surely turn my brain :
 Feel how it shoots, and yet you take no pity ;
 Nay then 'tis time to end my doleful ditty.
 A clammy sweat does o'er my temples creep ;
 My heavy eyes are urged with iron sleep :
 I lay me down to gasp my latest breath,
 The Wolves will get a breakfast by my death ;
 Yet scarce enough their hunger to supply,
 For love has made me carrion ere I die.

Virgil succeeds *Theocritus*, from whom he has in some places copied, and always imitated with success. As a Specimen of his manner we shall introduce his first Pastoral, which is generally allow'd to be the most perfect ; and our readers will see that we are obliged to Mr. *Dryden* for the translation.

M E L I B O E U S.

Beneath the shade which beechen boughs diffuse,
 You *Tityrus* entertain your sylvan muse.
 Round the wide world in banishment we roam,
 Forc'd from our pleasing fields and native home ;
 While stretch'd at ease you sing your happy loves,
 And *Amaryllis* fills the shady groves.

T I T Y R U S.

These blessings, friend, a Deity bestow'd ;
 For never can I deem him less than God.
 The tender firstlings of my woolly breed
 Shall on his holy altar often bleed.
 He gave me kine to graze the flow'ry plain,
 And to my pipe renew'd the rural strain.

M E L I B O E U S.

I envy not your fortune, but admire,
 That while the raging sword and wasteful fire
 Destroy the wretched neighbourhood around,
 No hostile arms approach your happy ground.

Far diff'rent is my fate ; my feeble goat
 With pains I drive from their forsaken cotes :
 And this you see I scarcely drag along,
 Who yearning on the rocks has left her young,
 The hope and promise of my falling fold.
 My los's by dire portents the Gods foretold ;
 For, had I not been blind, I might have seen
 Yon riven oak, the fairest on the green,
 And the hoarse raven on the blasted bough
 By croaking from the left presag'd the coming blow.
 But tell me, *Tityrus*, what heav'nly power
 Preserv'd your fortunes in that fatal hour ?

TITYRUS.

Eccl that I was, I thought imperial *Rome*
 Like *Mantua*, where on market-days we come,
 And thither drive our tender lambs from home.
 So kids and whelps their fires and dames express ;
 And so the great I measur'd by the less :
 But country-towns, compar'd with her, appear
 Like shrubs when lofty cypresses are near.



MELIBOEUS.

What great occasion call'd you hence to *Rome* ?

TITYRUS.

Freedom, which came at length, tho' slow to come :
 Nor did my search of liberty begin
 Till my black hairs were chang'd upon my chin.
 Nor *Amaryllis* would vouchsafe a look,
 Till *Galatea*'s meaner bonds I broke.
 Till then a helpless, hopeless, homely swain,
 I fought not freedom, nor aspir'd to gain :
 Tho' many a victim from my folds was bought,
 And many a cheese to country markets brought,
 Yet all the little that I got I spent,
 And still return'd as empty as I went.

MELIBOEUS.

We stood amaz'd to see your mistress mourn,
 Unknowing that she pin'd for your return ;
 We wonder'd why she kept her fruit so long,
 For whom so late th' ungather'd apples hung :
 But now the wonder ceas'd, since I see
 She kept them only, *Tityrus*, for thee :

For thee the bubbling springs appear'd to mourn,
And whisp'ring pines made vows for thy return.

T I T Y R U S.

What should I do! while here I was enchain'd,
No glimpse of godlike liberty remain'd;
Nor could I hope in any place but there
To find a God so present to my pray'r.
There first the youth of heav'nly birth I view'd,
For whom our monthly victims are renew'd.
He heard my vows, and graciously decreed
My grounds to be restor'd, my former flocks to feed.

M E L I B O E U S.

O fortunate old man! whose farm remains
For you sufficient, and requites your pains,
'Tho' rushes overspread the neighb'ring plains.
'Tho' here the marshy grounds approach your fields
And there the soil a stony harvest yields.
Your teeming ewes shall no strange meadows try,
Nor fear a rot from tainted company.
Behold yon bord'ring fence of fallow trees
Is fraught with flow'rs, the flow'rs are fraught with bees:
The busy bees, with a soft murmur'ring strain,
Invite to gentle sleep the lab'ring swain:
While from the neighb'ring rock with rural songs
The pruner's voice the pleasing dream prolongs;
Stock-doves and turtles tell their am'rous pain,
And from the lofty elms of love complain.

T I T Y R U S.

Th' inhabitants of seas and skies shall change,
And fish on shore, and stags in air shall range,
The banish'd *Parthian* dwell on *Arar*'s brink,
And the blue *German* shall the *Tigris* drink;
Ere I, forsaking gratitude and truth,
Forget the figure of that godlike youth.

M E L I B O E U S.

But we must beg our bread in climes unknown,
Beneath the scorching, or the freezing zone;
And some to fair *Oaxis* shall be sold,
Or try the *Lybian* heat, or *Scythian* cold;
The rest among the *Britons* be confin'd,
A race of men from all the world disjoin'd.

O!

O! must the wretched exiles ever mourn ?
 Nor after length of rolling years return ?
 Are we condemn'd by fate's unjust decree,
 No more our houses and our homes to see ?
 Or shall we mount again the rural throne,
 And rule the country kingdoms once our own ?
 Did we for these barbarians plant and sow,
 On these, on these, our happy fields bestow ?
 Good heav'n, what dire effects from civil discord flow ! }
 Now let me graft my pears, and prune the vine ;
 The fruit is theirs, the labour only mine.
 Farewel my pastures, my paternal flock,
 My fruitful fields, and my more fruitful flock !
 No more, my goats, shall I behold you climb
 The sleepy cliffs, or crop the flow'ry thyme !
 No more, extended in the grot below,
 Shall see you browzing on the mountain's brow
 The prickly shrubs, and after on the bare
 Lean down the deep abys and hang in air !
 No more my sheep shall sip the morning dew ;
 No more my song shall please the rural crew :
 Adieu, my tuneful pipe ! and all the world adieu ! }

TITYRUS.

This night, at least, with me forget your care ;
 Chesnuts and curds and cream shall be your fare :
 The carpet-ground shall be with leaves o'er spread,
 And boughs shall weave a cov'ring for your head :
 For see yon sunny hill the shade extends,
 And curling smoke from cottages ascends.

Spenser was the first of our own countrymen who acquired any considerable reputation by this method of writing. We shall insert his sixth eclogue, or that for June, which is allegorical, as will be seen by the

ARGUMENT.

" *Hobbinol*, from a description of the pleasures of the place excites *Colin* to the enjoyment of them. *Colin* declares himself incapable of delight, by reason of his ill success in love, and his loss of *Rosalind*, who had treacherously forsaken him for *Menalcas*, another shepherd. By *Tityrus* (mentioned before in Spenser's second eclogue, and again in the twelfth) is plainly meant *Chaucer*, whom the author sometimes profess'd to imitate. In the person of *Colin*, is represented the author himself; and *Hobbinol's* inviting

inviting him to leave the hilly country, seems to allude to his leaving the *North*, where, as is mentioned in his life, he had for some time resided."

H O B B I N O L . C O L I N .

Lo! *Colin*, here the place, whose pleasant sight
From other shades hath wean'd my wand'ring mind:
Tell me, what wants me here, to work delight?
The simple air, the gentle warbling wind,
So calm, so cool, as no where else I find:
The grassy ground with dainty daisies dight,
The bramble-bush, where birds of every kind
To th' water's fall their tunes attemper right.

C O L I N .

O! happy *Hobbinol*, I bleſſ thy ſtate,
That paradise haſt found which *Adam* loſt.
Here wander may thy flock early or late,
Withouten dread of wolves to been ytoſt;
Thy lovely lays here maſt thou freely boaſt:
But I, unhappy man! whom cruel fate,
And angry Gods purſue from coaſt to coaſt,
Can no where find, to ſhroud my luckleſs pate.

H O B B I N O L .

Then if by me thou liſt adviſed be,
Forſake the foil, that ſo doth thee bewitch:
Leave me thoſe hills, where harbroughnis to ſee,
Nor holly-buſh, nor brere, nor winding ditch;
And to the dales reſort, where ſhepherds rich,
And fruitfuſ flocks been every where to ſee:
Here no night ravens lodge, more black than pitch,
Nor elvifh ghosts, nor ghastly owls do flee.

But friendly fairies, met with many graces,
And light foot nymphs can chace the ling'ring night,
With heydeguies, and trimly trodden traces;
Whilſt ſisters nine, which dwell on *Parnass'* hight,
Do make them muſick, for their more delight;
And *Pan* himſelf to kiſ their crystal faces,
Will pipe and daunce, when *Phœbe* ſhineth bright:
Such peerleſs pleaſures have we in theſe places.

COLIN.

COLIN.

And I, whilst youth, and course of careless years,
 Did let me walk withouten links of love,
 In such delights did joy amongst my peers :
 But riper age such pleasures doth reprove,
 My fancy eke from former follies move
 To strayed steps : for time in passing wears
 (As garments doen, which waxen old above)
 And draweth new delights with hoary hairs.

Tho couth I sing of love, and tune my pipe
 Unto my plantive pleas in verses made :

Tho would I seek for queen-apples unripe,
 To give my *Rosalind*, and in sommer shade
 Dight gawdy girlonds, was my common trade,
 To crown her golden locks : but years more ripe,
 And loss of her, whose love as life I wayde,
 Those weary wanton toys away did wipe.

HOBBINOL.

Colin, to hear thy rhimes and roundelays,
 Which thou wert wont on wasteful hills to sing,
 I more delight, than lark in sommer days :
 Whose echo made the neighbour groves to ring,
 And taught the birds, which in the lower spring
 Did shroud in shady leaves from funny rays ;
 Frame to thy song their cheerful cheriping
 Or hold their peace, for shame of thy sweet lays.

I saw *Calliope* with muses moe,
 Soon as thy eaten pipe began to sound,
 Their ivory lutes and tamburins forgo :
 And from the fountain, where they fated around,
 Ren after hastily thy silver sound.
 But when they came, where thou thy skill didst show,
 They drew a back, as half with shame confound,
 Shepherd to see, them in their art out-go.

COLIN.

Of muses, *Hobbinol*, I con no skill,
 For they been daughters of the highest Jove,
 And holden scorn of homely shepherds quill :
 For sith I heard that *Pan* with *Phæbus* strove

Which

Which him to much rebuke and danger drove,
I never list presume to *Parnass'* hill,
But piping low, in shade of lowly grove,
I play to please myself, albeit ill.

Nought weigh I, who my song doth praise or blame,
Ne strive to win renown, or pass the rest :

With shepherds fits not follow flying fame,
But feed his flocks in fields, where falls him best.

I wote my rimes been rough, and rudely drest ;
The fitter they, my careful case to frame :

Enough is me to paint out my unrest,
And pour my piteous plaints out in the same.

The God of shepherds, *Tityrus* is dead,
Who taught me homely, as I can, to make :

He, whilst he lived, was the sovereign head
Of shepherds all, that been with love ytake.

Well couth he wail his woes, and lightly flake
The flames, which love within his heart had bred,

And tell us merry tales, to keep us wake,
The while our sheep about us safely fed.

Now dead he is, and lieth wrapt in lead,
(O why should death on him such outrage shew !)

And all his passing skill with him is fled,
The fame whereof doth daily greater grow.

But if on me some little drops would flow
Of that the spring was in his learned hed,

I soon would learn these woods to wail my woe,
And teach the trees their trickling tears to shed.

Then should my plaints, caus'd of discourse see,
As messengers of this my painful plight,

Fly to my love, wherever that she be,
And pierce her heart with point of worthy wight ;

As she deserves, that wrought so deadly spight.
And thou, *Menalcas*, that by treachery

Didst underfong my las to wax so light,
Should'st well be known for such thy villany.

But since I am not, as I wish I were,
Ye gentle shepherds, which your flocks do feed,

Whether on hills, or dales, or other where,
Bear witness all of this so wicked deed :

And tell the lass, whose flower is woxe a weed,
And faultleſſ faith is turn'd to faithleſſ feere,
That ſhe the trueſt ſhepherd's heart made bleed,
That lives on earth, and loved her moſt dear.

H O B B I N O L.

O! careful *Colin*, I lament thy *caſe*,
Thy tears would make the hardeſt flint to flow!

Ah! faithleſſ *Rosalind*, and void of grace,
That are the root of all this rueful woe!

But now is time, I gueſs, homeward to go:
Then riſe, ye bleſſed flockſ, and home apace,

Left night with ſtealing ſteps do you foreſlo,
And wet your tender lambs, that by you trace.

By the following eclogue the reader will perceive that Mr. *Philipſ* has, in imitation of *Spencer*, preserved in his *Paſtorals* many antiquated words, which, tho' they are diſcarded from polite converſation, may naturally be ſu-
poſed ſtill to have place among the ſhepherds and other rufſicks in the country. We have made choice of his ſecond eclogue because it is brought home to his own bu-
niſeſs, and contains a complaint againſt thoſe who had ſpoken ill of him and his writings.

Mr. P H I L I P S' ſecond Paſtoral.

T H E N O T, C O L I N E T.

Is it not *Colinet* I lonesome ſee,
Leaning with folded arms againſt the tree?
Or is it age of late bedims my fight?
'Tis *Colinet*, indeed, in woeful pligit.
Thy cloudy look why melting into tears,
Unſeemly, now the ſky fo bright appears?
Why in this mournful manner art thou found,
Unthankful lad, when all things ſmile around?
Or hearſt not lark and linnet jointly fing,
Their notes blithe-warbling to ſalute the ſpring?

C O L I N E T.

Though bliſe their notes, not ſo my wayward fate;
Nor lark would fing, nor linnet, in my ſtate.

Each

Each creature, *Thenot*, to his task is born,
As they to mirth and musick, I to mourn.
Waking, at midnight, I my woes renew,
My tears oft' mingling with the falling dew.

THE NOT.

Small cause, I ween, has lusty youth to plain ;
Or who may, then, the weight of eld sustain,
When every slackening nerve begins to fail,
And the load presseth as our days prevail ?
Yet, though with years my body downward tend,
As trees beneath their fruit, in autumn bend,
Spite of my snowy head and icy veins,
My mind a cheerful temper still retains :
And why should man, mishap what will, repine,
Sour every sweet, and mix with tears his wine ?
But tell me then ; it may relieve thy woe,
To let a friend thine inward ailment know.

COLINET.

Idly 'twill waste thee, *Thenot*, the whole day,
Should'st thou give ear to all my grief can say.
Thine ewes will wander ; and the heedless lambs,
In loud complaints, require their absent dams.

THE NOT.

See *Lightfoot* ; he shall tend them close : and I,
'Tween whiles, across the plain will glance mine eye.

COLINET.

Where to begin I know not, where to end.
Does there one smiling hour my youth attend ?
Though few my days, as well my follies shew,
Yet are those days all clouded o'er with woe :
No happy gleam of sunshine doth appear,
My lowering sky, and wint'ry months, to cheer.
My piteous plight in yonder naked tree,
Which bears the thunder-scar, too plain I see :
Quite destitute it stands of shelter kind,
The mark of storms, and sport of every wind :
The riven trunk feels not th' approach of spring ;
Nor birds among the leafless branches sing :
No more, beneath thy shade, shall shepherds throng
With jocund tale, or pipe, or pleasing song.

Ill-fated tree ! and more ill-fated I !
From thee, from me, alike the shepherds fly.

THE NOT.

Sure thou in hapless hour of time wast born,
When blighting m'dews spoil the rising corn,
Or blasting winds o'er blossom'd hedge-rows pass,
To kill the promis'd fruits, and scorch the grafts,
Or when the moon, by wizard charm'd, foreshows,
Blood-stain'd in foul eclipse, impending woes.
Untimely born, ill luck betides thee still.

COLINET.

And can there, *The not*, be a greater ill ?

THE NOT.

Nor fox, nor wolf, nor rot among our sheep :
From these good shepherd's care his flock may keep :
Against ill luck, alas ! all forecast fails ;
Nor toil by day, nor watch by night, avails.

COLINET.

Ah me, the while ! ah me, the luckless day !
Ah luckless lad ! befits me more to say.
Unhappy hour ! when fresh in youthful bud,
I left, *Sabrina* fair, thy silv'ry flood.
Ah, filly I ! more filly than my sheep,
Which, on thy flow'ry banks, I wont to keep.
Sweet are thy banks ! oh, when shall I once more,
With ravish'd eyes review thine amell'd shore ?
When, in the crystal of thy waters, scan
Each feature faded, and my colour wan ?
When shall I see my hut, the small abode
Myself did raise, and cover o'er with sod ?
Small though it be, a mean and humble cell,
Yet is there room for peace, and me, to dwell.

THE NOT.

And what enticement charm'd thee, far away,
From thy lov'd home, and led thy heart astray ?

COLINET.

A lewd desire strange lands, and swains, to know :
Ah me ! that ever I should covet woe.

With

With wandering feet unblest, and fond of fame,
I sought I know not what besides a name.

THE NOT.

Or, sooth to say, did'st thou not hither come
In search of gains more plenty than at home?
A rolling stone is, ever, bare of moss;
And, to their cost, green years old proverbs cross.

COLINET.

Small need there was, in random search of gain,
To drive my pining flock athwart the plain,
To distant *Cam*. Fine gain at length, I trow,
To hoard up to myself such deal of woe!
My sheep quite spent, through travel and ill fare,
And, like their keeper, ragged grown and bare,
The damp, cold green sward, for my nightly bed,
And some flaunt willow's trunk to rest my head.
Hard is to bear of pinching cold the pain;
And hard is want to the unpracticed swain;
But neither want, nor pinching cold, is hard,
To blasting storms of calumny compar'd:
Unkind as hail 'it falls; the pelting shower
Destroy's the tender herb, and budding flower.

THE NOT.

Slander we shepherds count the vilest wrong:
And what wounds sorer than an evil tongue?

COLINET.

Untoward lads, the wanton imps of spite,
Make mock of all the ditties I endite.
In vain, O *Colinet*, thy pipe, so shrill,
Charms every vale, and gladdens every hill:
In vain thou seek'st the coverings of the grove,
In the cool shade to sing the pains of love:
Sing what thou wilt, ill-nature will prevail;
And every elf hath skill enough to rail:
But yet, though poor and artless be my vein,
Menalcas seems to like my simple strain:
And, while that he delighteth in my song,
Which to the good *Menalcas* doth belong,
Nor night, nor day, shall my rude musick cease;
I ask no more, so I *Menalcas* please.

THE NOT.

Menalcas, lord of these fair, fertile plains,
Preserves the sheep, and o'er the shepherds reigns :
For him our yearly wakes, and feasts, we hold,
And choose the fairest firstling from the fold :
He, good to all, who good deserve, shall give
Thy flock to feed, and thee at ease to live,
Shall curb the malice of unbridled tongues,
And bounteously reward thy rural songs.

COLINET.

First, then, shall lightsome birds forget to fly,
The briny ocean turn to pastures dry,
And every rapid river cease to flow,
E're I unmindful of *Menalcas* grow.

THE NOT.

This night thy care with me forget, and fold
Thy flock with mine, to ward th' injurious cold.
New milk, and clouted cream, mild cheese and curd,
With some remaining fruit of last year's hoard,
Shall be our evening fare, and, for the night,
Sweet herbs and mors, which gentle sleep invite :
And now behold the sun's departing ray,
O'er yonder hill, the sign of ebbing day :
With songs the jovial hinds return from plow ;
And unyok'd heifers, loitering homeward, low.

Mr. Pope's Pastorals next appear'd, but in a different dress
from those of Spenser, and Phillips; for he has discarded
all antiquated words, drawn his swains more modern and
polite, and made his numbers exquisitely harmonious;
his eclogues therefore may be call'd better poems, but not
better Pastorals. We shall insert the eclogue he has inscribed
to Mr. Wycherly, the beginning of which is in imitation
of Virgil's first Pastoral.

Beneath the shade a spreading beech displays,
Hylas and *Aegon* sung their rural lays :
This mourn'd a faithless, that an absent love,
And *Delia's name and Doris fill'd the grove.*
Ye Mantuan nymphs, your sacred succour bring ;
Hylas and Aegon's rural lays I sing.

Thou,

Thou, whom the nine with *Plautus'* wit inspire,
 The art of *Terence*, and *Menander's* fire ;
 Whose sense instruct us, and whose humour charms,
 Whose judgment sways us, and whose spirit warms !
 Oh, skill'd in nature ! see the hearts of swains,
 Their artless passions, and their tender pains.

Now setting *Phœbus* shone serenely bright,
 And fleecy clouds were streak'd with purple light ;
 When tuneful *Hylas*, with melodious moan,
 Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains groan.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away !
 To *Delia's* ear the tender notes convey.
 As some sad turtle his lost love deplores,
 And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores ;
 Thus, far from *Delia*, to the winds I mourn,
 Alike unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along !
 For her, the feather'd quires neglect their song :
 For her, the lynes their pleasing shades deny ;
 For her, the lillies hang their heads and die.
 Ye flow'rs, that droop, forsaken by the spring,
 Ye birds, that left by summer cease to sing,
 Ye trees, that fade when autumn-heats remove,
 Say, is not absence death to those who love ?

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away !
 Curs'd be the fields that cause my *Delia's* stay :
 Fade ev'ry blossom, wither ev'ry tree,
 Die ev'ry flow'r, and perish all but she.
 What have I said ? where'er my *Delia* flies,
 Let spring attend, and sudden flow'rs arise ;
 Let opening roses knotted oaks adorn,
 And liquid amber drop from ev'ry thorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along !
 The birds shall cease to tune their evening song,
 The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
 And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love.
 Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
 Not balmy sleep to lab'lers faint with pain,
 Not show'rs to larks, or sun-shine to the bee,
 Are half so charming as thy sight to me.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away !
 Come, *Delia*, come ; ah, why this long delay ?
 Thro' rocks and caves the name of *Delia* sounds ;
Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds.

Ye pow'rs, what pleasing frenzy sooths my mind !
Do lovers dream, or is my *Delia* kind ?

She comes, my *Delia* comes !—now cease my lay,
And cease ye gales, to bear my sighs away !

Next *Aegon* sung, while *Windor* groves admir'd :
Rehearse, ye muses, what yourselves inspir'd.

Resound ye hills, resound my mournful strain !
Of perjur'd *Doris*, dying I complain :

Here where the mountains, less'ning as they rise,
Lose the low vales, and steel into the skies ;
While lab'ring oxen, spent with toil and heat,
In their loose traces from the field retreat ;
While curling smoaks from village-tops are seen,
And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.

Resound ye hills, resound my mournful lay !
Beneath yon poplar oft we pass'd the day :
Oft on the rind I carv'd her am'rous vows,
While she with garlands hung the bending boughs ;
The garlands fade, the vows are worn away ;
So dies her love, and so my hopes decay.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain !
Now bright *Arcturus* glads the teeming grain ;
Now golden fruits in loaded branches shine,
And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine ;
Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove :
Jest Gods ! shall all things yield returns but love ?

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay !
The shepherds cry, " Thy flocks are left a prey." —
Ah ! what avails it me the flocks to keep,
Who lost my heart while I preserv'd my sheep.
Pan come, and ask'd what magic caus'd my smart,
Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart ?
What eyes but hers, alas ! have pow'r to move ?
And is there magic but what dwells in love ?

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strains !
I'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flow'ry plains.—
From shepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,
For sake mankind, and all the world—but love !
I know thee, love ! wild as the raging main,
More fell than Tygers on the *Libyan* plain :
Thou went from *Etna*'s burning entrails torn,
Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born.
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay !
Farewel, ye woods, adieu the light of day !

One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains.
No more, ye hills, no more resound my strains!

Thus sung the shepherds till th' approach of night,
The skies yet blushing with departing light,
When falling dews with spangles deck'd the glade,
And the low sun had lengthen'd ev'ry shade.

To these *Pastorals*, which are written agreeably to the taste of antiquity, and the rules above prefrib'd, we shall beg leave to subjoin another that may be called a burlesque *Pastoral*, wherein the ingenious author, the late Mr. Gay, has ventur'd to deviate from the beaten road, and described the shepherds and ploughmen of our own time and country, instead of those of the *Golden Age*, to which the modern critics confine the *Pastoral*. His six *Pastorals*, which he calls the *Shepherd's Week*, are a beautiful and lively representation of the manners, customs, and notions of our rusticks. We shall insert the first of them, entitled, *The Squabble*, wherein two clowns try to out do each other in singing the praises of their sweet-hearts, leaving it to a third to determine the controversy. The persons names are *Lobbin Clout*, *Cuddy*, and *Cloddipole*.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

Thy younglings, *Cuddy*, are but just awake;
No thrustles shrill the bramble-bush forfake ;
No chirping lark the welkin sheen* invokes ;
No damsel yet the swelling adder strokes ;
O'er yonder hill does scant † the dawn appear ;
Then why does *Cuddy* leave his cott so rear ‡?

C U D D Y.

Ah *Lobbin Clout* ! I ween ||, my plight is guest ;
For he, that loves, a stranger is to rest.
If swains belye not, thou hast prov'd the smart,
And *Blouzelinda*'s mistress of thy heart.
This rising rear betokeneth well thy mind ;
Those arms are folded for thy *Blouzelind*.
And well, I trow, our piteous plights agree ;
Thee *Blouzelinda* smites, *Buxoma* me.

* Shining or bright sky.

† Scarce.

‡ Early.

|| Conceive.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

Ah *Blouzelind!* I love thee more by half,
Than does their fawns, or cows the new-fall'n calf.
Woe worth the tongue, may blisters sore it gall,
That names *Buxoma*, *Blouzelind* withal !

C U D D Y.

Hold, witless *Lobbin Clout*, I thee advise,
Lest blisters sore on thy own tongue arise,
Lo yonder *Cloddipole*, the blithsome swain,
The wisest lout of all the neighb'ring plain !
From *Cloddipole* we learnt to read the skies,
To know when hail will fall, or winds arise.
He taught us erst * the heifer's tail to view,
When stuck aloft, that show'srs would straight ensue :
He first that useful secret did explain,
That pricking corns foretold the gath'ring rain.
When swallows fleet soar high and sport in air,
He told us that the welkin would be clear.
Let *Cloddipole* then hear us twain rehearse,
And praise his sweet-heart in alternate verse.
I'll wager this same oaken staff with thee,
That *Cloddipole* shall give the prize to me.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

See this tobacco-pouch, that's lin'd with hair,
Made of the skin of sleekest fallow deer :
This pouch, that's ty'd with tape of reddest hue,
I'll wager, that the prize shall be my due.

C U D D Y.

Begin thy carols then, thou vaunting slouch ;
Be thine the oaken staff, or mine the pouch.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

My *Blouzelinda* is the blitheſt laſt,
Than primrose ſweeter, or the clover-graſſ.
Fair is the king-cup that in meadow blows,
Fair is the daiſy that beſide her grows ;
Fair is the gilly-flow'r of gardens ſweet,
Fair is the marygold, for pottage meet :
But *Blouzelind*'s than gilly-flow'r more fair,
Than daiſy, marygold, or king-cup rare.

* Formerly.

C U D D Y.

My brown *Buxoma* is the featest maid,
 That e'er at wake delightsome gambol play'd ;
 Clean as young lambkins, or the goose's down,
 And like the goldfinch in her *sunday* gown.
 The wileſſ lamb may ſport upon the plain,
 The frisking kid delight the gaping ſwain ;
 The wanton calf may ſkip with many a bound,
 And my cur *Tray* play deftest † feats around :
 But neither lamb, nor kid, nor calf, nor *Tray*,
 Dance like *Buxoma* on the firſt of *May*.

L O B B I N C L O U T.

Sweet is my toil when *Blouzelind* is near ;
 Of her bereft, 'tis winter all the year.
 With her no fultry summer's heat I know ;
 In winter, when ſhe's nigh, with love I glow.
 Come, *Blouzelinda*, ease thy ſwain's desire,
 My summer's shadow, and my winter's fire !

C U D D Y.

As with *Buxoma* once I work'd at hay,
 E'en noon-tide labour ſeem'd an holiday ;
 And holidays, if haply ſhe were gone,
 Like worky-days I wiſh'd would ſoon be done.
 Eftſoons, † O sweet-heart kind, my love repay,
 And all the year shall then be holiday.

L O B B I N C L O U T.

As *Blouzelinda*, in a gameſome mood,
 Behind a hay-cock loudly laughing stood,
 I ſily ran, and ſnatch'd a haſty kiſſ ;
 She wip'd her lips, nor took it much amiss.
 Believe me *Cuddy*, while I'm bold to ſay,
 Her Breath was ſweeter than the ripen'd hay.

C U D D Y.

As my *Buxoma*, in a morning fair,
 With gentle finger stroak'd her milky care,
 I quaintly || ſtole a kiſſ ; at firſt, 'tis true,
 She frown'd, yet after granted one or two.
Lobbin, I ſwear, believe who will my vows,
 Her breath by far excell'd the breathing cows.

† Nimbleſt.

† Very ſoon.

|| Waggiſhly.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

Leek to the *Welch*, to *Dutchmen* butter's dear,
Of *Irish* swains potatoes is the cheer ;
Oats for their feasts the *Scottish* shepherds grind,
Sweet turnips are the food of *Blouzelind* :
While she loves turnips, butter I'll despise,
Nor leeks, nor oatmeal, nor potatoe prize.

C U D D Y.

In good roast-beef my landlord sticks his knife,
The capon fat delights his dainty wife ;
Pudding our parson eats, the 'squire loves hare,
But white-pot thick is my *Buxoma*'s fare.
While she loves white-pot, capon ne'er shall be,
Nor hare, nor beef, nor pudding, food for me.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

As once I play'd at *blind-man's-buff*, it hapt
About my eyes the towel thick was wrapt :
I miss'd the swains, and feiz'd on *Blouzelind*.
True speaks that ancient proverb, *Love is blind*.

C U D D Y.

As at *hot-cockles* once I laid me down,
And felt the weighty hand of many a clown ;
Buxoma gave a gentle tap, and I
Quick rose, and read soft mischief in her eye.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

On two near elms the slacken'd cord I hung,
Now high, now low my *Blouzelinda* fwung :
With the rude wind her rumpled garment rose,
And show'd her taper leg, and scarlet hose.

C U D D Y.

Across the fallen oak the plank I laid,
And myself pois'd against the tott'ring maid :
High leapt the plank, adown *Buxoma* fell ;
I spy'd—but faithful sweet-hearts never tell.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

This riddle, *Cuddy*, if thou canst, explain ;
This wily riddle puzzles ev'ry swain :

*What flow'r is that which bears the virgin's name,
The richest metal joined with the same? †*

C U D D Y.

Answer, thou carle, and judge this riddle right,
I'll frankly own thee for a cunning wight :
*What flow'r is that which royal honour craves?
Adjoin the virgin, and 'tis grown on graves. †*

C L O D D I P O L E.

Forbear, contending louts, give o'er your strains ;
An oaken staff each merits for his pains.
But see, the sun-beams bright to labour warn,
And gild the thatch of goodman *Hodges'* barn.
Your herds for want of water stand a dry ;
They're weary of your songs—and so am I.

To these we shall subjoin the following eclogue, or soliloquy, written by a lady ; which contains a proper lesson to those of her own sex, who are so weak as to value themselves on that fading flower, beauty ; and seems intended to recommend something more estimable to their culture and consideration.—The ornaments of the mind are not so easily effaced as those of the body ; and tho' beauty may captivate and secure the affections for a time, yet a man of sense will never so much esteem a fine wife, as a wise one.

*The Small-Pox. A Town Eclogue. By the Right Hon.
L. M. W. M.*

The wretched *Flavia* on her couch reclin'd,
Thus breath'd the anguish of a wounded mind ;
A glass revers'd in her right hand she bore,
For now she shun'd the face she fought before.

‘ How am I chang'd ? alas ! how am I grown ?
‘ A frightful spectre, to myself unknown !
‘ Where's my complexion ? where my radiant bloom,
‘ That promis'd happiness for years to come ?
‘ Then with what pleasure I this face survey'd !
‘ To look once more, my visits oft delay'd !
‘ Charm'd with the view, a fresher red would rise,
‘ And a new life shot sparkling from my eyes !

† Mary-gold.

† Rosemary.

Ah!

‘ Ah ! faithless glas, my wonted bloom restore ;
 ‘ Alas ! I rave, that bloom is now no more !
 ‘ The greatest good the gods on men bestow,
 ‘ Ev’n youth itself to me is useless now.
 ‘ There was a time (Oh ! that I cou’d forget !)
 ‘ When opera-tickets pour’d before my feet ;
 ‘ And at the ring, where brightest beauties shine,
 ‘ The earliest cherries of the spring were mine.
 ‘ Witness, O *Lilly* ; and thou, *Motteux*, tell
 ‘ How much japan these eyes have made ye sell.
 ‘ With what contempt ye saw me oft despise
 ‘ The humble offer of the raffled prize ;
 ‘ For at the raffle still each prize I bore,
 ‘ With scorn rejected, or with triumph wore !
 ‘ Now beauty’s fled, and presents are no more !
 ‘ For me the patriot has the house forsook,
 ‘ And left debates to catch a passing look :
 ‘ For me the soldier has soft verses w’it :
 ‘ For me the beau has aim’d to be a wit.
 ‘ For me the wit to nonsense was betray’d ;
 ‘ The gamester has for me his dun delay’d,
 ‘ And over-seen the card he would have play’d.
 ‘ The bold and haughty by success made vain,
 ‘ Aw’d by my eyes, have trembled to complain :
 ‘ The bashful ’squire touch’d by a wish unknown,
 ‘ Has dar’d to speak with spirit not his own ;
 ‘ Fir’d by one wish, all did alike adore ;
 ‘ Now beauty’s fled, and lovers are no more !
 ‘ As round the room I turn my weeping eyes,
 ‘ New unaffected scenes of sorrow rise !
 ‘ Far from my sight that killing picture bear,
 ‘ The face disfigure, and the canvas tear !
 ‘ That picture, which with pride I us’d to show,
 ‘ The lost resemblance but upbraids me now.
 ‘ And thou, my toilette ! where I oft have fate,
 ‘ While hours unheeded pass’d in deep debate,
 ‘ How curles should fall, or where a patch to place,
 ‘ If blue or scarlet best became my face ;
 ‘ Now on some happier nymph your aid bestow ;
 ‘ On fairer heads, ye useless jewels, glow !
 ‘ No borrow’d lustre can my charms restore ;
 ‘ Beauty is fled, and dress is now no more !
 ‘ Ye meaner beauties, I permit ye shine ;
 ‘ Go, triumph in the hearts that once were mine ;

‘ But, midst your triumphs with confusion know,
 ‘ Tis to my ruin all your arms ye owe.
 ‘ Wou’d pitying heav’n restore my wonted mein,
 ‘ Ye still might move unthought of and unseen :
 ‘ But oh ! how vain, how wretched is the boast
 ‘ Of beauty faded, and of empire lost !
 ‘ What now is left but weeping, to deplore
 ‘ My beauty fled, and empire now no more !
 ‘ Ye, cruel chymists, what with-held your aid ?
 ‘ Could no pomatum save a trembling maid ?
 ‘ How false and trifling is that art ye boast ;
 ‘ No art can give me back my beauty lost !
 ‘ In tears, surrounded by my friends I lay,
 ‘ Mask’d o’er, and trembled at the sight of day ;
 ‘ MIRTELLO came my fortune to deplore,
 ‘ (A golden-headed cane well carv’d he bore)
 ‘ Cordials, he cry’d, my spirits must restore !
 ‘ Beauty is fled, and spirit is no more !
 ‘ GALEN, the grave ; officious SQUIRT, was there,
 ‘ With fruitless grief and unavailing care :
 ‘ Machaon too, the great Machaon, known
 ‘ By his red cloak and his superior frown ;
 ‘ And why, he cry’d, this grief and this dispair ?
 ‘ You shall again be well, again be fair ;
 ‘ Believe my oath ; (with that an oath he swore)
 ‘ False was his oath ; my beauty is no more !
 ‘ Cease, hapless maid, no more thy tale pursue,
 ‘ Forsake mankind, and bid the world adieu !
 ‘ Monarchs and beauties rule with equal sway ;
 ‘ All strive to serve, and glory to obey :
 ‘ Alike unpitied when depos’d they grow,
 ‘ Men mock the idol of their former vow.
 ‘ Adieu ! ye parks !—in some obscure recess,
 ‘ Where gentle streams will weep at my distress,
 ‘ Where no false friend will in my grief take part,
 ‘ And mourn my ruin with a joyful heart ;
 ‘ There let me live in some deserted place,
 ‘ There hide in shades this lost inglorious face.
 ‘ Ye operas, circles, I no more must view !
 ‘ My toilette, patches, all the world adieu !

We have given the rules usually laid down for pastoral writing, and exhibited some examples which were written on this plan ; but we must beg leave to observe that

this poem may sometimes partake of more dignity, and aspire even to the sublime, without deviating from nature and right reason. The Sublime which arises from tumults, wars, and what are (too often falsely) called great actions, the Pastoral abhors; but that which is blended with the tender and pathetic may be introduced with propriety and elegance. And, indeed, if we consider that the first shepherds were many of them princes (for that *Abraham*, *Moses*, and *David*, were such we have the testimony of the scriptures) it will seem somewhat extraordinary that such pains should have been taken to exclude the sublime from pastoral writing; and we shall be inclined to admit *Virgil's Pollio*, the *Song of Solomon*, and *Pope's Messiah*, as Pastorals 'till better reasons are offered to the contrary than have yet appeared; for the true characteristic of Pastoral, and what distinguishes it from other writings, is its *sole confinement to rural affairs*, and if this be observed it can lose nothing of its nature by any elevation of sentiment or diction.

As an example of the more dignified and sublime sort of Pastoral, we shall give the young student *Pope's MESSIAH*, which was written in imitation of *Virgil's POLLIO*, together with the translations he has added from *Isaiah*, and *Virgil*, that the reader may see what use both poets have made of the sentiments and diction of the prophet,

MESSIAH. A sacred Eclogue. *In imitation of VIRGIL's POLLIO*; which is supposed to have been taken, in part, from a *sibylline* prophecy that foretold the coming of Christ.

Ye nymphs of *Solyma*! begin the song:
To heav'nly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of *Pindus* and th' *Aonian* maids,
Delight no more——O thou my voice inspire
Who touch'd *Isaiah's* hallow'd lips with fire !

5

Rapt into future times, the bard begun,
A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a son !

Ver. 8. *A virgin shall conceive----All crimes shall cease, &c.]*
Virg. E. 4. v. 6. Jam redit & Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna;

Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto.

Te duce, si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,
Irrita perpetua solvent formidine terras----
Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.

From ¹ Jess'e's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies :
Th' æthereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic dove.
Ye ² heav'n's ! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shew'r !
The ³ sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail ;
Returning ⁴ justice lift aloft her scale ;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robd innocence from heav'n descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn !
Oh spring to light, auspicious babe, be born !
See nature hastens her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the bathing spring :
See ⁵ lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forest on the mountains dance :

Now the virgin returns, now the kingdom of Saturn returns, now a new Progeny is sent down from high heaven. By means of thee, whatever reliques of our crimes remain, shall be wiped away, and free the world from perpetual fears. He shall govern the earth in peace, with the virtues of his father.

Isaiah, chap. vii. ver. 14. *Bebold a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son----Chap. ix. ver. 6, 7. Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; the prince of peace: of the increase of his government, and of his peace, there shall be no end: upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order and to establish it, with judgment, and with justice, for ever and ever.*

Ver. 23. See nature hastens, &c.]

Virg. E. 4. v. 18. *At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuscula cultu,*

*Errantes hederas passim cum baccare tellus,
Mixtaque ridenti colocasia fundet acantho---*

Ipfa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores.

For thee, O child, shall the earth, without being tilled, produce her early offerings; winding ivy, mixed with baccar, and colocasia with smiling acanthus. Thy cradle shall pour forth pleasing flowers about thee.

Isaiah, chap. xxxv. ver. 1. *The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. Ch. ix. ver. 13. The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of thy sanctuary.*

¹ Isaiah, chap. xi. ver. 1.

² Ch. xlvi. ver. 8.

³ Ch. xxv. ver. 4.

⁴ Ch. ix. ver. 7.

⁵ Chap. xxxv, ver. 2.

See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies !
Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert chears ;
Prepare the ⁶ way ! a God, a God appears : 30
A God, a God ! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies !
Sink down ye mountains, and ye vallies rise ;
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay ; 35
Be smooth ye rocks, ye rapid floods give way !
The Saviour comes ! by ancient bards foretold :
Hear ⁷ him ye deaf, and all ye blind behold !
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day : 40
'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear :
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear, 45
From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
In ⁸ adamantine chains shall death be bound,
And Hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good ⁹ shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air, 50

Ver. 29. *Hark ! a glad voice, &c.]*

Virg E. 4. v. 46. Aggredere ô magnos, aderit jam tempus, honores.
Cara déum soboles, magnum jovi incrementum--
Ipsi lætitia voces ad sydera jastant
Intonsi montes, ipsæ jam carmina rupes,
Ipsa sonant arbusta, Deus, deus ille Menalca !

E. 5. ver. 62.

Ob come and receive the mighty honours : the time draws nigh, O beloved offspring of the Gods, O great encrease of Jove ! The uncultivated mountains send shouts of joy to the stars, the very rocks sing in verse, the very shrubs cry out, A God, a God !

Isaiah, ch. xl. ver. 3, 4. The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, prepare ye the way of the Lord ! make strait in the desert a bigb way for our God ! every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low. and the crooked shall be made strait, and the rough places plain. Chap. iv. ver 23. Break forth into singing, ye mountains ! O forest, and every tree therein ! for the Lord bath redeemed Israel.

6 Ch. xl. ver. 3, 4. 7 Ch. xlvi. ver. 18. Ch. xxxv. ver. 5, 6.
8 Ch. xxv. ver. 8. 9 Ch. xl. ver. 11.

Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
By day o'er sees them, and by night protects,
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms ;
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promis'd ¹⁰ father of the future age.

55

No more shall ¹¹ nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more ;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad faulchion in a plow share end.
Then palaces shall rise ; the joyful ¹² son
Shall finish what his short-liv'd sire begun ;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.
The swain in barren ¹³ desarts with surprize
See lillies spring, and sudden verdure rise ;
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmur'ring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waite sandy ¹⁴ vallies, once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn ;
The leafless shrubs the flow'ry palms succeed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noisom weed.

60

6;

70

75

Ver. 67. The swain in barren desarts, &c.]

*Virg. E. 4.v. 28. Molli paulatim flavescit campus arista,
Incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva,
Et duræ quercus sudabunt roscida mella.*

*The fields shall grow yellow with ripen'd ears, and the red grape shall
hang upon the wild brambles, and the bard oaks shall distill honey like
dew.*

*Isaiah, ch. xxxv. ver. 7. The parched ground shall become a pool,
and the thirsty land springs of water : In the habitations where dragons
lay, shall be grass, and reeds and rushes. Ch. lv. ver. 13. Instead of
the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the briar shall come up
the myrtle-tree.*

¹⁰ Ch. ix. ver. 6. ¹¹ Ch. ii. ver. 4. ¹² Ch. lxvi.
ver. 21, 22. ¹³ Ch. xxxv. ver. 1, 7. ¹⁴ Chap.
xli. 19. and Ch. lv. ver. 13.

15

The

The 15 lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
 And boys in flow'ry bands the tyger lead !
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless 16 serpents lick the pilgrim's feet. 80
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested basilik and speckled snake,
 Pleas'd the green lustre of the scales survey,
 And with their forked tongue shall innocently play.
 Rise, crown'd with light, imperial 17 Salem rise ! 85
 Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes !
 See, a long 18 race thy spacious courts adorn ;
 See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
 In crouding ranks on ev'ry fide arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies ! 90
 See barbarous 19 nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend ;
 See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
 And heap'd with products of 20 Sabæan springs !
 For thee Idume's spicy forests blow, 95
 And feeds of gold in Ophyr's mountains glow.

Ver. 77. *The lambs with wolves, &c.]*

*Virg. E. 4. v. 21. Ipsæ lacte domum referent distenta capellæ
 Ubera, nec magnos metuent armenta leones----
 Occidet & serpens, et fallax herba veneni
 Occidet -----*

*The goats shall bear to the fold their udders distended with milk : nor
 shall the herds be afraid of the greatest lions. The serpent shall die, and
 the herb that conceals poison shall die.*

*Isaiah, ch. xi. ver. 16, &c. The wolf shall dwell with the lamb,
 and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young
 lion and the fatling together : and a little child shall lead them----And the
 lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play on the
 bole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the den of the
 cockatrice.*

Ver. 85. *Rise, crown'd with light, &c.]*

The thoughts of *Isaiah*, which compose the latter part of the
 poem, are wonderfully elevated, and much above those general ex-
 clamations of *Virgil*, which makes the loftiest parts of his *Pollio*.

Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo !

----- toto surget gens aurea mundo !

----- incipient magni procedere menses !

Aspice, venturo lætentur ut omnia sæculo ! &c.

The reader need only turn to the passages of *Isaiah*, here
 cited.

¹⁵ Ch. xi. ver. 6, 7, 8. ¹⁶ Ch. Ixv. ver. 25. ¹⁷ Ch. Ix. ver.
 1. ¹⁸ Ch. Ix. ver. 4. ¹⁹ Ch. Ix. ver. 3. ²⁰ Ch. Ix. ver. 6.

See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.
No more the rising ²¹ sun shall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning *Cynthia* fill her silver horn ; 100
But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts : the light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine !
The ²² seas shall waste, the skies in smoak decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ; 105
But fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains ;
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own *Messian* reigns !

21 Ch. ix. ver. 20.
ver. 10.

22 Ch. li. ver. 6. and Chap. liv.

C H A P. XII.

Of the EPISTLE.

THIS species of writing, if we are permitted to lay down rules from the examples of our best poets, admits of great latitude, and solicits ornament and decoration ; yet the poet is still to consider that the true character of the Epistle is ease and elegance ; nothing therefore should be forced or unnatural, labour'd, or affected, but every part of the composition breath an easy, polite, and unconstrained freedom.

It is suitable to every subject ; for as the Epistle takes place of discourse, and is intended as a sort of distant conversation, all the affairs of life and researches into nature may be introduced. Those however which are fraught with compliment, or condolence, that contain a description of places, or are full of pertinent remarks, and in a familiar and humourous way describe the manners, vices, and follies of mankind are the best ; because they are most suitable to the true character of Epistolary writing, and (business set apart) are the usual subjects upon which our letters are employ'd.

All farther rules and directions are unnecessary, for this kind of writing, and indeed most, if not all others, is better learn'd by example and practice, than by precept. We shall therefore in conformity to our plan select a few Epistles for the reader's imitation ; which, as this method

of writing has of late much prevailed, may perhaps be best taken from our modern poets.

The following letter from Mr. Addison to lord Halifax, contains an elegant description of the curiosities and places about Rome, together with such reflections on the inestimable blessings of liberty as must give pleasure to every Englishman, especially when he sees them thus placed in direct opposition to the baneful influences of slavery and oppression which are ever to be seen among the miserable inhabitants of those countries.

A Letter from Italy to the Right Honourable Charles Lord Halifax, in the Year 1701. By Mr. ADDISON.

While you, my lord, the rural shades admire,
And from Britannia's public posts retire,
Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,
For their advantage sacrifice your ease ;
Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,
Where the soft season and inviting clime
Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme.

For wherefoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,
Poetic fields incompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground ;
For here the muse so oft her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung,
Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,
And ev'ry stream in heav'nly numbers flows.

How am I pleas'd to search the hills and woods
For rising springs and celebrated floods ;
To view the *Nar*, tumultuous in his course,
And trace the smooth *Clitumnus* to his source,
To see the *Mincio* draw his watry store,
Through the long windings of a fruitful shore,
And hoary *Albula*'s infected tide
O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide.

Fir'd with a thousand raptures I survey
Eridanus through flow'ry meadows stray,
The king of floods ! that rolling o'er the plains
The tow'ring *Alps* of half their moisture drains,
And proudly swoln with a whole winter's snows,
Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows.

Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for streams immortaliz'd in song,
That lost in silence and oblivion lie,
(Dumb are their fountains and their channels dry)
Yet run for ever by the muse's skill,
And in the smooth description murmur still.

Sometimes to gentle *Tiber* I retire,
And the fam'd river's empty shores admire,
That destitute of strength derives its course
From thrifty urns, and an unfruitful source ;
Yet sung so often in poetic lays,
With scorn the *Danube* and the *Nile* surveys ;
So high the deathless muse exalts her theme !
Such was the *Boyn*, a poor inglorious stream,
That in *Hibernian* vales obscurely stray'd,
And unobserv'd in wild *Meanders* play'd ;
Till by your lines and *Nassau*'s sword renown'd ;
Its rising billows through the world resound.
Where'er the hero's godlike acts can pierce,
Or where the fame of an immortal verse.

Oh cou'd the muse my ravish'd breast inspire
With warmth like yours, and raise an equal fire,
Unnumber'd beauties in my verse should shine,
And *Virgil's Italy* thou'd yield to mine !

See how the golden groves around me smile,
That shun the coasts of *Britain's* stormy isle,
Or when transplanted and preserv'd with care,
Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.
Here kindly warmth their mounting juice ferments
To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents :
Ev'n the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
And troden weeds send out a rich perfume.
Bear me, some God, to *Baia's* gentle seats,
Or cover me in *Umbria's* green retreats ;
Where western gales eternally reside,
And all the seasons lavish all their pride :
Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers together rise,
And the whole year in gay confusion lies.

Immortal glories in my mind revive,
And in my soul a thousand passions strive,
When *Rome's* exalted beauties I descry
Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.
An amphitheater's amazing height
Here fills my eye with terror and delight,

That

That on its public shows unpeopled *Rome*,
 And held uncrowded nations in its womb :
 Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce the skies :
 And here the proud triumphal arches rise,
 Where the old *Romans* deathless acts display'd,
 Their base degenerate progeny upbraid :
 Whole rivers here forsake the fields below,
 And wond'ring at their heighth through airy channels flow.

Still to new scenes my wand'ring muse retires ;
 And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires ;
 Where the smooth chisel all its force has shown,
 And soften'd into flesh the rugged stone.

In solemn silence, a majestic band,
 Heroes, and gods, and *Roman* consuls stand,
 Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
 And emperors in *Parian* marble frown ;
 While the bright dames, to whom they humbly su'd,
 Still show the charms that their proud hearts subdu'd.

Fain would I *Raphael's* godlike art rehearſe,
 And show th' immortal labours in my verse,
 Where from the mingled strength of shade and light,
 A new creation rises to my sight,
 Such heav'nly figures from his pencil flow,
 So warm with life his blended colours glow.
 From theme to theme with secret pleasure toſt,
 Amidſt the soft variety I'm lost :
 Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul confound
 With circling notes and labyrinths of sound ;
 Here domes and temples rife in diſtant views,
 And opening palaces invite my muse.

How has kind heav'n adorn'd the happy land,
 And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand !
 But what avail her unexhausted stores,
 Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,
 With all the gifts that heav'n and earth impart,
 The smiles of nature, and the charms of art,
 While proud oppression in her valleys reigns,
 And tyranny usurps her happy plains ?
 The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
 The red'ning Orange and the swelling grain :
 Joyless he fees the growing oils and wines,
 And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines :
 Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty curſt,
 And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirst.

O liberty,

O liberty, thou goddess heav'nly bright,
 Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight !
 Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
 And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train ;
 Eas'd of her load subjection grows more light,
 And poverty looks cheerful in thy sight ;
 Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,
 Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.

Thee, goddess, thee, *Britannia's* isle adores ;
 How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
 How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,
 Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought !
 On foreign mountains may the sun refine
 The grapes soft juice, and mellow it to wine,
 With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
 And the fat olive swell with floods of oil :
 We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
 In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,
 Nor at the coarseness of our heav'n repine,
 Tho' o'er our heads the frozen pleiads shine :
 'Tis liberty that crowns *Britannia's* isle,
 And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains smile.

Others with tow'ring piles may please the sight,
 And in their proud aspiring domes delight ;
 A nicer touch to the stretcht canvas give,
 Or teach their animated rocks to live :
 'Tis *Britain's* care to watch o'er *Europe's* fate,
 And hold in balance each contending state,
 To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,
 And answer her afflicted neighbour's Pray'r.
 The *Dane* and *Swede*, rous'd up by fierce alarms,
 Blest the wise conduct of her pious arms :
 Soon as her fleets appear, their terrors cease,
 And all the northern world lies hush'd in peace.

Th' ambitious *Gaul* beholds with secret dread
 Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,
 And fain her godlike sons wou'd disunite
 By foreign gold, or by domestic spite ;
 But strives in vain to conquer or divide,
 Whom *Noffau's* arms defend and counsels guide.

Fir'd with the name, which I so oft have found
 The distant climes and diff'rent tongues resound,
 I bridle in my struggling muse with pain,
 That longs to lanch into a bolder strain,

But I've already troubled you too long,
Nor dare attempt a more advent'rous song.
My humble verse demands a softer theme,
A painted meadow, or a purling stream ;
Unfit for heroes ; whom immortal lays,
And lines like *Virgil's*, or like yours, shou'd praise.

There is a fine spirit of freedom, and love of liberty, display'd in the following letter from lord *Lyttleton* to Mr. *Pope*; and the message from the shade of *Virgil*, which is truly poetical, and justly preceptive, may prove an useful lesson to future bards.

*A Letter from the Right Honourable the Lord LYTTLETON
to Mr. P O P E.*

From Rome, 1730.

Immortal bard ! for whom each muse has wove
The fairest garlands of th' *Aonian grove* ;
Preserv'd, our drooping genius to restore,
When *Add:son* and *Congreve* are no more ;
After so many stars extinct in night,
The dark'ned ages last remaining light !
To thee from *Lat:an* realms this verse is writ,
Inspir'd by memory of ancien: wit ;
For now no more these climes their influence boast,
Fall'n is their glory, and their virtue lost ;
From tyrants, and from priests, the muses fly,
Daughters of reason and of liberty.

Nor *Baiae* now, nor *Umbria's* plain they love,
Nor on the banks of *Nar*, or *Mincia* rove ;
To *Thames's* flow'ry borders they retire,
And kindle in thy breast the *Roman* fire.
So in the shades, where chear'd with summer rays
Melodious linnets warbled sprightly lays,
Soon as the faded, falling leaves complain
Of gloomy winter's unauspicious reign,
No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,
But mournful silence saddens all the grove.

Unhappy *Italy* ! whose alter'd state
Has felt the worst severity of fate :
Not that barbarian hands her fasces broke,
And bow'd her haughty neck beneath their yoke ;
Nor that her palaces to earth are thrown,
Her cities desert, and her fields unsown ;

But

But that her ancient spirit is decay'd,
That sacred wisdom from her bounds is fled,
That there the source of science flows no more,
Whence its rich streams supply'd the world before.

Illustrious names! that once in *Latium* shin'd,
Born to instruct, and to command mankind;
Chiefs, by whose virtue mighty *Rome* was rais'd,
And poets, who those chiefs sublimely prais'd!
Oft I the traces you have left explore,
Your ashes visit, and your urns adore;
Oft kiss, with lips devout, some mould'ring stone,
With ivy's venerable shade o'er grown;
Those hallow'd ruins better pleas'd to see,
Than all the pomp of modern luxury.

As late on *Virgil's* tomb fresh flow'r's I strow'd,
While with th' inspiring muse my bosom glow'd,
Crown'd with eternal bays my ravish'd eyes,
Beheld the poet's awful form arise:
Stranger, he said, whose pious hand has paid
These grateful rites to my attentive shade,
When thou shalt breathe thy happy native air,
To Pope this message from his master bear.

Great bard, whose numbers I myself inspire,
To whom I gave my own harmonious lyre,
If high exalted on the throne of wit,
Near *Me* and *Homer* thou aspire to sit,
No more let meaner satire dim the rays
That flow majestic from thy noble Bays;
In all the flow'ry paths of *Pindus* stray,
But shun that thorny, that unpleasing way;
Nor when each soft engaging muse is thine,
Address the least attractive of the nine.

Of thee more worthy were the task, to raise
A lasting column to thy country's praise,
To sing the land, which yet alone can boast
That liberty corrupted *Rome* has lost;
Where science in the arms of peace is laid,
And plants her palm beneath the olive's shade.
Such was the theme for which my lyre I strung,
Such was the people whose exploits I sung;
Brave, yet refin'd, for arms and arts renown'd,
With diff'rent bays by *Mars* and *Phœbus* crown'd,
Dauntless opposers of tyrannic sway,
But pleas'd, a mild *AUGUSTUS* to obey.

If these commands submissive thou receive,
Immortal and unblam'd thy name shall live ;
Envy to black *Cocytus* shall retire,
And howl with furies in tormenting fire ;
Approving time shall consecrate thy lays,
And join the patriot's to the poet's praise.

The great use of medals is properly described in the ensuing elegant epistle from Mr. *Pope* to Mr. *Addison*; and the extravagant passion which some people entertain only for the colour of them, is very agreeably, and very justly ridiculed.

*From Mr. POPE to Mr. ADDISON. Occasion'd by his dialogue
on MEDALS.*

See the wild waste of all-devouring years !
How *Rome* her own sad sepulchre appears :
With nodding arches, broken temples spread !
The very tombs now vanish like their dead !
Imperial wonders rais'd on nations spoil'd,
Where mix'd with slaves the groaning martyr toil'd :
Huge theatres, that now unpeopled woods,
Now drain'd a distant country of her floods :
Fanes, which admiring Gods with pride survey,
Statues of Men, scarce less alive than they !
Some felt the silent stroke of mould'ring age,
Some hostile fury, some religious rage ;
Barbarian blindness, christian zeal conspire,
And papal piety, and gothic fire.
Perhaps, by its own ruin sav'd from flame,
Some bury'd marble half preserves a name ;
That name the learn'd with fierce disputes pursue,
And give to *Titus* old *Vespasian*'s due.

Ambition figh'd : She found it vain to trust
The faithless column and the crumbling bust :
Huge moles, whose shadow stretch'd from shore to shore,
Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more !
Convinc'd, she now contracts her vast design,
And all her triumphs shrink into a coin.
A narrow orb each crowded conquest keeps,
Beneath her palm here sad *Judea* weeps.
Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,
And scarce are seen the prostrate *Nile* or *Rhine* ;
A small *Euphrates* thro' the piece is roll'd,
And little eagles wave their wings in gold.

The

The medal, faithful to its charge of fame;
 Thro' climes and ages bears each form and name;
 In one short view subjected to our eye
 Gods, emp'rors, heroes, sages, beauties, lie.
 With sharpen'd sight pale antiquaries pore,
 Th' inscription value, but the rust adore.
 This the blue varnish, that the green endears,
 The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years!
 To gain *Pescennius* one employs his schemes,
 One grasps a *Cecrops* in ecstatic dreams.
 Poor *Vadius*, long with learned spleen devour'd,
 Can taste no pleasure since his shield was scour'd:
 And *Curio*, restless by the fair-one's side,
 Sighs for an *Otho*, and neglects his bride.

Their's is the vanity, the learning thine:
 Touch'd by thy hand, again *Rome's* glories shine;
 Her gods, and god-like heroes rise to view,
 And all her faded garlands bloom a-new.
 Nor blush, these studies thy regard engage;
 These pleas'd the fathers of poetic rage;
 The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,
 And art reflected images to art.

Oh when shall *Britain*, conscious of her claim,
 Stand emulous of *Greek* and *Roman* fame?
 In living medals see her wars enroll'd,
 And vanquish'd realms supply recording gold?
 Here, rising bold, the patriot's honest face;
 There warriors frowning in historic brass:
 Then future ages with delight shall see
 How *Plato's*, *Bacon's*, *Newton's*, looks agree
 Or in fair series laurell'd bards be shown,
 A *Virgil* there, and here an *Addison*.
 Then shall thy *CRAIGGS* (and let me call him mine)
 On the cast ore, another *Pollio* shine;
 With aspect open shall erect his head,
 And round the orb in lasting notes be read,
 " Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
 " In action faithful, and in honour clear;
 " Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
 " Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
 " Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
 " Prais'd, wept, and honour'd, by the muse he lov'd.

The following letter from Mr. Phillips to the earl of Dorset is entirely descriptive; but is one of those descriptions which will be ever read with delight.

Mr. PHILIPS to the Earl of DORSET.

Copenhagen, March 9, 1709.

From frozen climes, and endlesſ tracts of snow,
From streams which northern winds forbid to flow,
What present shall the muse to *Dorset* bring,
Or how, so near the pole, attempt to sing?
The hoary winter here conceals from sight
All pleasing objects which to verse invite.
The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,
The flow'ry plains, and silver-streaming floods,—
By snow disguis'd, in bright confusion lie,
And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.

No gentle breathing breeze prepares the spring,
No birds within the desert region sing:
The ships, unmov'd, the boist'rous winds defy,
While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.
The vast *Leviathan* wants room to play,
And spout his waters in the face of day.
The starving wolves along the main sea prowls,
And to the moon in icy valleys howl.
O'er many a shining league the level main
Here spreads itself into a glassy plain:
There solid billows of enormous size,
Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise.
And yet but lately have I seen, ev'n here,
The winter in a lovely dress appear.
E're yet the clouds let fall the treasur'd snow,
Or winds began through hazy skies to blow,
At ev'ning a keen eastern breeze arose,
And the descending rain unsul'y'd froze.
Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
The ruddy morn disclos'd at once to view
The face of nature in a rich disguise,
And brighten'd ev'ry object to my eyes:
For ev'ry shrub, and ev'ry blade of grass,
And ev'ry pointed thorn, seem'd wrought in glafs;
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorn show,
While through the ice the crimson berries glow.
The thick-sprung reeds, which watry marshes yield,
Seem'd polish'd lances in a hostile field.

The

The stag in limpid currents, with surprise,
Sees chrystral branches on his forehead rise :
The spreading oak, the beech, and tow'ring pine,
Glaz'd over, in the freezing æther shine.
The frighted birds the rattling branches shun,
Which wave and glitter in the distant sun.

When if a sudden gulf of wind arise,
The brittle forest into atoms flies,
The crackling woods beneath the tempest bends,
And in a spangled shower the prospect ends :
Or, if a southern gale the region warm,
And by degrees unbind the wintry charm,
The traveller a miry country sees,
And journies sad beneath the dropping trees :
Like some deluded peasant, *Merlin* leads
Through fragrant bow'rs, and through delicious meads,
While here enchanted gardens to him rise,
And airy fabricks there attract his eyes,
His wandring feet the magick paths pursue,
And while he thinks the fair illusion true,
The trackless scenes disperse in fluid air,
And woods, and wilds, and thorny ways appear,
A tedious road the weary wretch returns,
And, as he goes, the transient vision mourns.

We have already observed that the essential, and indeed the true characteristic of epistolary writing is ease; and on this account, as well as others, the following letter from Mr. Pope to Miss Blount is to be admired.

From Mr. POPE to Miss BLOUNT, on her leaving the Town after the Coronation.

As some fond virgin, whom her mother's care
Drags from the town to wholesome country air;
Just when she learns to roll a melting eye,
And hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh;
From the dear man unwilling she must sever,
Yet takes one kiss before she parts for ever:
Thus from the world fair *Zephalinda* flew,
Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew;
Not that their pleasures caus'd her discontent,
She sigh'd not that they stay'd, but that she went.

She went, to plain-work, and to purling brooks,
Old-fashion'd halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks:

She went from op'ra, park, assembly, play,
 To morning-walks, and prayers three hours a day ;
 To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea,
 To muse, and spill her solitary tea,
 Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,
 Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon ;
 Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
 Hum half a tune, tell stories to the 'squire ;
 Up to her godly garret after seven,
 There starve and pray for that's the way to heav'n.

Some 'squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack ;
 Whose game is whisk, whose treat a toast in sack ;
 Who visits with a gun, presents you birds,
 Then gives a smacking bus, and cries,—no words !
 Or with his hound comes halloving from the stable,
 Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table ;
 Whose laughs are hearty, tho' his jests are coarse,
 And loves you best of all things—but his horse.

In some fair ev'ning, on your elbow laid,
 You dream of triumphs in the rural shade ;
 In pensive thought recall the fancy'd scene,
 See coronations rise on ev'ry green ;
 Before you pass th' imaginary fights
 Of lords, and earls, and dukes, and garter'd knights,
 While the spread fan, o'er shades your closing eyes ;
 Then give one flirt, and all the vision flies.
 Thus vanish scepters, coronets, and balls,
 And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls !

So when your slave, at some dear idle time,
 (Not plagu'd with head-achs, or the want of rhyme)
 Stands in the streets, abstracted from the crew,
 And while he seems to study, thinks of you ;
 Just when his fancy points your sprightly eyes,
 Or sees the blush of soft *Parthenia* rise,
 Gay pats my shoulder, and you vanish quite,
 Streets, chairs, and coxcombs rush upon my sight ;
 Vex'd to be still in town, I knit my brow,
 Look four, and hum a tune, as you may now.

C H A P. XIII.

Of Descriptive Poetry.

Descriptive Poetry is of universal use, since there is nothing in nature but what may be described. As poems of this kind, however, are intended more to delight, than instruct, great care should be taken to make them agreeable. The error which young people are most likely to run into is that of dwelling too long on minute circumstances, which not only renders the piece tedious, and trifling, but deprives the reader of the pleasure he would have in making little discoveries of his own; for in descriptions that are intended as ornamental, the poet should never say so much but that the reader may perceive he was capable of saying more, and left some things unobserved in compliment to his sagacity. *Milton's L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* are to be admir'd on this account, as well as others, for in these every thing passes as it were in a review before you, and one thought starts a hundred. Descriptive Poems are made beautiful by similes properly introduced, images of feigned persons, and allusions to ancient fables, or historical facts; as will appear by a perusal of the best of these poems, especially those of *Milton* above-mention'd, *Denham's Cooper's Hill*, and *Pope's Windsor Forest*. The *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* we shall introduce as examples, but the others are too long for our purpose.

L'ALLEGRO: Or the lively Pleasures of Mirth.

Hence loathed melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn
Mongt horrid shapes, and shrieks and fights unholy,
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night raven sings;
There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks.
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell:
But come thou goddess fair and free,
In heav'n ycleap'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth,

With two sister Graces more
 To ivy-crowned *Bacchus* bore ;
 Or whether (as some fager sing)
 The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr with *Aurora* playing,
 As he met her once a maying,
 There on beds of violets blue,
 And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
 Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
 So buxom, blithe, and debonair ;
 Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
 Jollity and youthful Jollity,
 Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
 Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,
 Such as hang on *Hebe's* cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek ;
 Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides.
 Come, and trip it as you go
 On the light fantastic toe,
 And in thy right hand lead with thee,
 The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty ;
 And if I give thee honour due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew
 To live with her, and live with thee,
 In unreproved pleasures free ;
 To hear the lark begin his flight,
 And singing startle the dull Night,
 From his watch-tow'r in the skies,
 Till the dapple Dawn doth rise ;
 Then to come in spite of sorrow,
 And at my window bid good morrow,
 Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
 Or the twisted eglantine :
 While the cock with lively din
 Scatters the rear of Darkness thin,
 And to the stack, or the barn-door,
 Stoutly struts his dames before :
 Of: lift'ning how the hounds and horn
 Clearly rouse the slumb'ring Morn,
 From the side of some hoar hill,
 Through the high wood echoing shrill :
 Sometime walking not unseen
 By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,

Right against the eastern gate,
 Where the great Sun begins his state,
 Rob'd in flames and amber light,
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight,
 While the plow-man near at hand
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
 And the milk-maid singeth blithe,
 And the mower whets his scythe,
 And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.
 Strait mine eye hath caught new pleasures
 Whilst the landskip round it measures,
 Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
 Mountains on whose barren breast
 The lab'ring clouds do often rest,
 Meadows trim with daisies pied,
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide:
 Towers and battlements it sees
 Eosom'd high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,
 'The Cynosure of neighb'ring eyes.
 Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
 From betwixt two aged oaks,
 Where *Corydon* and *Thyrsis* met,
 Are at their savory dinner set
 Of herbs, and other country messes,
 Which the neat-handed *Phillis* dresses;
 And then in haste her bow'r she leaves,
 With *Thestylis* to bind the sheaves;
 Or if the earlier season lead
 To the tann'd haycock in the mead.
 Sometimes with secure delight
 The upland hamlets will invite,
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocond rebecks found
 To many a youth, and many a maid,
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
 And young and old come forth to play
 On a sunshine holy-day,
 Till the live-long day-light fail;
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
 With stories told of many afeat,
 How fairy *Mab* the junkets eat;

She was pincht, and pull'd, she said,
 And he by friar's lanthorn led ;
 Tells how the drudging goblin sweat,
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
 His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,
 That ten day-lab'lers could not end ;
 Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
 And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
 Barks at the fire his hairy strength,
 And crop-full out of doors he flings,
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
 By whisp'ring winds soon lull'd asleep.
 Towred cities please us then,
 And the busy hum of men,
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold
 In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
 With store of ladies whose bright eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the prize
 Of wit, or arms, while both contend
 To win her grace, whom all commend.
 There let *Hymen* oft appear
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With mask, and antique pageantry,
 Such fights as youthful poets dream
 On summer eves by haunted stream.
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If *Johnson's* learned sock be on,
 Or sweetest *Shakespear*, Fancy's child,
 Warble his native wood-notes wild ;
 And ever against eating cares,
 Lap me in soft *Lydian* airs,
 Married to immortal verse,
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce
 In notes, with many a winding bout
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
 With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running,
 Untwisting all the chains that tye
 The hidden soul of harmony ;
 That *Orpheus* self may heave his head
 From golden slumber on a bed

Of heapt *Elysian* flow'rs, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of *Pluto*, to have quite set free
 His half-regain'd *Eurydice*.
 These delights if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

IL PENSEROPO : Or the gloomy Pleasures of Melancholy,

Hence vain deluding joys,
 The brood of Folly without father bred,
 How little you bested,
 Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys !
 Dwell in some idle brain,
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes posses,
 As thick and numberless
 As the gay motes that people the sun-beams,
 Or likest hovering dreams,
 The fickle pensioners of *Morpheus*' train.
 But hail ! thou goddess, sage and holy,
 Hail ! divinest Melancholy,
 Whose faintly visage is too bright
 To hit the sense of human sight,
 And therefore to our weaker view
 O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue ;
 Black, but such as in esteem
 Prince *Mennon*'s sister might be seen,
 Or that starr'd *Ethiop* queen that strove
 To set her beauties praise above
 The Sea-nymphs, and their pow'rs offended ;
 Yet thou art higher far descended ;
 Thee bright-hair'd *Vesta* long of yore
 To solitary *Saturn* bore ;
 His daughter she (in *Saturn*'s reign
 Such mixture was not held a stain.)
 Oft in glimmering bow'rs and glades
 He met her, and in secret shades
 Of woody *Ida*'s inmost grove,
 While yet there was no fear of *Jove*.
 Come pensive nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, stedfast, and demure,
 All in robe of darkest grain,
 Flowing with majestic train,
 And fable stole of *Cyprus* lawn,
 O'er thy decent shoulders drawn.

Come,

Come; but keep thy wonted state,
 With even step, and musing gate,
 And looks commerçing with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes :
 There held in holy passion still,
 Forget thyself to marble, till
 With a sad leaden downward cast
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast :
 And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
 Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth diet,
 And hears the muses in a ring
 Ay round about Jove's altar sing :
 And add to these retired Leisure,
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure ;
 But first, and chieffest, with thee bring,
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
 The cherub Contemplation ;
 And the mute Silence hift along,
 'Les Philomel will deign a song,
 In her sweetest, faddelt plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
 Gently o'er th'acustom'd oak :
 Sweet bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,
 Most musical, most melancholy !
 Thee chauntres oft the woods among
 I woo to hear thy even-song ;
 And missing thee, I walk unseen
 On the dry smooth-shaven green,
 To behold the wand'ring moon,
 Riding near her highest noon,
 Like one that had been led astray
 Through the heav'n's wide pathleſs way,
 And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
 Oft on a plat of rising ground,
 I hear the far-off curfeu sound,
 Over some wide-water'd shore,
 Swinging slow-with sullen roar ;
 Or if the air will not permit,
 Some still removed place will fit,
 Where glowing embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,

Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the cricket on the hearth,
 Or the belman's drowsy charm,
 To bles the doors from nightly harm :
 Or let my lamp at midnight hour
 Be seen in some high lonely tow'r,
 Where I may oft out-watch the *Bear*,
 With thrice-great *Hermes*, or unsphere
 The spirit of *Plato* to unfold
 What worlds, or what vast regions hold
 The immortal mind that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook :
 And of those Demons that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
 Whose power hath a true consent
 With planet, or with element.
 Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
 In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,
 Presenting *Ibebes*, or *Pelops'* line,
 Or the tale of *Troy* divine,
 Or what (though rare) of later age
 Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.
 But, O sad virgin, that thy power
 Might raise *Museus* from his bower,
 Or bid the foul of *Orpheus* sing
 Such notes as, warbled to the string,
 Drew iron tears down *Pluto*'s cheek,
 And made hell grant what love did seek ;
 Or call up him that left half told
 The story of *Cambusan* bold,
 Of *Camball*, and of *Algarsife*,
 And who had *Canace* to wife,
 That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
 And of the wond'rous horse of brass,
 On which the *Tartar* king did ride ;
 And if ought else great bards beside
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
 Of turnies and of trophies hung,
 Of forests, and enchantments drear,
 Where more is meant than meets the ear.
 Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
 Till civil-suited Morn appear,
 Not trickt and flounc't as she was wont
 With the *Attic* boy to hunt,

But kercheft in a comely cloud,
 While rocking winds are piping loud,
 Or usher'd with a shower still,
 When the gust hath blown his fill,
 Ending on the rustling leaves
 With minute drops from off the eaves.
 And when the sun begins to fling
 His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
 To arched walks of twilight groves,
 And shadows brown, that *Sylvan* loves,
 Of pine, or monumental oak,
 Where the rude ax with heavy stroke
 Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
 Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt ;
 There in close covert by some brook,
 Where no profaner eye may look,
 Hide me from day's garish eye,
 While the bee with honied thigh,
 That at her flow'ry work doth sing,
 And the waters murmuring,
 With such comfort as they keep
 Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep ;
 And let some strange mysterious dream
 Wave at his wings in airy stream
 Of lively portraiture display'd,
 Softly on my eye-lids laid :
 And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
 Above, about, or underneath,
 Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
 Or th' unseen genius of the wood.
 But let my dew-feet never fail
 To walk the studious cloisters pale,
 And love the high embowed roof,
 With antique pillars massy proof,
 And storied windows richly dight,
 Casting a dim religious light :
 There let the pealing organ blow,
 To the full-voic'd choir below,
 In service high, and anthems clear,
 As may with sweetnes through mine ear
 Dissolve me into extasies,
 And bring all heav'n before mine eyes.
 And may at last my weary age
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,

The hairy gown, and mossy cell,
 Where I may sit and rightly spell
 Of every star that heav'n doth shew,
 And every herb that sips the dew ;
 Till old experience do attain
 To something like prophetic strain.
 These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
 And I with thee will chuse to live.

These poems are to be admired, as well for their close, significant, and expressive descriptions, as for the frequent and beautiful use the poet has made of the figure called *Protopopæia*; by which he has personified almost every object in his view, raised a great number of pleasing images, and introduced qualities and things inanimate, as living and rational beings.

C H A P. XIV.

Of Didactic or Preceptive Poetry.

THE method of writing Precepts in verse, and embellishing them with the graces of poetry, had its rise, we may suppose, from a due consideration of the frailties and perverseness of human nature; and was intended to engage the affections, in order to improve the mind and amend the heart.

Were it possible to inspect into the minds of men, and see their inmost thoughts, we should find, I am afraid, that most of the human race are fond of appearing wiser than they are, and tho' they wish for knowledge are unwilling to confess the want of it, or to seek after science for fear of being thought ignorant. Yet there are others, especially amongst our youth, who are under no apprehension of this kind, but fly from knowledge only because the roads to it are rugged, and the approaches difficult of access. To sooth therefore the vanity of the one, and to remove the indolence of the other, poetry was called in to the aid of science, which by its peculiar gracefulness and address could soften the appearance of instruction, and render rules that were dull and disagreeable, sprightly and entertaining. The inventor of didactic poetry knew not only the defects of mankind, but likewise the force and power of a genteel and winning address: He consider'd that ignorance and inattention were not the only enemies

to science ; but that pride, impatience, and affectation, were likewise to be vanquished ; and therefore adorned and enriched his precepts, that pleasure might allure the one, and keep the other in countenance.

Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.

POPE.

Knowledge that is conveyed thus indirectly, and without the appearance of a dictator, will be learned with more ease, sink deeper into the understanding, and so fix itself in the mind as not to be easily obliterated. And these considerations, we may suppose, induced the priests and bards of old to deliver their laws and religious maxims in verse.

Didactic or Preceptive Poetry, has been usually employed either to illustrate and explain our moral duties ; our philosophical enquiries ; our business and pleasures ; or in teaching the arts of criticism and poetry itself. It may be adapted, however, to any other subject, and may, in all cases where instruction is designed, be employed to good purpose. Some subjects, indeed, are more proper than others, as they admit of more poetical ornaments, and give a greater latitude to genius ; but whatever the subject is, those precepts are to be laid down that are the most useful, and they should follow each other in a natural easy method, and be delivered in the most agreeable engaging manner. What the prose writer tells you ought to be done, the poet often conveys under the form of a narration, or shews the necessity of in a description ; and by representing the action as done, or doing, conceals the precept that should enforce it. The poet, likewise, instead of telling the whole truth, or laying down all the rules that are requisite, selects such parts only as are the most pleasing, and communicates the rest indirectly, without giving us an open view of them ; yet takes care that nothing shall escape the reader's notice with which he ought to be acquainted.. He discloses just enough to lead the imagination into the parts that are conceal'd, and the mind, ever gratified with its own discoveries, is complimented with exploring and finding them out ; which, tho' done with ease, seems so considerable as not to be obtained but in consequence of its own adroitness and sagacity.

But this is not sufficient to render didactic poetry always pleasing ; for where precepts are laid down one after another, and the poem is of considerable length, the mind will require some recreation and refreshment by the way, which is to be procured by seasonable moral reflections, pertinent remarks, familiar similes and descriptions naturally introduced, by allusions to ancient history or fables, and by short and pleasant digressions and excursions into more noble subjects, so aptly brought in that they may seem to have a remote relation, and be of a piece with the poem. By thus varying the form of instruction the poet gives life to his precepts, and awakens and secures our attention, without permitting us to see by what means we are thus captivated : and his art is the more to be admired, because it is so concealed as to escape the reader's observation.

The style too must maintain a dignity suitable to the subject, and every part be drawn in such lively colours that the things described may seem as if presented to the reader's view.

But all this will appear more evident from example; and tho' entire poems of this kind are not within the compass of our design, we shall endeavour to select such passages as will be sufficient to illustrate the rules we have here laid down.

We have already observed that according to the usual divisions there are four kinds of didactic poems, *viz.* those that respect our moral duties ; our philosophical speculations ; our business and pleasures ; or that give precepts for poetry and criticism.

On the first subject, indeed, we have scarce any thing that deserves the name of poetry, except Mr. Pope's *Essay on Man*, and his *Ethic Epistles*; from these therefore we shall extract some passages to shew the method he has taken to render these dry subjects entertaining.

The first treats of the nature and state of man with respect to the universe ; considers him in the abstract, and observes that we can judge only with regard to our own system, since we are ignorant of the relations of other systems and things ; that man is not to be deem'd imperfect ; but a being perfectly suited to his place and rank in the creation, agreeable to the general order of things, and conformable to ends and relations to him unknown ; that it is partly upon his ignorance of future events, and partly

upon

upon the hope of a future state, that all his happiness in the present depends. Which last is thus beautifully expressed.

Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state ;
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know ;
Or who could suffer being here below ?

The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play ?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
Oh blindness to the future kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by heav'n :
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly then ; with trembling pinions soar ;
Wait the great teacher Death, and God adore.
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast :
Man never *is*, but always *to be* blest :
The soul, uneasy, and confin'd, from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo ! the poor *Indian*, whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind ;
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way ;
Yet simple nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n,
Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier island in the watry waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no christians thirst for gold.
To be contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire ;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

He then proceeds to prove that the pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more perfection, is the cause of man's error and misery ; and shews the impiety of his presuming to judge of the fitness or unfitness,

perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice, of the dispensations of the Almighty. He represents the absurdity of man's conceiting himself the final cause of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world, which is not in the natural. He shews the unreasonableness of his complaints against Providence, while on the one hand he craves the perfections of angels, and on the other the bodily qualifications of brutes; tho' to possess any of the sensitive faculties in a higher degree, would render him miserable; as he has thus proved.

The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find)
 Is not to act or think beyond mankind;
 No pow'rs of body or of soul to share,
 But what his nature and his state can bear.
 Why has not man a microscopic eye?
 For this plain reason, man is not a fly.
 Say what the use, were finer optics giv'n,
 T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?
 Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
 To smart and agonize at ev'ry pore?
 Or quick effluvia darting thro' the brain,
 Die of a rose in aromatic pain?
 If nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
 And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
 How would he wish that heav'n had left him still
 The whisp'ring zephyr, and the purling rill?
 Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
 Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

He observes that throughout the whole visible world, an universal order and gradation in the sensual and mental faculties may be seen, which causes a subordination of creature to creature, and of all creatures to man. He then treats of the gradations of sense, instinct, thought, reflection, and reason; and observes that reason alone countervails all the other faculties. He enquires how far this order and subordination of living creatures may extend, above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected creation must be destroy'd; and thus beautifully represents the extravagance, madness, and pride, of man desiring to be other than what he is.

What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
 Or hand to toil, aspir'd to be the head?

Wh-

What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
 To serve mere engines to the ruling mind ?
 Just as absurd for any part to claim.
 To be another, in this gen'ral frame :
 Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains,
 The great directing Mind of All ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
 Whose body Nature is, and God the soul ;
 That chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same,
 Great in the earth, as in th' æthereal frame,
 Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
 Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent ;
 Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
 As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart ;
 As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
 As the rapt seraph that adores and burns :
 To him no high, no low, no great, no small ;
 He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

And this first epistle he concludes by shewing that absolute submission is due to Providence, both as to our present and future state.

Cease then, nor order imperfection name :
 Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
 Know thy own point : this kind, this due degree
 Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.
 Submit.—In this, or any other sphere,
 Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear :
 Safe in the hand of one disposing pow'r,
 Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
 All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee ;
 All Chance, Direction, which thou canst not see ;
 All Discord, Harmony, not understood ;
 All partial Evil, universal Good :
 And, spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,
 One truth is clear, *Whatever is, is right.*

In his second epistle he treats of the nature and state of man with respect to himself as an individual ; and tells us that the business of man is not to pry into God, but to study himself. He speaks of his middle nature, his powers, frailties, and the limits of his capacities ; observes that

that the two principles by which he is govern'd, are self-love and reason, which are both necessary, but that self-love is the strongest, and the reason why it is so he has given us in the following lines.

Two principles in human nature reign ;
 Self-love, to urge, and Reason, to restrain ;
 Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
 Each works its end, to move or govern all :
 And to their proper operation still,
 Ascribe all Good ; to their improper, Ill.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul ;
 Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
 Man, but for that, no action could attend,
 And, but for this, were active to no end ;
 Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
 To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot :
 Or, meteor-like, flame lawleſs thro' the void,
 Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

Most strength the moving principle requires ;
 Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.
 Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
 Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and advise.
 Self-love still stronger, as its objects nigh ;
 Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie :
 That sees immediate good by present sense ;
 Reason, the future and the consequence.
 Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,
 At best more watchful this, but that more strong.
 The action of the stronger to suspend,
 Reason still use, to reason still attend :
 Attention, habit and experience gains,
 Each strengthens reason, and self-love restrains.—
 Self-love and reason to one end aspire,
 Pain their aversion, pleasure their desire :
 But greedy that its object would devour,
 This taste the honey, and not wound the flow'r ;
 Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
 Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

He then speaks of the passions, and their use, and more especially of the predominant or ruling passion ; of its necessity, in directing men to different pursuits, and its providential use, in fixing our principles, and ascertaining our virtue.

Passions,

Passions, like elements, tho' born to fight,
 Yet, mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite :
 These, 'tis enough to temper and employ ;
 But what composes man, can man destroy ?
 Suffice that reason keep to nature's road,
 Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
 Love, hope, and joy, fair pleasure's smiling train,
 Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain ;
 These mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
 Make and maintain the balance of the mind :
 The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife
 Gives all the strength and colour of our life.

Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes,
 And when in act they cease, in prospect rise :
 Present to grasp, and future still to find,
 The whole employ of body and of mind.
 All spread their charms, but charm not all alike ;
 On diff'rent Senses diff'rent objects strike ;
 Hence diff'rent passions more or less enflame,
 As strong or weak, the organs of the frame ;
 And hence one master-passion in the breast,
 Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
 Receives the lurking principle of death ;
 The young disease, that must subdue at length,
 Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength :
 So cast, and mingled with his very frame,
 The mind's disease, its ruling passion came ;
 Each vital humour which should feed the whole,
 Soon flows to this, in body and in soul :
 Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
 As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
 Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
 And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Virtue and vice, he observes, are joined in our mixt
 nature, and their limits are near, tho' separate and evident.
 He points out the office of reason, describes vice as odious
 in itself, and yet shews by what means we deceive our-
 selves into it. He proves that not only the ends of Pro-
 vidence are answer'd in our passions and imperfections,
 but that the general good is often promoted by them, and
 shews how usefully they are distributed to all orders of men ;
 points out their use to society, and to individuals in every
 state and every age of life, and thus concludes the epistle.

Whate'er

Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more ;
The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n,
The poor contents him with the care of heav'n.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king ;
The starving chymist in his golden views
Supremely blest, the poet in his muse.

See some strange comfort ev'ry state attend,
And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend :
See some fit passion ev'ry age supply,
Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw :
Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite :
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage ;
And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age :
Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before ;
'Till tir'd he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er !

Mean while opinion gilds with various rays
Those painted clouds that beautify our days ;
Each want of happiness by hope supply'd,
And each vacuity of sense by pride :
These build as fast as knowledge can destroy ;
In folly's cup still laughs the bubble, joy ;
One prospect lost, another still we gain ;
And not a vanity is giv'n in vain ;
Ev'n mean self-love becomes by force divine,
The scale to measure others wants by thine.
See ! and confess, one comfort still must rise,
'Tis this, *Tho' Man's a fool, yet God is wise.*

In his third epistle, he treats of the nature and state of man with respect to society, and considers the whole universe as one system thereof, in which nothing subsists wholly for itself, nor yet wholly for another, but wherein the happiness of animals is mutual.

Look round our world ; behold the chain of love
Combining all below and all above.
See plastic Nature working to this end,
The single atoms each to other tend,

Attract,

Attract, attracted to the next in place,
 Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.
 See matter next, with various life endu'd,
 Press to one centre still, the gen'ral good.
 See dying vegetables life sustain,
 See life dissolving vegetate again :
 All forms that perish other forms supply
 (By turns we catch the vital breath, and die)
 Like bubbles on the sea of matter born,
 They rise, they break, and to that sea return.
 Nothing is foreign : parts relate to whole ;
 One all-extending, all-preserving soul
 Connects each being, greatest with the least ;
 Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast ;
 All serv'd, all serving : nothing stands alone ;
 The chain holds on, and, where it ends, unknown.

Has God, thou fool ! work'd solely for thy good,
 Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food ?
 Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
 For him as kindly spreads the flow'ry lawn..
 Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings ?
 Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings :
 Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat ?
 Loves of his own and raptures swell the note :
 The bounding steed you pompously bestride,
 Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride :
 Is thine alone the feed that strews the plain ?
 The birds of heav'n shall vindicate their grain :
 Thine the full harvest of the golden year ?
 Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer :
 The hog, that plows not, nor obeys thy call,
 Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know, Nature's children all divide her care ;
 The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
 While man exclaims, " See all things for my use ! "
 " See man for mine ! " replies a pamper'd goose :
 And just as short of reason he must fall,
 Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

He then proceeds to shew, that reason or instinct operates alike to the good of each individual, and enforces society in all animals. He considers how far society is carried by instinct, and how much farther by reason ; he beautifully describes the state of nature, and shews how reason was instructed.

instructed by instinct in the invention of arts, and in the forms of society.

Thus then to man the voice of Nature spake—
 ‘ Go, from the creatures thy instruction take :
 Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield ;
 Learn from the beast the physic of the field ;
 Thy arts of building from the bee receive ;
 Learn of the mole to plow, the worm to weave ;
 Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
 Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
 Here too all forms of social union find,
 And hence let reason, late, instruct mankind :
 Here subterranean works and cities see ;
 There towns aerial on the waving tree :
 Learn each small people’s genius, policies,
 The ant’s republic, and the realm of bees ;
 How those in common all their wealth bestow,
 And anarchy without confusion know ;
 And these for ever, tho’ a monarch reign,
 Their sep’reate cells and properties maintain.
 Mark what unvary’d laws preserve each state,
 Laws wise as Nature, and as fixt as Fate.
 In vain thy reason finer webs shall draw,
 Entangle Justice in her net of Law,
 And right, too rigid, harden into wrong ;
 Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.
 Yet, go ! and thus o’er all the creatures sway,
 Thus let the wiser make the rest obey ;
 And for those arts mere instinct could afford,
 Be crown’d as monarchs, or as gods ador’d.’

He thence traces out the origin of political societies; of monarchy, and patriarchal governments, and shews that true religion and government had both their foundation in the principle of love, and that superstition and tyranny arose from the principle of fear. He considers the influence of self-love, as operating to the social and public good; treats of the restoration of true religion and government on their first principle; then descants on mix’d governments and their various forms; and lastly, points out the true end of all in the following admirable lines.

For forms of government let fools contest ;
 Whate’er is best administer’d is best :

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight ;
 His can't be wrong whose life is in the right :
 In faith and hope the world will disagree,
 But all mankind's concern is charity :
 All must be false that thwart this one great end,
 And all of God, that blefs mankind or mend.

Man, like the gen'rous vine, supported lives ;
 The strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
 On their own axis as the planets run,
 Yet make at once their circle round the sun ;
 So two consistent motions act the soul ;
 And one regards Itself, and one the Whole.
 Thus God and nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
 And bade *self-love* and *social* be the same.

In his fourth epistle he treats of the nature and state of man with respect to happiness, explodes all false notions of happiness, philosophical and popular, and affirms that it is the end of all men, and attainable by all, for God intends happiness to be equal ; and to be so, it must be social, since all particular happiness depends on general, and since he governs by general, not particular laws.

Take Nature's path, and mad opinions leave,
 All states can reach it, and all heads conceive ;
 Obvious her goods, in no extream they dwell ;
 There needs but thinking right, and meaning well ;
 And mourn our various portions as we please,
 Equal is common sense, and common ease.

Remember, man, ' the univerſal cause
 Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws ;'
 And makes what happiness we justly call
 Subſists not in the good of one, but all.
 There's not a blessing individuals find,
 But ſome way leans and hearkens to the kind.
 Each has his ſhare ; and who would more obtain,
 Shall find, the pleasure pays not half the pain.

He observes that as it is necessary for order, and the peace and welfare of society, that external goods should be unequal, happiness is not made to conſist in these : for notwithstanding that inequality, the balance of happiness among mankind is kept even by Providence, by the two paſſions of hope and fear.

If then to all men happiness was meant,
 God in externals could not place content.
 Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
 And these be happy call'd, unhappy those ;
 But Heav'n's just balance equal will appear,
 While those are plac'd in hope, and these in fear :
 Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
 But future views of better, or of worse.

He tells us what the happiness of individuals is, as far as is consistent with the constitution of this world; and here it appears that the good man has evidently the advantage.

Know, all the good that individuals find,
 Or God and Nature meant to mere mankind ;
 Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
 Lie in three words, health, peace, and competence.
 But health consists with temperance alone,
 And peace, oh virtue ! peace is all thy own.
 The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain,
 But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.

After this he points out the error of imputing to virtue what are only the calamities of nature, or of fortune, and also the folly of expecting that God should alter his general laws in favour of particulars. He proves that we are unable to judge who are good, but concludes that whoever they are they must be happy. He observes that external goods are so far from being the proper rewards of virtue, that they are very often inconsistent with, and destructive to it.

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
 The soul's calm sun-shine, and the heart-felt joy,
 Is virtue's prize : a better would you fix ?
 Then give humility a coach and six,
 Justice a conq'ror's sword, or truth a gown,
 Or public spirit, its great care, a crown.
 Weak, foolish man ! will Heav'n reward us there
 With the same trash mad mortals wish for here ?
 The boy and man an individual makes,
 Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes ?
 Go, like the *Indian*, in another life
 Expect thy dog, thy bottle and thy wife ;
 As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
 As toys and empires, for a god-like mind.

Rewards,

Rewards, that either would to virtue bring
 No joy, or be destructive of the thing :
 How oft by these at sixty are undone
 The virtues of a faint at twenty-one!

To prove that these can make no man happy without virtue, he has considered the effect of riches, honours, nobility, greatness, fame, superior talents, &c. and given pictures of human infelicity in men possess'd of them all ; whence he concludes, that virtue only constitutes happiness, whose object is universal, and whose prospect eternal ; and that the perfection of virtue and happiness consists in a due conformity to the order of providence here, and a resignation to it here and hereafter.

We have dwelt long enough, perhaps too long, on this poem ; but it was necessary to give the whole scope and design of the poet ; that the reader might see what art was required to make a subject so dry and metaphysical, instructive and pleasing : -and that it is so will appear by the extracts we have taken, which we hope will induce our readers to peruse attentively the poem itself. From the nature of his plan the reader will see that the poet was deprived of many embellishments which other subjects will admit of, and tied down as it were to a chain of argument, which would allow of no digressions, studied similes and descriptions, or allusions to ancient fables ; the want of which he has supply'd, however, with seasonable remarks, and moral reflections ; all of them just, and many of them truly sublime.

A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod ;
 An honest man's the noblest work of God.
 Honour and shame from no condition rise ;
 Act well your part, there all the honour lies.

The learned editor of the author's works informs us that this poem is only a part of what the poet intended on the subject, and that the whole would have made four books, of which this was to have been the first ; but the author's bad state of health, and some other considerations induced him to lay the plan aside : a remnant, however, of what he intended as a subsequent part of this was published under the title of *Moral Epistles*, which are in number four. The first treats of *the knowledge and characters of men* ; the second, of *the characters of women* ; and the

two last, of the use of riches ; and from the masterly manner in which these are executed the world has great reason to lament the loss of the rest.

We come now to speak of those preceptive poems that concern our philosophical speculations ; and these, tho' the subject is so pregnant with matter, affords such a field for fancy, and is so capable of every decoration, are but few. *Lucretius* is the most considerable among the ancients who has written in this manner ; and among the moderns I know of none but small detached pieces. Some of these, however, are very well executed ; and there is one entitled the *Universe*, written by Mr. Baker, from which I shall borrow an example.

The author's scheme is in some measure coincident with Mr. Pope's, so far especially as it tends to restrain the pride of man, with which design it was professedly written. It may be objected, perhaps, that this poem is not preceptive, and therefore not suitable to our purpose ; but it is to be considered, that if it is not preceptive, it is didactic ; if it does not teach by precept, it does by description ; and therefore we hope to be allowed the liberty we are about to take.

The passage we have selected is that respecting the planetary system, which is, in our opinion, very beautiful.

Unwise ! and thoughtless ! impotent ! and blind !
 Can wealth, or grandeur, satisfy the mind ?
 Of all those pleasures mortals most admire,
 Is there one joy sincere, that will not tire ?
 Can love itself endure ? or beauty's charms
 Afford that bliss we fancy in its arms ? —
 Then, let thy soul, more glorious aims pursue :
 Have thy CREATOR and his WORKS in view :
 Be these thy study : hence thy pleasures bring :
 And drink large draughts of wisdom from its spring :
 That spring, whence perfect joy and calm repose,
 And blest content, and peace eternal flows.

Observe how regular the PLANETS run,
 In stated times, their courses round the SUN.
 Diff'rent their bulk, their distance, their career,
 And diff'rent much the compass of their year :
 Yet, all the same eternal laws obey,
 While God's unerring finger points the way.

First MERCURY, amidst full tides of light,
Rolls next the sun, through his small circle bright.
All that dwell here must be refin'd and pure:
Bodies like ours such ardour can't endure:
Our EARTH would blaze beneath so fierce a ray,
And all its marble mountains melt away.

Fair VENUS, next, fulfils her larger round,
With softer beams, and milder glory crown'd.
Friend to mankind, she glitters from afar,
Now the bright ev'ning, now the morning star.

More distant still, our EARTH comes rolling on,
And forms a wider circle round the sun :
With her the Moon, companion ever dear !
Her course attending through the shining year.

See, MARS, alone, runs his appointed race,
And measures out, exact, the destin'd space :
Nor nearer does he wind, nor farther stray,
But finds the point whence first he roll'd away.

More yet remote from day's all-cheering source,
Vast JUPITER performs his constant course :
Four friendly Moons, with borrow'd lustre, rise,
Beflow their beams, benign, and light his skies.

Farthest and last, scarce warm'd by Phœbus' ray,
Through his vast orbit SATURN wheels away.
How great the change could we be wafted there !
How slow the seasons ! and how long the year !

One Moon, on us, reflects its cheerful light :
There, five attendants brighten up the night.
Here, the blue firmament bedeck'd with stars,
There, over-head, a lucid Arch appears.

From hence how large, how strong the sun's bright ball !
But seen from thence, how languid and how small ! —
When the keen north with all its fury blows,
Congeals the floods, and forms the fleecy snows,
Tis heat intense to what can there be known :
Warmer our poles than is its burning zone.

Who there inhabit must have other pow'rs,
Juices, and veins, and sense, and life than ours.
One moment's cold, like theirs, would pierce the bone,
Freeze the heart-blood, and turn us all to stone.

Strange and amazing must the diff'rence be,
Twixt this dull Planet and bright Mercury :
Yet reason says, nor can we doubt at all,
Millions of Beings dwell on either ball,

With

With constitutions fitted for that spot,
Where Providence, all-wise, has fix'd their lot.

Wond'rous art thou, O God, in all thy ways!
Their eyes to thee let all thy creatures raise;

Adore thy grandeur, and thy goodness praise.

Ye sons of men! with satisfaction know,
God's own right-hand dispenses all below:
Nor good nor evil does by chance befall;

He reigns supreme, and he directs it all.

At his command, affrighting human-kind,
COMETS drag on their blazing lengths behind:
Nor, as we think, do they at random rove,
But, in determin'd times, through long ellipses move,
And tho' sometimes they near approach the sun,
Sometimes beyond our system's Orbit run;
Throughout their race they act their maker's will,
His pow'r declare, his purposes fulfill.

We are now to speak of those preceptive poems that treat of the business and pleasures of mankind; and here *Virgil* claims our first and principal attention, who in his *Georgics* has laid down the rules of husbandry in all its branches with the utmost exactness and perspicuity, and at the same time embellished them with all the beauties and graces of poetry. Tho' his subject was husbandry, he has delivered his precepts, as an ingenious author observes, not with the simplicity of a ploughman, but with the address of a poet. The meanest of his rules are laid down with a kind of grandeur, *and he breaks the clods, and tosses about the dung with an air of gracefulness**. Of the different ways of conveying the same truth to the mind, he takes that which is pleasantest; and this chiefly distinguishes poetry from prose, and renders *Virgil's* rules of husbandry more delightful and valuable than any other.

These poems which are esteemed the most perfect of the author's works are, perhaps, the best that can be proposed for the young students imitation in this manner of writing; for the whole of his *Georgics* is wrought up with wonderful art, and decorated with all the flowers of poetry. We shall give some examples of his manner; and take the first from the second *Georgic*, where he lays down the rules for grafting of trees.

Tis

• Mr. Addison.

Vol.

'Tis usual now, an inmate graff to see
 With insolence invade a foreign tree :
 Thus pears and quinces from the crab-tree come ;
 And thus the ruddy cornel bears the plum.
 The thin-leav'd arbute, hazel-grafts receives,
 And planes huge apples bear, that bore but leaves.
 Thus mastful beech the bristly chesnut bears,
 And the white ash is white with blooming pears,
 And greedy swine from grafted elms are fed,
 With falling acorns, that from oaks are bred.

But various are the ways to change the state
 Of plants, to bud, to graft, t'inoculate.
 For where the tender rinds of trees disclose
 Their shooting gems, a swelling knot there grows ;
 Jet in that space a narrow slit we make,
 Then other buds from bearing trees we take :
 Inserted thus, the wounded rind we close,
 In whose moist womb th' admitted infant grows.
 But when the smoother bole from knots is free,
 We make a deep incision in the tree ;
 And in the solid wood the slip inclose,
 The bat'ning bastard shoots again and grows ;
 And in short space the laden boughs arise,
 With happy fruit advancing to the skies.
 The mother-plant admires the leaves unknown
 Of alien trees, and apples not her own.

Here *Virgil*, in considering the effects of the union between trees of different kinds, attends particularly to those circumstances that seemed the most wonderful, and which not only expressed the capacity and tendancy of trees to be thus united, but excited at the same time admiration and pleasure in the mind.—His method of transplanting trees is altogether as beautiful, and concludes with a fine reflection on the force and power of custom.

Some peasants, not t'omit the nicest care,
 Of the same soil their nursery prepare,
 With that of their plantation ; lest the tree
 Transplanted, shou'd not with the soil agree.
 Besides, to plant it as it was, they mark
 The heav'n's four quarters on the tender bark ;
 And to the north or south restore the side,
 Which at their birth did heat or cold abide.

So strong is custom, each effects can use
In tender souls of pliant plants produce.

But because precepts laid down one after another, notwithstanding all the poets endeavours to make them entertaining, would by degrees tire, *Virgil* suffers the reader sometimes to rest for the sake of a pertinent and pleasing digression, or leads him out of the road to entertain him with a beautiful description.—Such is that of *Italy*.

But neither Median woods, (a plenteous land)
Fair *Ganges*, *Hermus* rolling golden sand,
Nor *Bactria*, nor the richer *Indian* fields,
Nor all the gummy shores *Arabia* yields?
Nor any foreign earth of greater name,
Can with sweet *Italy* contend in fame.
Nor bulls whose nostrils breath a living flame
Have turn'd our turf, no teeth of serpents here
Were sown, an armed host, and iron crop to bear.
But fruitful vines, and the fat olives freight,
Adorn our fields; and on the cheerful green,
The grazing flocks and lowing herds are seen.
The warrior horse here bred, is taught to train:
There flows *Clitumnus* thro' the flow'ry plain;
Whose waves, for triumphs after prosp'rous war,
The victim ox, and snowy sheep prepare.
Perpetual spring our happy climate fees;
Twice breed the cattle, and twice bear the trees;
And summer suns recede by slow degrees.

The following description is of the same beautiful cast; and the reader will observe that these, and indeed all the descriptions in *Virgil*, are so artfully introduced that they seem to arise naturally out of the principal argument and design of the poem.

But easy quiet, a secure retreat,
A harmleis life that knows not how to cheat,
With home-bred Plenty the rich owner bless,
And rural pleasures crown his happiness.
Unvex'd with quarrels, undisturb'd with noise,
The country-king his peaceful realm enjoys:
Cool grots, and living lakes, the flow'ry pride
Of meads, and streams that thro' the valley glide;

And

And shady groves that easy sleep invite,
 And after toilsome days, a soft repose at night.
 Wild beasts of nature in his woods abound ;
 And youth, of labour patient, plough the ground,
 Inur'd to hardship, and to homely fare.
 Nor venerable age is wanting there,
 In great examples to the youthful train :
 Nor are the Gods ador'd with rites profane.
 From hence *Astrea* took her flight, and here
 The prints of her departing steps appear.

His rules of training up young calves to the yoke, and
 of breaking horses to the different employments they were
 intended for, are very happily express'd.

The calf by nature and by genius made
 To turn the glebe, breed to the rural trade.
 Set him betimes to school ; and let him be
 Instructed there in rules of husbandry :
 While yet his youth is flexible and green ;
 Nor bad examples of the world has seen.
 Early begin the stubborn child to break ;
 For his soft neck, a supple collar make
 Of bending osiers ; and (with time and care
 Inur'd that easy servitude to bear)
 Thy flatt'ring method on the youth pursue :
 Join'd with his school-fellows by two and two,
 Persuade 'em first to lead an empty wheel,
 That scarce the dust can raise ; or they can feel :
 In length of time produce the lab'ring yoke
 And iaining shares, that make the furrow smoke.
 Ere the licentious youth be thus restrain'd,
 Or moral precepts on their minds have gain'd ;
 Their wanton appetites not only feed
 With delicates of leaves, and marshy weed,
 But with thy sickle reap the rankest land :
 And minister the blade, with bounteous hand.
 Nor be with harmful parsimony won
 To follow what our homely fires have done ;
 Who fill'd the pail with beeflings of the cow,
 But all the udder to the calf allow.
 If to the warlike steed thy studies bend,
 Or for the Prize in chariots to contend ;
 Near *Pisa's* flood the rapid wheels to guile,
 Or in *Olympian* groves aloft to ride,

The gen'rous labours of the courser first
 Must be with sight of arms and sounds of trumpets nurst,
 Inur'd the groaning axle-tree to bear;
 And let him clashing whips in stables hear.
 Sooth him with praife, and make him understand
 The loud applauses of his master's hand:
 This from his weaning, let him well be taught;
 And then betimes in a soft snaffle wrought:
 Before his tender joints with nerves are knit;
 Untry'd in arms, and trembling at the bit,
 But when to four full Springs his years advance,
 Teach him to run the round, with pride to prance;
 And (rightly manag'd) equal time to beat;
 To turn, to bound in measure; and curvet.
 Let him, to this, with easy pains be brought:
 And seem to labour when he labours not.
 Thus, form'd to speed he challenges the wind;
 And leaves the *Scythian* arrow far behind:
 He scours along the field, with loosen'd reins;
 And treads so light, he scarcely prints the plains.
 Like *Boreas* in his race, when rushing forth,
 He sweeps the skies, and clears the cloudy north:
 The waving harvest bends beneath his blast;
 The forest shakes, the groves their honours cast;
 He flies aloft, and with impetuous roar
 Pursues the foaming surges to the shore.
 Thus o'er th' *Elean* plains, thy well-breath'd horse
 Impels the flying carr, and wins the course.
 Or, bred to *Belgian* waggons, leads the way;
 Untir'd at night, and chearful all the day.

When once he's broken, feed him full and high,
 Indulge his growth, and his gaunt sides supply.
 Before his training, keep him poor and low;
 For his stout stomach with his food will grow;
 The pamper'd colt will discipline disdain,
 Impatient of the lash, and restiff to the rein.

The description he has given us of the distemper
 among the cattle, and the wonderful change it wrought
 in the disposition of animals, by making those who were
 of contrary natures, and obnoxious to each other grow
 familiar and herd together, is very finely, and very
 effectually expressed; especially this part of it.

The steer, who to the yoke was bred to bow,
 (Studiois of tillage, and the crooked plough)
 Falls down and dies ; and dying spews a flood
 Of foamy madness, mix'd with clotted blood.
 The clown, accusing providence, repines,
 His mournful fellow from the team disjoins :
 With many a groan forsakes his fruitless care,
 And in th' unfinish'd furrow leaves the share.
 The pining steer no shades of lofty woods,
 Nor flow'ry meads can ease ; nor crystal floods
 Roll'd from the rock : his flabby flanks decrease ;
 His eyes are settled in a stupid peace.
 His bulk too weighty for his thighs is grown ;
 And his unwieldy neck hangs drooping down.
 Now what avails his well-deserving toil
 To turn the glebe, or smooth the rugged soil !
 And yet he never supp'd in solemn state,
 Nor undigested feasts did urge his fate ;
 Nor day to night, luxuriously did join ;
 Nor surfeited on rich *Campanian* wine.
 Simple his bev'rage, homely was his food ;
 The wholesome herbage, and the running flood ;
 No dreadful dreams awak'd him with affright ;
 His pains by day secur'd his rest by night.

'Twas then that *Buffalo's*, ill pair'd, were seen
 To draw the carr of *Jove's* imperial queen,
 For want of oxen ; and the lab'ring swain -
 Scratch'd with a rake, a furrow for his grain :
 And cover'd, with his hand, the shallow seed again.
 He yokes himself, and up the hilly height,
 With his own shoulders draws the waggon's weight.

The nightly wolf, that round th' inclosure proul'd
 To leap the fence ; now plots not on the fold ;
 Tam'd with a sharper pain. The fearful doe
 And flying stag, amidst the greyhounds go :
 And round the dwellings roam of man, their fiercer foe. }
 The scaly nations of the sea profound,
 Like shipwreck'd carcases are driv'n aground :
 And mighty *Phoca*, never seen before
 In shallow streams, are stranded on the shore.
 The viper dead within her hole is found ;
 Defenceless was the shelter of the ground.
 The water-snake, whom fish and paddocks fed,
 With staring scales lies poison'd in his bed :

To birds their native heav'ns contagious prove,
From clouds they fall, and leave their souls above.

Virgil lays down the rules of tillage and planting with wonderful art in his two first books. He has, as the author of the essay on his *Georgics* observes, a sort of rustic majesty about him, and seems like a *Roman* dictator at the plough tail. The second book has indeed most wit in it, and abounds with bolder metaphors than are found in any of the rest; for in this the poet attributes the passions of human life to the vegetable creation. The third book, however, seems more laboured and spirited, and the descriptions, in particular, are more animated and lively; especially those of the murrain among the cattle, the *Sythian* winter, and the horse and chariot races.—But he seems most delighted with the subject of his fourth book, where he is got among the bees, whose nature and government he thus beautifully describes.

Describe we next the nature of the bees,
Bestow'd by *Jove* for secret services :
When by the tinkling sound of timbrels led,
The king of heav'n in *Cretan* caves they fled.
Of all the race of animals, alone
The bees have common cities of their own,
And common sons, beneath one law they live,
And with one common stock their traffic drive.
Each has a certain home, a sev'ral stall :
All is the state's, the state provides for all.
Mindful of coming cold, they share the pain :
And hoard for winter's use, the summer's gain.
Some o'er the public magazines preside,
And some are sent new forage to provide :
These drudge in fields abroad, and those at home
Lay deep foundations for the labour'd comb,
With dew, *Narcissus* leaves, and clammy gum.
To pitch the waxen flooring some contrive ;
Some nurse the future nation of the hive :
Sweet honey some condense, some purge the grout ;
The rest, in cells apart, the liquid *nectar* shut.
All, with united force, combine to drive
The lazy drones from the laborious hive.
With envy stung, they view each other's deeds :
With diligence the fragrant work proceeds.

As when the *Cyclops*, at th' almighty nod,
 New thunder hasten for their angry God :
 Subdu'd in fire the stubborn metal lies,
 One brawny smith the puffing bellows plies ;
 And draws, and blows reciprocating air :
 Others to quench the hissing mass prepare :
 With lifted arms they order ev'ry blow,
 And chime their sounding hammers in a row ;
 With labour'd anvils *Etna* groans below. }
 Strongly they strike, huge flakes of flames expire,
 With tongs they turn the steel, and vex it in the fire.
 If little things with great we may compare,
 Such are the bees, and such their busy care :
 Studious of honey, each in his degree,
 The youthful swain, the grave experienc'd bee :
 That in the field ; this in affairs of state,
 Employ'd at home, abides within the gate ;
 To fortify the combs, to build the wall,
 To prop the ruins, left the fabrick fall :
 But late at night, with weary pinions come
 The lab'ring youth, and heavy laden home.
 Plains, meads, and orchards all the day he plies ;
 The gleans of yellow thyme distend his thighs :
 He spoils the saffron flow'rs, he sips the blues
 Of vi'lets, wilding blooms, and willow dews.
 Their toil is common, common is their sleep ;
 They shake their wings when morn begins to peep ;
 Rush thro' the city gates without delay,
 Nor ends their work, but with declining day :
 Then having spent the last remains of light,
 They give their bodies due repose at night :
 When hollow murmurs of their ev'ning bells,
 Dismiss the sleepy swains, and toll 'em to their cells.
 When once in beds their weary limbs they steep,
 No buzzing sounds disturb their golden sleep,
 'Tis sacred silence all. Nor dare they stray,
 When rain is promis'd, or a stormy day :
 But near the city walls their wat'ring take,
 Nor forage far, but short excursions make.
 And as when empty barks on billows float,
 With sandy ballast sailors trim the boat ;
 So bees bear gravel stones, whose poising weight
 Steers thro' the whistling winds their steady flight.

But what's more strange, their modest appetites,
Averse from *Venus* fly the nuptial rites.

No lust enervates their heroick mind,
Nor wastes their strength on wanton woman-kind,
But in their mouths reside their genial pow'rs,
They gather children from the leaves and flow'rs.
Thus make they kings to fill the regal seat :
And thus their little citizens create :
And waxen cities build, the palaces of state.
And oft on rocks their tender wings they tear,
And sink beneath the burdens which they bear,
Such rage of honey in their bosom beats :
And such a zeal they have for flow'ry sweets.

Thus thro' the race of life they quickly run ;
Which in the space of seven short years is done,
Th' immortal line in sure succession reigns,
The fortune of the family remains :
And grandfires grandsons the long list contains.

Besides, not *Egypt*, *India*, *Media* more
With servile awe, their idol king adore :
While he survives, in concord and content
The commons live, by no divisions rent ;
But the great monarch's death dissolves the government.
All goes to ruin, they themselves contrive
To rob the honey, and subvert the hive.
The king presides, his subjects toil surveys ;
The servile rout their careful *Cæsar* praise :
Him they extol, they worship him alone.
They crowd his levees, and support his throne :
They raise him on their shoulders with a shout :
And when their sov'reigns quarrel call 'em out,
His foes to mortal combat they defy,
And think it honour at his feet to die.

The comparison he has drawn between the labours of the bees and those of the *Cyclops* is truly poetical ; and the description of the battle between the two swarms at the beginning of this book is attended with as much noise, hurry and fury, as any engagement in the *Aeneid*. The method of appeasing these warriors by throwing dabs in the air is a circumstance beautiful in itself and finely introduced : And the speech of *Proteus*, and the instructions given at the end of this fable for obtaining a new

stock of bees, with the description of their nature and generation, will be ever the subject of admiration.

By the extracts and observations we have made, the reader will see that the rules we have laid down to render this sort of poem delightful, are all to be found in *Virgil*; or rather, which indeed is the truth, he will perceive that we have drawn our rules from his great example. *Virgil* has omitted nothing that would contribute to make his precepts pleasing; and his fables, allegories, descriptions, similes, reflections, remarks, digressions, &c. seem all to spring spontaneously out of his subject, and are so contrived that they naturally bring him to it again. Even the episode of *Orpheus* and *Eurydice*, tho' very long, is in the place *Virgil* has assign'd it, a beauty of the first magnitude, and is the more interesting for being pathetic.

We are now to speak of those poems which give Precepts for the recreations and pleasures of a country life, and of these we have several in our own language that are justly admired. As the most considerable of those diversions, however, are finely treated by Mr. Gay in his *Rural Sports*, we shall draw some examples from him; and first of angling.

You must not ev'ry worm promiscuous use,
Judgment will tell thee proper bait to chuse ;
The worm that draws a long immod'rate size
The trout abhors, and the rank morsel flies ;
And if too small, the naked fraud's in fight,
And fear forbids, while hunger does invite.
Those baits will best reward the fisher's pains,
Whose polish'd tails a shining yellow stains :
Cleanse them from filth, to give a tempting gloss,
Cherish the scaly race with moss ;
Amid the verdant bed they twine, they toil,
And from their bodies wipe their native soil.

But when the sun displays his glorious beams,
And shallow rivers flow with silver streams,
Then the deceit the scaly breed survey,
Bask in the sun, and look into the day.
You now a more delusive art must try,
And tempt their hunger with the curious fly.

To frame the little animal, provide
All the gay hues that wait on female pride,
Let nature guide thee; sometimes golden wire
The shining bellies of the fly require ;

The peacock's plumes thy tackle must not fail,
 Nor the dear purchase of the sable's tail.
 Each gaudy bird some slender tribute brings,
 And lends the growing insect proper wings:
 Silks of all colours must their aid impart,
 And ev'ry fur promote the fisher's art.
 So the gay lady, with expensive care,
 Borrows the pride of land, of sea, and air;
 Furs, pearls, and plumes, the glitt'ring thing displays,
 Dazles our eyes, and easier hearts betrays.

Mark well the various seasons of the year,
 How the succeeding insect race appear;
 In this revolving moon one colour reigns,
 Which in the next the fickle trout disdains.
 Oft have I seen a skilful angler try
 The various colours of the treach'rous fly;
 When he with fruitless pain hath skim'd the brook,
 And the coy fish rejects the skipping hook,
 He shakes the boughs that on the margin grow,
 Which o'er the stream a waving forest throw;
 When if an insect fall, (his certain guide)
 He gently takes him from the whirling tide;
 Examines well his form with curious eyes
 His gaudy vest, his wings, his horns and size,
 Then round his hook the chosen fur he winds,
 And on the back a speckled feather binds,
 So just the colours shine through ev'ry part,
 That nature seems to live again in art.
 Let not thy wary step advance too near,
 While all thy hope hangs on a single hair;
 The new-form'd insect on the water moves,
 The speckled trout the curious snare approves;
 Upon the curling surface let it glide,
 With natural motion from thy hand supply'd,
 Against the stream now gently let it play,
 Now in the rapid eddy roll away.
 The scaly shoals float by, and feiz'd with fear
 Behold their fellows tost in thinner air;
 But soon they leap, and catch the swimming bait,
 Plunge on the hook, and share an equal fate.
 When a brisk gale against the current blows,
 And all the watry plain in wrinkles flows,
 Then let the fisherman his art repeat,
 Where bubbling eddies favour the deceit.

If an enormous salmon chance to spy
 The wanton errors of the floating fly,
 He lifts his silver gills above the flood,
 And greedily sucks in the unfaithful food ;
 Then downward plunges with the fraudulent frey,
 And bears with joy the little spoil away.
 Soon in smart pain he feels the dire mistake,
 Lashes the wave and beats the foamy lake,
 With sudden rage he now aloft appears,
 And in his eye convulsive anguish bears ;
 And now again, impatient of the wound,
 He rolls and wreaths his shining body round ;
 Then headlong shoots beneath the dashing tide,
 The trembling fins the boiling wave divide ;
 Now hope exalts the fisher's beating heart,
 Now he turns pale, and fears his dubious art ;
 He views the tumbling fish with longing eyes,
 While the line stretches with th' unwieldy prize ;
 Each motion humours with his steady hands,
 And one slight hair the mighty bulk commands :
 'Till tir'd at last, despoil'd of all his strength,
 The game athwart the stream unfolds his length.
 He now, with pleasurey views the gasping prize
 Gnash his sharp teeth, and roll his blood-shot eyes ;
 Then draws him to the shore with artful care,
 And lifts his nostrils in the sickning air :
 Upon the burden'd stream he floating lies,
 Stretching his quivering fins, and gasping dies.

What he has given us on the other rural diversions is altogether as natural, and beautiful as the preceding.

Nor less the spaniel skilful to betray,
 Rewards the fowler with the feather'd prey.
 Soon as the labouring horse with swelling veins,
 Hath safely hous'd the farmer's doubtful gains,
 To sweet repast th' unwary partridge flies,
 With joy amid the scatter'd harveit lies ;
 Wandring in plenty, danger he forgets,
 Nor dreads the flav'ry of entangling nets.
 The subtle dog scours with sagacious nose
 Along the field, and snuffs each breeze that blows,
 Against the wind he takes his prudent way,
 While the strong gale directs him to the prey ;

Now the warm scent assures the covey near,
 He treads with caution, and he points with fear,
 Then (lest some centry fowl the fraud defry,
 And bid his fellows from the danger fly)
 Close to the ground in expectation lies,
 Till in the snare the flutt'ring covey rise.
 Soon as the blushing light begins to spread,
 And glancing *Phæbus* gilds the mountain's head,
 His early flight th' ill-fated partridge takes,
 And quits the friendly shelter of the brakes :
 Or when the sun casts a declining ray,
 And drives his chariot down the western way,
 Let your obsequious ranger search around,
 Where yellow stubble withers on the ground :
 Nor will the roving spy direct in vain,
 But numerous covies gratify the pain.
 When the meridian sun contracts the shade,
 And frisking heifers seek the cooling glade,
 Or when the country floats with sudden rains,
 Or driving mists deface the moist'ned plains ;
 In vain his toils th' unskilful fowler tries,
 While in thick woods the feeding partridge lies.

Nor must the sporting verse the gun forbear,
 But what's the fowler's be the muse's care.
 See how the well-taught pointer leads the way :
 The scent grows warm ; he stops ; he springs the prey ;
 The flutt'ring covey's from the stubble rise,
 And on swift wing divide the sounding skies ;
 The scattering lead pursues the certain fight,
 And death in thunder overtakes their flight.
 Cool breathes the morning air, and winter's hand
 Spreads wide her hoary mantle o'er the land ;
 Now to the copse thy lesser spaniel take,
 Teach him to range the ditch and force the brake ;
 Not closest coverts can protect the game :
 Hark ! the dog opens ; take thy certain aim ;
 The woodcock flutters ; how he wav'ring flies !
 The wood resounds : he wheels, he drops, he dies.

The tow'ring hawk let future poets sing,
 Who terror bears upon his soaring wing :
 Let them on high the frightened hern survey,
 And lofty numbers paint their airy fray.
 Nor shall the mountain lark the muse detain,
 That greets the morning with his early strain ;

When,

When, midst his song, the twinkling glas betrays,
While from each angle flash the glancing rays,
And in the sun the transient colours blaze :
Pride lures the little warbler from the skies,
The light enamour'd bird deluded dies.

But still the chase, a pleasing task, remains ;
The hound must open in these rural strains.
Soon as *Auro^{ra}* drives away the night,
And edges eastern clouds with rosy light,
The healthy huntsman, with a cheerful horn,
Summons the dogs, and greets the dappled morn ;
The jocund thunder wakes th' enliven'd hounds,
They rouse from sleep, and answer sounds for sounds ;
Wide through the furzy field their route they take,
Their bleeding bosoms force the thorny brake :
The flying game their smoaking nostrils trace,
No bounding hedge obstructs their eager pace ;
The distant mountains echo from afar,
And hanging woods resound the flying war :
The tuneful noise the sprightly courser hears,
Paws the green turf, and pricks his trembling ears ;
The slacken'd rein now gives him all his speed,
Back flies the rapid ground beneath the steed ;
Hills, dales, and forests far behind remain,
While the warm scent draws on the deep-mouth'd train.
Where shall the trembling hare a shelter find ?
Hark ! death advances in each gust of wind !
New stratagems and doubling wiles she tries,
Now circling turns, and now at large she flies ;
Till spent at last, she pants and heaves for breath,
Then lays her down, and waits devouring death.

We cannot part from Mr. Gay without taking some notice of his *Trivia, or Art of walking the Streets* ; a didactic poem of the burlesque kind, which he has heighten'd and made entertaining, by many diverting fictions, similies, digressions and descriptions very poetically and artfully introduced. Of these the following fable, by which he accounts for the rise of the *Patten*, is finely conceived.

Good housewives all the winter's rage despise,
Defended by the riding-hood's disguise :
Or underneath th' umbrella's oily shed,
Safe through the wet on clinking pattens tread,

Let *Perſian* dames th' umbrella's ribs display,
 To guard their beauties from the sunny ray ;
 Or sweating slaves ſupport the shady load,
 When eastern monarchs ſhow their ſtate abroad ;
Britain in winter only knows its aid,
 To guard from chilly ſhower's the walking maid.
 But, O ! forget not, muse, the patten's praise,
 That female implement ſhall grace thy lays ;
 Say from what art divine th' invention came,
 And from its origin deduce its name.

Where *Lincoln* wide extends her fenny ſoil,
 A goodly yeoman liv'd grown white with toil :
 One only daughter bleſt his nuptial bed,
 Who from her infant hand the poultry fed :
Martha (her careful mother's name) ſhe bore,
 But now her careful mother was no more.
 Whilſt on her father's knee the damſel play'd,
Patty he fondly call'd the ſmiling maid ;
 As years increas'd, her ruddy beauty grew,
 And *Patty*'s fame o'er all the village flew.

Soon as the grey-ey'd morning streaks the ſkies,
 And in the doubtful day the woodcock flies,
 Her cleanly pail the pretty housewife bears,
 And ſinging to the diſtant field repairs :
 And when the plains with ev'ning dews are ſpread,
 The milky burden ſmokes upon her head,
 Deep, thro' a miry-lane ſhe pick'd her way,
 Above her ankle roſe the chalky clay.

Vulcan by chance the bloomy maiden ſpies,
 With Innocence and beauty in her eyes,
 He ſaw, he lov'd ; for yet he ne'er had known
 Sweet innocence and beauty meet in one.

Ah *Mulcibar* ! recal thy nuptial vows,
 Think on the graces of thy *Paphian* spouse,
 Think how her eyes dart inexhausted charms,
 And canſt thou leave her bed for *Patty*'s arms ?

The *Lemnian* power forſakes the realms above,
 His bosom glowing with terreftrial love :
 Far in the lane a lonely hut he found,
 No tenant ventur'd on th' unwholeſome groun^l.
 Here ſmokes his forge, he bares his ſinewy arm,
 And early strokes the sounding anvil warm :
 Around his ſhop the ſteely ſparkles flew,
 As for the ſteed he ſhap'd the bending ſhoe.

When blue-ey'd *Patty* near his window came,
 His anvil rests, his forge forgets to flame.
 To bear his soothing tales she feigns delays ;
 What woman can resist the force of praise ?

At first she coyly ev'ry kiss withstood,
 And all her cheek was flush'd with modest blood :
 With headless nails he now surrounds her shoes,
 To save her steps from rains and piercing dews ;
 She lik'd his soothing tales, his presents wore,
 And granted kisses, but would grant no more :
 Yet winter chill'd her feet, with cold she pines,
 And on her cheek the fading rose declines ;
 No more her humid eyes their lustre boast,
 And in hoarse sounds her melting voice is lost.

This *Vulcan* saw, and in his heav'nly thought,
 A new machine mechanick fancy wrought,
 Above the mire her shelter'd steps to raise,
 And bear her safely through the wintry ways,
 Straight the new engine on the anvil glows,
 And the pale virgin on the patten rose.
 No more her lungs are shook with dropping rheums,
 And on her cheek reviving beauty blooms.
 The God obtain'd his suit ; though flatt'ry fail,
 Presents with female virtue must prevail.
 The patten now supports each frugal dame,
 Which from the blue-ey'd *Patty* takes the name.

Another fable, or rather episode, he has inserted, in which, with great humour he employs the heathen Gods and Goddesses in making materials to set up a black-shoe-boy, who was son to the Goddess *Cloacina*, whence the poet derives the origin of that trade ; and, what makes it yet more droll and diverting, he has gravely introduced it with a ridicule on one of the rules laid down to render these sort of poems the more agreeable.

What though the gath'ring mire thy feet besmear,
 The voice of industry is always near.
 Hark' the boy calls thee to his destin'd land,
 And the shoe shines beneath his oily hand.
 Here let the muse, fatigu'd amid the throng,
 Adorn her precepts with digressive song ;
 Of shirtless youths the secret rise to trace
 And show the parent of the fable race.

Like mortal man, great *Jove* (grown fond of change)
 Of old was wont this nether world to range
 To seek amours; the vice the monarch lov'd,
 Soon through the wide ethereal court improv'd,
 And e'en the proudest Goddess now and then
 Would lodge a night among the sons of men;
 To vulgar deities descends the fashion,
 Each, like her betters, had her earthly passion.
 Then *Cloacina* (Goddess of the tide
 Whose fable streams beneath the city glide)
 Indulg'd the modish flame; the town she rov'd;
 A mortal scavenger she saw, she lov'd;
 The muddy spots that dry'd upon his face,
 Like female patches, heighten'd ev'ry grace:
 She gaz'd, she sigh'd. For love can beauties spy
 In what seems faults to every common eye.

Now had the watchman walk'd his second round;
 When *Cloacina* hears the rumbling sound
 Of her brown lover's cart, for well she knows
 That pleasing thunder: swift the Goddess rose,
 And through the streets pursu'd the distant noise,
 Her bosom panting with expected joys.
 With the night-wandering harlot's airs she past,
 Brush'd near his side, and wanton glances cast;
 In the black form of cinder-wench she came,
 When love, the hour, the place had banish'd shame;
 To the dark alley arm in arm they move:
 O may no link-boy interrupt their love.

When the pale moon had nine times fill'd her space,
 The pregnant Goddess (cautious of disgrace)
 Descends to earth; but sought no midwife's aid,
 Nor midst her anguish to *Lucina* pray'd;
 No cheerful gossip wish'd the mother joy,
 Alone, beneath a bulk she dropt the boy.

The child through various risques in years improv'd,
 At first a beggar's brat, compassion mov'd;
 His infant tongue soon learnt the canting art,
 Knew all the pray'rs and whines to touch the heart.

Oh happy unown'd youths, your limbs can bear
 The scorching dog-star, and the winter's air,
 While the rich infant, nurs'd with care and pain,
 Thirsts with each heat, and coughs with ev'ry rain!

The Goddess long had mark'd the child's distress,
 And long had sought his suff'rings to redress;

She prays the Gods to take the fondling's part,
 To teach his hands some beneficial art
 Practis'd in streets : the Gods her suit allow'd,
 And made him useful to the walking croud,
 To cleanse the miry feet, and o'er the shoe
 With nimble skill the glossy black renew,
 Each power contributes to relieve the poor ;
 With the strong bristles of the mighty boar
 Diana forms his brush ; the God of day
 A tripod gives, amid the crowded way
 To raise the dirty foot, and ease his toil ;
 Kind Neptune fills his vase with fetid oil
 Prest from th' enormous whale : the God of fire,
 From whose dominions smoky clouds aspire,
 Among these gen'rous presents joins his part,
 And aids with foot the new japanning art ;
 Pleas'd she receives the gifts ; she downward glides,
 Lights in *Fleet-ditch*, and shoots beneath the tides.

Now dawns the morn, the sturdy lad awakes,
 Leaps from his stall, his tangled hair he shakes,
 Then leaning o'er the rails, he musing stood,
 And view'd below the black-canal of mud,
 Where common shores a lulling murmur keep,
 Whose torrents rush from *Holbourn's* fatal steep :
 Pensive through idleness, tears flow'd apace,
 Which eas'd his loaded heart, and wash'd his face ;
 At length he sighing cry'd ; That boy was blest,
 Whose infant lips have drain'd a mother's breast ;
 But happier far are those, (if such be known)
 Whom both a father and a mother own :
 But I, alas ! hard fortune's utmost scorn,
 Who ne'er knew parent, was an orphan born !
 Some boys are rich by birth beyond all wants,
 Belov'd by uncles, and kind good old aunts ;
 When time comes round, a *Christmas* box they bear,
 And one day makes them rich for all the year.
 Had I the precepts of a father learn'd,
 Perhaps I then the coachman's fare had earn'd,
 For lesser boys can drive ; I thirsty stand
 And see the double flaggon charge their hand,
 See them puff off the froth, and gulp amain,
 While with dry tongue I lick my lips in vain.

While thus he fervent prays, the heaving tide
 In widen'd circles beats on either side ;

The Goddess rose amid the inmost round,
 With wither'd turnip-tops her temples crown'd ;
 Low reach'd her dripping tresses, lank, and black
 As the smooth jet, or glossy raven's back ;
 Around her waste a circling eel was twin'd,
 Which bound her robe that hung in rags behind.
 Now beck'ning to the boy ; she thus begun ;
 Thy prayers are granted ; weep no more, my son :
Go thrive. At some frequented corner stand,
 This brush I give thee, grasp it in thy hand.
 Temper the foot within this vase of oil,
 And let the little tripod aid thy toil ;
 On this methinks I see the walking crew,
 At thy request support the miry shoe,
 The foot grows black that was with dirt embrown'd,
 And in thy pocket gingling halspence found.
 The Goddess plunges swift beneath the flood,
 And dashes all around her show'rs of mud ;
 The youth straight chose his post ; the labour ply'd,
 Where branching streets from *Charing-cross* divide ;
 His treble voice resounds, along the *Meuse*,
 And *Whitehall* echoes—*Clean your Honour's shoes.*

Episodes, and poetical fictions, properly introduc'd, have a most admirable effect in preceptive poetry; for they take off the attention of the mind, when fatigued with dry precepts, and lead it to subjects that are entertaining. They may, in this respect, be compared to inns placed at proper distances on the road, where, when a man is tired, he may stop to refresh himself.

But the humour and art of this author is so powerful, that he can make us laugh even at circumstances that should excite a different sensation; as will appear by the following description.

O roving muse, recal that wondrous year,
 When winter reign'd in bleak *Britannia's* air ;
 When hoary *Thames*, with frosted osiers crown'd,
 Was three long moons in icy fetters bound,
 The waterman, forlorn along the shore,
 Pensive reclines upon his useless oar,
 See harness'd steeds desert the stony town ;
 And wander roads unstable, not their own :
 Wheels o'er the harden'd waters smoothly glide,
 And raise with whiten'd tracks the slipp'ry tide.

Here

Here the fat cook piles high the blazing fire,
And scarce the spit can turn the steer entire.
Booths sudden hide the *Thame*, long streets appear,
And num'rous games proclaim the crowded fair,
So when a gen'ral bids the martial train
Spread their incampment o'er the spacious plain ;
Thick-rising tents a canvas city build,
And the loud dice resound thro' all the field.

'Twas here the matron found a doleful fate :
Let elegiac lay the wo^e relate,
Soft as the breath of distant flutes, at hours
When silent ev'ning closes up the flow'rs ;
Lulling as falling water's hollow noise ;
Indulging grief, like *Philomela's* voice.

Doll ev'ry day had walk'd these treach'rous roads ;
Her neck grew warpt beneath autumnal loads
Of various fruits ; she now a basket bore,
That head alas ! shall basket bear no more.
Each booth she frequent past, in quest of gain,
And boys with pleasure heard her shrilling strain.
Ah Doll! all mortals must resign their breath,
And industry itself submit to death !
The crackling crystal yields, she sinks, she dies,
Her head chopt off, from her lost shoulders flies ;
Pippins she cry'd, but death her voice confounds,
And Pip-pip-pip along the ice resounds.

We should here treat of those preceptive poems that teach the art of poetry it self, of which there are many that deserve particular attention ; but we have anticipated our design, and render'd any farther notice of them in a manner useles^s, by the extracts we have inserted from those authors in the course of this work. We ought however to observe, that *Horace* was the only poet among the ancients, who wrote precepts for poetry, at least his epistle to the *Piso's* is the only piece of the kind that has been handed down to us ; and that is so perfect it seems almost to have precluded the necessity of any other. Among the moderns we have several that are justly admired, which the reader will find, occasionally mentioned in different parts of this volume.

We are now to speak of those precepts that respect criticism ; and here we shall be obliged to draw all our examples from Mr. *Pope*, who is perhaps, the only author that

that has laid down rules in this manner for the direction of the judgment. His essay is of a mix'd nature, and may not improperly be called the *Art of Poetry* as well as *Criticism*. This however, is not to be considered as a blemish, but a beauty in his production.

Mr. Pope introduces his poem with this very just observation, that it is as great a fault to judge ill, as to write ill, and more dangerous to the publick. He then proceeds to shew, that a true taste is as difficult to be found as a true genius ; and observes, that tho' most men are born with some taste, yet it is generally spoiled by a false education. He takes notice of the multitude of critics, and tells us in the following lines that we ought to study our own taste, and know the limits of our genius, and judgment, before we attempt to criticise on others.

But you who seek to give and merit fame,
And justly bear a critick's noble name,
Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taste, and learning go ;
Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,
And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.

And in the following beautiful lines he refers us to nature as the best, and indeed, the only unerring guide to the judgment.

First follow NATURE, and your judgment frame
By her just standard, which is still the same ;
Unerring nature, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test of art.
Art from that fund, each just supply provides ;
Works without show, and without pomp presides :
In some fair body thus th' informing soul
With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,
Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve sustains ;
Itself unseen, but in th' effects, remains.

But the judgement, he observes, may be improved by the rules of art, which rules if just and fit are only nature methodised ; and as these rules are derived from the practise of the ancient poets, the ancients, particularly Homer and Virgil, ought to be study'd by the critic.

You then whose judgement the right course wou'd steer,
 Know well each ANCIENT's proper character;
 His fable, subject, scope in ev'ry page;
 Religion, country, genius of his age:
 Without all these at once before your eyes,
 Civil you may, but never criticize.
 Be HOMER's works your study, and delight,
 Read them by day, and meditate by night;
 Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
 And trace the muses upward to their spring.
 Still with itself compar'd, his text peruse;
 And let your comment be the *Mantuan* muse.

He then speaks of the licences allow'd to poetry, and
 of the use of them by the ancients; which is thus happily
 expressed.

Some beauties yet, no precepts can declare,
 For there's a happiness as well as care.
 Musick resembles poetry; in each {
 Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
 And which a master-hand alone can reach.
 If, where the rules not far enough extend,
 (Since rules were made but to promote their end)
 Some lucky LICENCE answers to the full
 Th' intent propos'd, that licence is a rule.
 Thus *Pegasus*, a nearer way to take,
 May boldly deviate from the common track.
 Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
 And rise to faults true criticks dare not mend;
 From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
 And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.
 Which, without passing thro' the judgment, gains
 The heart, and all its ends at once attains.
 In prospects thus, some objects please our eyes,
 Which out of nature's common order rise,
 The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice.
 But care in poetry must still be had,
 It asks discretion ev'n in running mad:
 And tho' the ancients thus their rules invade,
 (As kings dispense with laws themselves have made)
 Moderns beware! Or if you must offend
 Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end;
 Let it be seldom; and compell'd by need;
 And have, at least, their precedent to plead.

The

The critick else proceeds without remorse,
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts
Those freer beauties, ev'n in them, seem faults.
Some figures monstrous and mis-shap'd appear,
Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,
Which, but proportion'd to their light, or place,
Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
A prudent chief not always must display
His pow'rs in equal ranks, and fair array,
But with th' occasion and place comply,
Conceal his force, nay seem sometimes to fly.
Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,
Nor is it *Homer* nods, but we that dream.

After this he speaks of the reverence and praise due to
the ancients, observes that pride and imperfect learning
hinder us from forming a true judgement, and illustrates
his subject with a most beautiful simile.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest byas rules,
Is PRIDE, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever nature has in worth deny'd,
She gives in large recruits of needful pride :
For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind ;
Pride, where wit fails, steps into our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense.
If once right reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
Trust not yourself ; but your defects to know,
Make use of ev'ry friend—and ev'ry foe.
A little learning is a dang'rous thing ;
Drink deep, or taste not the *Pierian* spring :
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fir'd at first sight with what the muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind,
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind ;
But more advanc'd, behold with strange surprize
New distant scenes of endless science rise !

So pleas'd at first the tow'ring *Alps* we try,
 Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky,
 Th' eternal snows appear already past,
 And the first clouds and mountains seem the last :
 But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey
 The growing labours of the lengthen'd way,
 Th' increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes,
 Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise !

He then condemns those who judge by a part and not the whole of a performance, as well as those who are critics only in *Wit*, *Language*, or *Versification*, and ridicules others who are too hard to please, or too apt to admire.

A perfect judge will read each work of wit,
 With the same spirit that its author writ :
 Survey the WHOLE, nor seek slight faults to find
 Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind ;
 Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
 The gen'rous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.
 But in such lays as neither ebb, nor flow,
 Correctly cold and regularly low,
 That shunning faults, one quiet tenor keep :
 We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.
 In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts,
 Not th' exactness of peculiar parts ;
 'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
 But the joint force and full result of all.
 Some to conceit alone their taste confine,
 And glitt'ring thoughts struck out at ev'ry line ;
 Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit ;
 One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
 Sets like painters, thus, unskill'd to trace
 The naked nature and the living grace,
 With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part,
 And hide with ornaments their want of art.
 For works may have more wit than does them good,
 Bodies perish through excess of blood.
 Others for *Language* all their care express
 And value books, as women men, for dres :
 Their praise is still,—the style is excellent :
 In sense, they humbly take upon content.
 Words are like leaves ; and where they most abound,
 Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colours spreads on ev'ry place ;
The face of nature we no more survey,
All glares alike, without distinction gay :
But true expression, like th' unchanging sun,
Clears, and improves whate'er it shines upon,
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.

But most by numbers judge a poet's song ;
And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong :
In the bright muse tho' thousand charms conspire,
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire ;
Who haunt *Parnassus* but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds ; as some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine but the music there.

These equal syllables alone require,
Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire :
While expletives their feeble aid do join ;
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line :
While they ring round the same unvary'd chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rhymes ;
Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"
In the next line, it, "whispers thro' the trees :"
If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threat'n'd (not in vain) with "sleep :"
Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless *Alexandrine* ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
True ease in writing comes from art not chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
'The sound must seem an echo to the sense.

Avoid extremes ; and shun the fault of such,
Who still are pleas'd too little or too much.
At ev'ry trifle scorn to take offence,
That always shews great pride or little sense ;
Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,
Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move ;
For fools admire, but men of sense approve :
As things seem large which we thro' mists descry,
Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

The poet next complains of the partiality of critics to some particular sect, party, nation, or age: He observes that some give all applause to the ancients, some admire only the moderns; that some affect to be singular whether right or wrong, while others borrow their opinions from the town, and change them, as they change their company.

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the town;
They reason and conclude by precedent,
And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of authors names, not works, and then
Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.
Some praise at morning what they blame at night;
But always think the last opinion right.
A muse by these is like a mistress us'd,
This hour she's idoliz'd, the next abus'd;
While their weak heads like towns unfortify'd,
'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side.

Some valuing those of their own side or mind,
Still make themselves the measure of mankind:
Fondly we think we honour merit then,
When we but praise ourselves in other men;
Parties in wit attend on those of state,
And public faction doubles private hate.
Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue;
But like a shadow, proves the substance true:
For envy'd wit, like sol eclips'd, makes known
Th' opposing body's grossness, not his own.
When first that sun too pow'rful beams displays,
It draws up vapours which obscure its rays;
But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,
Reflect new glories and augment the day.
Be thou the first true merit to befriend;
His praise is lost, who stays 'till all commend.
Short is the date alas, of modern rhymes,
And 'tis but just to let them live betimes.

He then laments the fate of wit, which is ever pursued
By envy, and advises the critic to temper his mind with
Good nature.

Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,
 Atones not for that envy which it brings.
 In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
 But soon the short-liv'd vanity is lost :
 Like some fair flow'r the early spring supplies,
 That gaily blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.
 Now, they who reach *Parnassus'* lofty crown,
 Employ their pains to spurn some others down ;
 And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
 Contending wits become the sport of fools :
 But still the worst with most regret commend,
 For each ill author is as bad a friend.
 To what base ends, and by what abject ways,
 Are mortals urg'd thro' sacred lust of praise !
 Ah ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
 Nor in the critic let the man be lost.
 Good nature and good sense must ever join ;
 To err is human, to forgive, divine.

He observes, and very justly, that severity ought to be pointed at those pieces of immorality, obscenity, and blasphemy, that tend to corrupt the minds of mankind, but withal adds this necessary caution.

Yet shun their fault, who, scandalously nice,
 Will needs mistake an author into vice ;
 All seems infected that th' infected spy,
 As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

After this the poet gives rules for the conduct and manners in a critic, and recommends candour, modesty, good-breeding, sincerity, and freedom of advice; yet points out some cases where our counsel is to be restrained, and where advice would be ineffectual. He then draws the characters of an incorrigible poet, an impertinent critic, and a good one.

LEARN then what MORALS critics ought to show,
 For 'tis but half a judge's task, to know.
 'T s not enough, taste, judgment, learning, join ;
 In all you speak, let truth and candour shine :
 That not alone what to your sense is due
 All may allow ; but seek your friendship too.

Be silent always, when you doubt your sense ;
 And speak, tho' sure, with seeming diffidence :
 Some positive, persisting fops we know,
 Who if once wrong, will needs be always so ;
 But you, with pleasure own your errors past,
 And make each day a critique on the last.

"Tis not enough your counsel still be true ;
 Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do ;
 Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
 And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.
 Without good breeding, truth is disapprov'd ;
 That only makes superior sense belov'd.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence :
 For the worst avarice is that of sense.
 With mean complaisance ne'er betray your trust,
 Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.
 Fear not the anger of the wise to raise ;
 Those best can bear reproof, who merit praise.
 'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
 And charitably let the dull be vain :
 Your silence there is better than your spite ;
 For who can rail so long as they can write ?
 Still humming on, their drowsy course they keep,
 And lash'd so long, like tops, are lash'd a-sleep.
 False steps but help them to renew the race,
 As, after stumbling, jades will mend their pace.
 What crouds of these, impertinently bold,
 In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,
 Still run on poets, in a raging vein,
 Even to the dregs and squeezings of the brain,
 Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,
 And rhyme with all the rage of impotence.

Such shameless bards we have ; and yet 'tis true,
 There are as mad, abandon'd critics too.
 The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
 With loads of learned lumber in his head,
 With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
 And always list'ning to himself appears.
 All books he reads, and all he reads affails,
 From Dryden's fables down to Durfey's tales.

But where's the man, who counsel can bestow,
 Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know ?

Unbias'd, or by favour, or by spite ;
 Not dully prepossess'd, nor blindly right ;
 Tho' learn'd, well-bred ; and tho' well-bred, sincere ;
 Modestly bold, and humanly severe :
 Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
 And gladly praise the merit of a foe ?
 Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfin'd ;
 A knowledge both of books and human kind ;
 Gen'rous converse ; a soul exempt from pride ;
 And love to praise, with reason on his side ?

Here the poet introduces a concise history of criticism, with the characters of the best critics, *viz.* *Aristotle*, *Horace*, *Dionysius*, *Petronius*, *Quintilian*, and *Longinus*. He then speaks of the decay of criticism and of its revival; gives us short characters of *Erasmus*, *Vida*, *Boileau*, the duke of *Buckingham*, lord *Roscommon*, and concludes with an elegium on his late friend and preceptor Mr. *Walsh*.

Thus have we given the reader the whole scope and design of Mr. *Pope's* essay, with an abstract of his precepts, and some of those ornamental parts which he has artfully and judiciously thrown in to enrich and adorn his rules, and render them the more permanent and pleasing. Had we introduced all the beauties, we must have transcribed the whole poem, which, notwithstanding the subject runs so much into common place, is indeed so full of them, that what the author has said of *Longinus*, may with propriety be apply'd to himself.

—Him all the nine inspire,
 And bless their critic with a poet's fire.
 An ardent judge, who zealous in his trust,
 With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just ;
 Whose own examples strengthens all his laws ;
 And is himself that great sublime he draws.

We shall conclude this article on criticism with an observation of Dr. *Garth's*, which may help to excite candour in the professors of this art; an ingredient very necessary, yet much wanted by our modern critics.

“ ‘Tis to be lamented, says he, that gentlemen ^{all} continue to behave thus unfairly, and treat one another _{ever}

every day with most injurious libels. The muses should be ladies of chaste and fair behaviour; when they are otherwise, they are furies. 'Tis certain, that *Parnassus* is at best but a barren mountain, and its inhabitants contrive to make it more so by their unneighbourly deportment. The authors are the only corporation that endeavour at the ruin of their own society; yet every day may convince them how much a rich fool is respected above a poor wit. The only talents in esteem at present are those of *Exchange Alley*; one tally is worth a grove of bays; and 'tis of more consequence to be well read in the tables of interest, and the rise and fall of stocks, than in the revolution of empires. This reflection was occasion'd by the treatment Mr. *Dryden* met with, who (says the Doctor) was libelled in his life-time by the very men who had no other excellencies, but as they were his imitators. Where he was allowed to have sentiments superior to all others, they charged him with theft: But how did he steal? No otherwise, than like those who steal beggars children, only to cloath them the better. As his earlier works wanted no maturity, so his latter wanted no force or spirit; and the falling off of his hair had no other consequence than to make his laurels be seen the more."

Poets who write in the preceptive manner should take care to chuse such subjects as are worthy of their muse, and of consequence to all mankind; for to bestow both parts and pains to teach people trifles that are unworthy of their attention, is to the last degree ridiculous.

Among poems of the useful and interesting kind, Dr. *Armstrong's* Art of preserving health deserves, I think, particular notice, as well in consideration of the subject, as of the elegant and masterly manner in which he has treated it; for he has made those things, which are in their own nature dry and unentertaining, perfectly agreeable and pleasing, by adhering to the rules observed by *Virgil* and others in the conduct of these poems.

The author has divided this poem into four books, and considered how our health is promoted or impair'd by air, diet, exercise, and the passions. It opens with an invocation to *Hygeia* the goddess of health, whose aid, he observes, the difficulty of the subject has render'd necessary.

Without thy cheerful active energy
 No rapture swells the breast, no poet sings,
 No more the maids of *Helicon* delight.
 Come then with me, O Goddess heavenly gay !
 Begin the song ; and let it sweetly flow,
 And let it wisely teach thy wholesome laws :
 " How best the fickle fabric to support
 " Of mortal man ; in healthful body how
 " A healthy mind the longest to maintain."
 'Tis hard, in such a strife of rules, to chuse
 The best, and those of most extensive use ;
 Harder in clear and animated song.
 Dry philosophic precepts to convey.
 Yet with thy aid the secret wilds I trace
 Of nature, and with daring steps proceed
 'Thro' paths the muses never trod before.

He then pays a compliment to Dr. *Mead*, and enters on the subject *air*, inveighs against that which we breathe in *London*, and says,

It is not air

That from a thousand lungs reeks back to thine,
 Sated with exhalations rank and fell,
 The spoil of dunghills, and the putrid thaw
 Of nature, when from shape and texture she
 Relapses into fighting elements :
 It is not air, but floats a nauseous mass
 Of all obscene, corrupt, offensive things.
 Much moisture hurts ; but here a sordid bath,
 With oily rancour fraught, relaxes more
 The solid frame than simple moisture can.

The reflection he has made on the benefit we receive from burning of pit-coal is truly philosophical, and drawn from experience ; for, I think, it has been observed, that no plague or pestilential disorder (properly so called) has appear'd in *London* since the introduction, and general use of this kind of fuel.

The directions he then gives for the choice of air, and of a country situation, are delivered in a manner very poetical and pleasing.

While yet you breathe, away ; the rural wilds
 Invite ; the mountains call you, and the vales,
 The woods, the streams, and each ambrosial breeze
 That fans the ever undulating sky ;
 A kindly sky ! whose fost'ring pow'r regales
 Man, beast, and all the vegetable reign.
 Find then some woodland scene where nature smiles
 Benign, where all her honest children thrive.
 To us there wants not many a happy seat ;
 Look round the smiling land, such numbers rise
 We hardly fix, bewilder'd in our choice.
 See where enthron'd in adamantine state,
 Proud of her Bards, imperial *Windfor* sits ;
 There chuse thy seat, in some aspiring grove
 Fast by the slowly-winding *Thames* ; or where
 Broader she laves fair *Richmond*'s green retreats,
 (*Richmond* that fees an hundred villas rise
 Rural or gay.) O ! from the summer's rage
 O ! wrap me in the friendly gloom that hides
 Umbrageous *Ham* ! But if the busy town
 Attract thee still to toil for pow'r or gold,
 Sweetly thou mayst thy vacant hours possess
 In *Hampstead*, courted by the western wind ;
 Or *Greenwich*, waving o'er the winding flood ;
 Or lose the world amid the sylvan wilds
 Of *Dulwich*, yet by barb'rous arts unspoil'd.

We have already taken notice of the allusions to ancient fables in *Virgil* and others, and of the frequent use made of the figure called *Protopopæia*, by which the properties of life are given, not only to inanimate Beings, but to Virtues, Vices, Diseases, &c. Some of these beauties will be seen in the first paragraph of the following passage.

Green rise the *Kentish* hills in cheerful air ;
 But on the marshy plains that *Essex* spreads
 Build not, nor rest too long thy wand'ring feet.
 For on a rustic throne of dewy turf,
 With baneful fogs her aching temples bound,
Quartana there prefides : a meagre fiend
 Begot by *Eurus*, when his brutal force
 Compreß'd the slothful *Naiad* of the fens.
 From such a mixture sprung, this fitful pest
 With fev'rish blasts subdues the sick'ning land,

Cold tremors come, and mighty love of rest,
 Convulsive yawnings, lassitude, and pains
 That sting the burden'd brows, fatigue the loins,
 And rack the joints, and every torpid limb ;
 Then parching heat succeeds, till copious sweats
 O'erflow : a short relief from former ills.
 Beneath repeated shocks the wretches pine ;
 'The vigour sinks, the habit melts away ;
 'The cheerful, pure, and animated bloom
 Dies from the face, with squalid atrophy
 Devour'd, in fallow melancholy clad.
 And oft the forc'res, in her fated wrath,
 Refigns them to the furies of her train ;
 The bloated Hydrops, and the yellow fiend
 Ting'd with her own accumulated gall.

In quest of sites, avoid the mournful plain,
 Where osiers thrive, and trees that love the lake ;
 Where many lazy muddy rivers flow :
 Nor for the wealth that all the Indies roll
 Fix near the marshy margin of the main.
 For from the humid soil and watry rain
 Eternal vapours rise ; the spungy air
 For ever weeps ; or turgid with the weight
 Of waters, pours a sounding deluge down.
 Skies such as these, let ev'ry mortal shun,
 Who dreads the dropsy, palsy, or the gout,
 Tertian, corrosive scurvy, or moist catarrh ;
 Or any other injury that grows
 From raw-spun fibres idle and unstrung,
 Skin ill-perspiring, and the purple flood
 In languid eddies loit'ring into phlegm.

Yet not alone from humid skies we pine ;
 For air may be too dry. The subtle heaven,
 That winnows into dust the blasted downs,
 Bare and extended wide without a stream,
 Too fast imbibes th' attenuated lymph
 Which by the surface, from the blood exhales.
 The lungs grow rigid, and with toil essay
 Their flexible vibrations ; or inflam'd,
 Their tender ever-moving structure thaws,
 Spoil'd of its limpid vehicle, the blood
 A mass of lees remains, a drossy tide
 That flow as *Lethe* wanders thro' the veins ;

Unactive in the services of life,
 Unfit to lead its pitchy current thro'
 The secret mazy channels of the brain.
 The melancholic fiend, (that worst despair
 Of physic) hence the rust-complexion'd man
 Pursues, whose blood is dry, whose fibres gain
 Too stretch'd a tone : And hence in climes adust
 So sudden tumults seize the trembling nerves,
 And burning fevers glow with double rage.

Fly, if you can, these violent extremes
 Of air ; the wholesome is not moist nor dry:
 But as the power of chusing is deny'd
 To half mankind, a further task ensues ;
 How best to mitigate these fell extremes,
 How breathe unhurt the withering element,
 Or hazy atmosphere.

He then reflects on the force of custom, and the friendly power of native air, which is so great that they who are born and nurtured in those countries where the air is esteem'd bad, not only live in health, but are often recover'd by their native air from disorders caught in more friendly climates. He advises those, however, who live in marshy, or woody countries, to drain the bogs, and clear away the trees, so as to obtain a free circulation of air ; and to pay at the same time a proper regard to diet, and exercise.

Mean time, at home with cheerful fires dispel
 The humid air : and let your table smoke
 With solid roast or bak'd ; or what the herds
 Of tamer breed supply ; or what the wilds
 Yield to the toilsome pleasures of the chace.
 Generous your wine, the boast of rip'ning years,
 But frugal be your cups ; the languid frame,
 Vapid and funk from yesterday's debauch,
 Shrinks from the cold embrace of watry heavens.
 But neither these nor all *Apollo's* arts,
 Disarm the dangers of the dropping sky,
 Unless with exercise and manly toil
 You brace your nerves, and spur the lagging blood.

If droughty regions parch
 The skin and lungs, and bake the thick'ning blood,
 Deep in the waving forest chuse your seat,
 Where fuming trees refresh the thirsty air,
 And wake the fountains from their secret beds,
 And into lakes dilate the running stream.
 Here spread your gardens wide ; and let the cool,
 The moist relaxing vegetable store
 Prevail in each repast : your food supplied
 By bleeding life, be gently wasted down,
 By soft decoction and a mellowing heat,
 To liquid balm ; or, if the solid mass
 You chuse, tormented in the boiling wave,
 That thro' the thirsty channels of the blood
 A smooth diluted chyle may ever flow :
 The fragrant dairy from its cool recess
 Its nectar acid or benign will pour
 To drown your thirst ; or let the mantling bowl
 Of keen sherbet the fickle taste relieve.
 For with the viscous blood the simple stream
 Will hardly mingle ; and fermented cups
 Oft dissipate more moisture than they give.
 Yet when pale seasons rise, or winter rolls
 His horrors o'er the world, thou may'st indulge
 In feasts more genial, and impatient broach
 The mellow cask. Then too the scourging air
 Provokes to keener toils than sultry droughts
 Allow.

And to those who would avoid an over moist air, he lays
 down the following rules both for situation and building;
 which are season'd with such reflections as render them
 more profitable, as well as more pleasing.

Mean time, the moist malignity to shun
 Of burthen'd skies ; mark where the dry champaign
 Swells into cheerful hills ; where marjoram
 And thyme, the love of bees, perfume the air ;
 And where the * *Cynorrhodon* with the rose
 For fragrance vies ; for in the thirsty soil
 Most fragrant breathe the aromatic tribes.
 There bid thy roofs high on the basking sleep
 Ascend, there light thy hospitable fires.

* The wild rose, or that which grows on the wild briar.

And let them see the winter morn arise,
 The summer ev'ning blushing in the west ;
 While with umbrageous oaks the ridge behind
 O'erhung, defends you from the blust'ring north,
 And bleak affliction of the peevish east.
 O ! when the growling winds contend, and all
 The sounding forest fluctuates in the storm,
 To sink in warm repose, and hear the din
 Howl o'er the steady battlements, delights
 Above the luxury of vulgar sleep.
 The murmuring rivulet, and the hoarser strain
 Of waters rushing o'er the slippery rocks,
 Will nightly lull you to ambrosial rest.
 To please the fancy is no trifling good,
 Where health is studied ; for whatever moves
 The mind with calm delight, promotes the just
 And natural movements of th' harmonious frame.
 Besides, the sportive brook for ever shakes
 The trembling air ; that floats from hill to hill,
 From vale to mountain, with incessant change
 Of purest element, refreshing still
 Your airy seat.

He then recommends a dry house, *but airy more than warm*, because those who confine themselves to warm rooms are, when abroad, extremely subject to colds ; the ceilings too should be lofty, and the windows at mid-day open'd to discharge the foul air. He would have a sunny situation, where the windows open to the south, the excellency of which is proved from a consideration of the state plants are in when confined to a perpetual shade, and this book he concludes with an Apostrophe to the sun, which is truly sublime.

How sickly grow,
 How pale, the plants in those ill-fated vales
 That, circled round with the gigantic heap
 Of mountains, never felt, nor ever hope
 To feel, the genial vigour of the sun !
 While on the neighbouring hill the rose inflames
 The verdant spring ; in virgin beauty blows
 The tender lily, languishingly sweet ;
 O'er every hedge the wanton woodbine roves,
 And autumn ripens in the summer's ray.
 Nor less the warmer living tribes demand

The fost'ring sun : whose energy divine
 Dwells not in mortal fire ; whose gen'rous heat
 Glows thro' the mass of grosser elements,
 And kindles into life the pond'rous spheres.
 Clear'd by thy kind invigorating warmth,
 We court thy beams, great majesty of day !
 If not the soul, the regent of this world,
 First-born of heaven, and only less than God !

Diet, the subject of the second book would not admit of so much poetical ornament as the proceeding, yet this is not without its beauties. At the beginning the author speaks of the circulation of the blood, and of its continual waste, which is supplyed by fresh aliments reduced by the concoctive powers into chyle, and then into blood, and, before he enters on the rules of diet, makes this just observation.

Nothing so foreign but th' athletic hind
 Can labour into blood. The hungry meal
 Alone he fears, or aliments too thin ;
 By violent powers too easily subdu'd,
 Too soon expell'd. His daily labour thaws,
 To friendly chyle, the most rebellious mass
 That salt can harden, or the smoke of years ;
 Nor does his gorge the rancid bacon rue,
 Nor that which *Cestria* sends, tenacious paste
 Of solid milk.

This is follow'd by some rules for the choice of food, in which the author observes that liquid food, vegetables, and young animals, are easiest of digestion : But he inveighs against such animal food as is made fat by unnatural means.

Some with high forage, and luxuriant ease,
 Indulge the veteran ox ; but wiser thou,
 From the bald mountain or the barren downs,
 Expect the flocks by frugal nature fed ;
 A race of purer blood, with exercise
 Refin'd and scanty fare : For, old or young,
 The stall'd are never healthy ; nor the cramm'd.
 Not all the culinary arts can tame,
 To wholesome food, the abominable growth
 Of rest and gluttony ; the prudent taste
 Rejects like bane such loathsome lusciousnes.

The languid stomach curses even the pure
 Delicious fat, and all the race of oil :
 For more the oily aliments relax
 Its feeble tone ; and with the eager lymph
 (Fond to incorporate with all it meets)
 Coily they mix, and shun with slippery wiles
 The wo'd embrace. ——————
 Chuse leaner viands, ye whose jovial make
 Too fast the gummy nutriment imbibes :
 Chuse sober meals ; and rouse to active life
 Your cumbrous clay ; nor on th' infeebling down,
 Irresolute, protract the morning hours.
 But let the man whose bones are thinly clad,
 With cheerful ease and succulent repast
 Improve his slender habit. Each extreme
 From the blest mean of sanity departs.

Taught by experience soon you may discern
 What pleases, what offends. Avoid the cates
 That lull the sicken'd appetite too long ;
 Or heave with fev'rish flushings all the face,
 Burn in the palms, and parch the roughning tongue ;
 Or much diminish or too much increase
 Th' expence, which nature's wise oeconomy,
 Without or waste or avarice, maintains.

He justly observes that every creature, except man, is directed by instinct to its proper aliment. This is so true, that their instinct has often been of the utmost consequence to those who have failed in quest of countries undiscover'd, where they never attempt to eat any fruits which the birds have not fed on. But man, voluptuous man, says our author, feeds with all the commoners of nature, and

Is by superior faculties misled ;
 Misled from pleasure even in quest of joy.
 Sated with nature's boons, what thousands seek,
 With dishes tortur'd from their native taste
 And mad variety, to spur beyond
 Its wiser will the jaded appetite !
 Is this for pleasure ? Learn a juster taste ;
 And know that temperance is true luxury.

— Would you long the sweets of health enjoy,
 Or husband pleasure ; at one impious meal
 Exhaust not half the bounties of the year,
 Of every realm. It matters not mean while
 How much to-morrow differ from to day ;

So far indulge : 'tis fit, besides, that man,
To change obnoxious, be to change inur'd.
But stay the curious appetite, and taste
With caution fruits you never tried before.
For want of use the kindest aliment
Sometimes offends ; while custom tames the rage
Of poison to mild amity with life.

He then points out the mischiefs that attend eating to excess, even of any aliment, and advises us to observe the calls of nature, but not so as to eat too freely after long abstinence.

When hunger calls, obey ; nor often wait
'Till hunger sharpen to corrosive pain :
For the keen appetite will feast beyond
What nature well can bear ; and one extreme
Ne'er without danger meets its own reverse.
Too greedily th' exhausted veins absorb
The recent chyle, and load enfeebled powers
Oft to th' extinction of the vital flame.
To the pale cities, by the firm-set siege
And famine humbled, may this verse be borne ;
And hear, ye hardièst sons that *Albion* breeds
Long tos'd and famish'd on the wintry main ;
The war shook off, or hospitable shore
Attain'd, with temperance bear the shock of joy ;
Nor crown with festive rites th' auspicious day ;
Such feast might prove more fatal than the waves,
Than war or famine.

But tho' the extremes of eating, or of fasting, are to be avoided, it is imprudent to confine the stomach always to the same exact portion, for, as he observes,

it much avails
Ever with gentle tide to ebb and flow
From this to that : So nature learns to bear
Whatever chance or headlong appetite
May bring. Besides, a meagre day subdues
The cruder clods by sloth or luxury
Collected, and unloads the wheels of life.

He then speaks of the regimen necessary to be observed in the several seasons of the year, and recommends in the summer the tender vegetable brood, with the cool moist viands of the dairy ; but tells us that

Pale humid winter loves the generous board,
The meal more copious, and a warmer fare ;
And longs with old wood and old wine to cheer
His quaking heart. The seasons which divide
Th' empires of heat and cold, by neither claim'd,
Influenc'd by both, a middle regimen
Impose. Thro' autumn's languishing domain
Descending, nature by degrees invites
To glowing luxury. But from the depth
Of winter when th' invigorated year
Emerges ; when *Favonius* flush'd with love,
Toyful and young, in every breeze descends
More warm and wanton on his kindling bride ;
Then shepherds, then begin to spare your flocks ;
And learn, with wife humanity, to check
The lust of blood. Now pregnant earth commits
A various offspring to th' indulgent sky :
Now bounteous nature feeds with lavish hand
The prone creation ; yields what once suffic'd
Their dainty sovereign, when the world was young ;
E're yet the barbarous thirst of blood had feiz'd
The human breast. Each rolling month matures
The food that suits it most ; so does each clime.

This passage is, I think, very beautiful, as also is the following introduction to his precepts for drinking water, and the subsequent lines concerning the choice, and proper use, of that element.

Now come, ye *Naiads*, to the fountains lead ;
Now let me wander thro' your gelid reign.
I burn to view th' enthusiastic wilds
By mortal else untrod. I hear the din
Of waters thundring o'er the ruin'd cliffs.
With holy reverence I approach the rocks
Whence glide the streams renown'd in ancient song.
Here from the desert down the rumbling steep
First springs the *Nile* ; here burst the sounding *Po*
In angry waves ; *Euphrates* hence devolves
A mighty flood to water half the *East* ;
And there, in gothic solitude reclin'd,
The cheerless *Tanais* pours his hoary urn.
What solemn twilight ! What stupendous shades
Enwrap these infant floods ! Thro' every nerve

A sacred horror thrills, a pleasing fear
Glides o'er my frame —

The task remains to sing
Your gifts, (so *Pæon*, so the powers of health
Command) to praise your crystal element :
The chief ingredient in heaven's various works ;
Whose flexile genius sparkles in the gem,
Grows firm in oak, and fugitive in wine ;
The vehicle, the source, of nutriment
And life, to all that vegetate or live.

O comfortable streams ! with eager lips
And trembling hand the languid thirsty quaff
New life in you ; fresh vigour fills their veins.
No warmer cups the rural ages knew ;
None warmer sought the fires of human kind.
Oh ! could those worthies from the world of Gods
Return to visit their degenerate sons,
How would they scorn the joys of modern time,
With all our art and toil improv'd to pain !
Too happy they ! but wealth brought luxury,
And luxury on sloth begot disease,

Learn temperance, friends ; and hear without disdain
The choice of water. Thus the * *Coan* sage
Opin'd, and thus the learn'd of every school.
What least of foreign principles partakes
Is best : The lightest then ; what bears the touch
Of fire the least, and soonest mounts in air ;
The most insipid ; the most void of smell.
Such the rude mountain from his horrid fides
Pours down ; such waters in the fandy vale
For ever boil, alike of winter's frosts
And summer's heat secure. The crystal stream
O'er rocks resounding, or for many a mile
Hurl'd down the pebbly channel, wholesome yields
And mellow draughts ; except when winter thaws,
And half the mountains melt into the tide.
Tho' thirst were ne'er so resolute, avoid
The fordid lake, and all such drowsy floods
As fill from *Lethe Belgia's* slow canals.

And this subject of water-drinking he concludes with
some observations, on the proper use of other liquors,

* *Hippocrates.*

which are drawn from nature and experience. This reflection also on the nature of fermented liquors, and their tendency to resist putrefaction, and of consequence to retard digestion, is very just and philosophical.

Nothing like simple element dilutes
The food, or gives the chyle so soon to flow.
But where the stomach, indolently given,
Toys with its duty, animate with wine
Th' insipid stream ; tho' golden *Ceres* yields
A more voluptuous, a more sprightly draught ;
Perhaps more active. Wine unmix'd, and all
The gluey floods that from the vex'd abyss
Of fermentation spring ; with spirit fraught,
And furious with intoxicating fire,
Retard concoction, and preserve unthaw'd
Th' embodied mass. You see what countless years,
Embalm'd in fiery quintessence of wine,
The puny wonders of the reptile world,
The tender rudiments of life, the slim
Unravellings of minute anatomy,
Maintain their texture, and unchang'd remain.

Mean time, I would not always dread the bowl,
Nor every trespass shun. The feverish strife,
Rous'd by the rare debauch, subdues, expels
The loitering crudities that burthen life ;
And, like a torrent full and rapid, clears
Th' obstructed tubes.——

Then learn to revel ; but by slow degrees :
By slow degrees the liberal arts are won ;
And *Hercules* grew strong. But when you smooth
The brows of care, indulge your festive vein
In cups by well inform'd experience found
The least your bane ; and only with your friends,
There are sweet follies ; frailties to be seen
By friends alone, and men of generous minds.

Oh ! seldom may the fated hours return
Of drinking deep ! I would not daily taste,
Except when life declines, even sober cups.

————— For know, whate'er
Beyond its natural fervour hurries on
The fanguine tide ; whether the frequent bowl,
High-seas'd fare, or exercise to toil
Protracted ; spurs to its last stage tir'd life,
And sows the temples with untimely snow.

Our author ends this book with some sublime reflections on the mutability and decay of all things ; and then enters on exercise, the subject of his third book ; which tho' barren, and one would think incapable of many ornaments, is nevertheless made agreeable by his manner of treating it ; for in this, as well as in the last he has, like an able sculptor, drawn harmony, beauty, and expression, out of very rude and unpromising materials.

This book is address'd to those of a delicate frame ; to whom he thus points out the importance of exercise.

Behold the labourer of the glebe, who toils
In dust, in rain, in cold and sultry skies :
Save but the grain from mildews and the flood,
Nought anxious he what sickly stars ascend.
He knows no laws by *Esculapius* given ;
He studies none. Yet him nor midnight fogs
Infest, nor those envenom'd shafts that fly
When rapid *Sirius* fires th' autumnal noon.
His habit pure, with plain and temperate meals,
Robust with labour, and by custom steel'd
To every casualty of varied life ;
Serene he bears the peevish eastern blast,
And uninfected breathes the mortal south.

Toil, and be strong. By toil the flaccid nerves
Grow firm, and gain a more compacted tone ;
The greener juices are by toil subdu'd,
Mellow'd, and subtilis'd ; the vapid old
Expell'd, and all the rancour of the blood.
Come, my companions, ye who feel the charms
Of nature and the year ; come, let us stray
Where chance or fancy leads our roving walk :
Come, while the soft voluptuous breezes fan
The fleecy heavens, enwrap the limbs in balm,
And shed a charming languor o'er the soul.
Nor when bright winter sows with prickly frost
The vigorous *Ether*, in unmanly warmth
Indulge at home ; nor even when *Eurus'* blasts
This way and that convolve the lab'ring woods.
My liberal walks, save when the skies in rain
Or fogs relent, no season should confine
Or to the cloister'd gallery or arcade.
Go, climb the mountain ; from th' ethereal source
Imbibe the recent gale. The cheerful morn

Beams o'er the hills ; go, mount th' exulting steed.
 Already, see, the deep-mouth'd beagles catch
 The tainted mazes ; and, on eager sport
 Intent, with emulous impatience try
 Each doubtful trace. Or, if a nobler prey
 Delight you more, go chase the desperate deer ;
 And thro' its deepest solitudes awake
 The vocal forest with the jovial horn.

But should this exercise be too laborious, he invites us to the brook, and here pays a grateful tribute to the river *Liddal*, which waters the place of his nativity, and in which he has often employed himself in fishing and swimming ; or should you think these diversions of hunting and fishing inhumane and barbarous, as the author observes, the *Pythagoreans* did, and some of the *Indians* now do, he leads you to the garden's *soft amusement and humane delight*, there to partake of the exercise which employ'd the first parents of mankind. From this the author deviates to the pleasures of rural life and conversation, and concludes the digression with these hospitable lines.

Sometimes, at eve,
 His neighbours lift the latch, and blefs unbid
 His festal roof ; while, o'er the light repast,
 And sprightly cups, they mix in social joy ;
 And, thro' the maze of conversation, trace
 Whate'er amuses or improves the mind.
 Sometimes at eve (for I delight to taste
 The native zest and flavour of the fruit,
 Where fence grows wild and takes of no manure)
 The decent, honest, chearful husbandman
 Should drown his labours in my friendly bowl ;
 And at my table find himself at home.

He then returns to his subject and recommends tennis, dancing, and shooting ; but in the choice of exercise advises every person to indulge his own taste.

He chuses best, whose labour entertains
 His vacant fancy most. The toil you hate
 Fatigues you soon, and scarce improves your limbs.

After he has treated of the importance and choice of exercise he introduces these precepts for our conduct.

Begin with gentle toils ; and, as your nerves
 Grow firm, to hardier by just steps aspire.

The

The prudent, even in every moderate walk,
 At first but faunter; and by slow degrees
 Increase their pace. This doctrine of the wife
 Well knows the master of the flying steed.
 When all at once from indolence to toil
 You spring, the fibres by the hasty shock
 Are tir'd and crack'd, before their unctuous coats,
 Compress'd, can pour the lubricating balm.
 Besides, collected in the passive veins,
 The purple mass a sudden torrent rolls,
 O'erpowers the heart, and deluges the lungs
 With dangerous inundation.

But when the hard varieties of life
 You toil to learn; or try the dusty chase,
 Or the warm deeds of some important day:
 Hot from the field, indulge not yet your limbs
 In wish'd repose; nor court the fanning gale,
 Nor taste the spring. O! by the sacred tears
 Of widows, orphans, mothers, sisters, fires,
 Forbear. No other pestilence has driven
 Such myriads o'er th' irremeable deep.

He then descends to bathing, and recommends a proper
 use of the cold bath in our climate to those whose constitutions
 will admit of it.

Against the rigors of a damp cold heav'n
 To fortify their bodies, some frequent
 The gelid cistern; and, where nought forbids,
 I praise their dauntless heart: a frame so steel'd
 Dreads not the cough, nor those ungenial blasts
 That breathe the tertian or fell rheumatism;
 The nerves so temper'd never quit their tone,
 No chronic languors haunt such hardy breasts.
 But all things have their bounds: and he who makes
 By daily use the kindest regimen
 Essential to his health, should never mix
 With human kind, nor art nor trade pursue.

But to those who live in sultry climes a frequent use of
 the warm bath is recommended, and sometimes in our
 own, where it is often of the greatest consequence to health
 as well as beauty.

Let those who from the frozen *Arctos* reach
 Parch'd *Mauritania*, or the sultry west,

O the wide flood that waters *Indostan*,
 Plunge thrice a day, and in the tepid wave
 Untwist their stubborn pores ; that full and free
 Th' evaporation thro' the soften'd skin
 May bear proportion to the swelling blood.
 With us, the man of no complaint demands
 The warm ablution just enough to clear
 The fluices of the skin, enough to keep
 The body sacred from indecent foil.
 Still to be pure, ev'n did it not conduce
 (As much it does) to health, were greatly worth
 Your daily pains. 'Tis this adorns the rich ;
 The want of this is poverty's worst woe ;
 With this external virtue age maintains
 A decent grace ; without it youth and charms
 Are loathsome. This the venal graces know ;
 So doubtless do your wives : for married sires,
 As well as lovers, still pretend to taste ;
 Nor is it less (all prudent wives can tell)
 To lose a husband's than a lover's heart.

proper
conti-

He then speaks of the hours and seasons fit for exercise ;
 advises labour when fasting, or when the stomach is but
 lightly fed, to those of a corpulent frame, whereas exer-
 cise after the meat is digested, and before hunger returns,
 is best for those of a lean habit : And all are to abstain
 from labour immediately after a full meal.

But from the recent meal no labours please,
 Of limbs or mind. For now the cordial powers
 Claim all the wandring spirits to a work
 Of strong and subtile toil, and great event :
 A work of time : and you may rue the day
 You hurried, with untimely exercise,
 A half concocted chyle into the blood.
 The body over-charg'd with unctuous phlegm
 Much toil demands : the lean elastic less.
 While winter chills the blood, and binds the veins,
 No labours are too hard : by those you 'scape
 The slow diseases of the torpid year ;
 But from the burning *Lion* when the sun
 Pours down his sultry wrath ; now while the blood
 Too much already maddens in the veins,
 And all the finer fluids thro' the skin
 Explore their flight ; me, near the cool cascade

Reclin'd

Reclin'd, or fauntring in the lofty grove,
No needless flight occasion should engage
To pant and sweat beneath the fiery noon.
Now the fresh morn alone and mellow eve
To shady walks and active rural sports
Invite. But, while the chilling dews descend,
May nothing tempt you to the cold embrace
Of humid skies ; tho' 'tis no vulgar joy
To trace the horrors of the solemn wood,
While the soft evening saddens into night :
Tho' the sweet poet of the vernal groves
Melts all the night in strains of am'rous woe.

And we have the pleasure of rest after labour, and an admonition against eating too much, and too late at night, pointed out in the following beautiful lines.

The shades descend, and midnight o'er the world
Expands her sable wings. Great nature droops
Thro' all her works. Now happy he whose toil
Has o'er his languid powerless limbs diffus'd
A pleasing lassitude : He not in vain
Invokes the gentle deity of dreams.
His powers the most voluptuously dissolve
In soft repose : on him the balmy dews
Of sleep with double nutriment descend.
But would you sweetly waste the blank of night
In deep oblivion ; or on fancy's wings
Visit the paradise of happy dreams,
And waken cheerful as the lively morn ;
Oppress not nature sinking down to rest
With feasts too late, too solid, or too full :
But be the first concoction half matur'd
E're you to mighty indolence resign
Your passive faculties.——

This is followed by a caution against misapplying those hours wherein nature intended we should rest; which is heighten'd and made the more pleasing by the beautiful simile and moral reflection with which it concludes.

In study some protract the silent hours,
Which others consecrate to mirth and wine,
And sleep till noon, and hardly live till night.
But surely this redeems not from the shades
One hour of life.——

The

The body, fresh and vigorous from reposo,
 Defies the early fogs : but, by the toils
 Of wakeful day, exhausted and unstrung,
 Weakly resists the night's unwholesome breath.
 The grand discharge, th' effusion of the skin,
 Slowly impair'd, the languid maladies
 Creep on, and thro' the sickning functions steal.
 So, when the chilling east invades the spring,
 The delicate *Narcissus* pines away
 In hectic languor ; and a flow disease
 Taints all the family of flowers, condemn'd
 To cruel heav'n's. But why, already prone
 To fade, should beauty cherish its own bane ?
 O shame ! O pity ! nipt with pale quadrille,
 And midnight cares, the bloom of *Albion* dies.

He then points out the reason why those who labour obtain so much refreshment from sleep, while the indolent hardly find any relief.

By toil subdu'd, the warrior and the hind
 Sleep fast and deep : their active functions soon
 With generous streams the subtle tubes supply :
 And soon the tonick irritable nerves
 Feel the fresh impulse and awake the soul.
 The sons of indolence, with long repose,
 Grow torpid ; and with flowest *Lethe* drunk,
 Feebly and lingringly return to life,
 Blunt every sense, and pow'rless every limb.

This passage he concludes, by recommending a hard matras or elastic couch to those who are too much prone to sleep, in order to wean them from sloth. But he justly observes, that some people require more, others less sleep, and that all changes of this sort are to be brought about by gentle means.

He without riot, in the balmy feast
 Of life, the wants of nature has supply'd,
 Who rises cool, serene, and full of soul.
 But pliant nature more or less demands,
 As custom forms her ; and all sudden change
 She hates of habit, even from bad to good.
 If faults in life, or new emergencies,
 From habits urge you by long time confirm'd,
 Slow may the change arrive, and stage by stage ;

Slow

Slow as the shadow o'er the dial moves,
Slow as the stealing progress of the year.

As it was necessary under this article to say something about cloathing the body, the author makes a few just observations on the variations of the seasons; which he concludes with these lines.

The cold and torrid reigns,
The two great periods of th' important year,
Are in their first approaches seldom safe :
Funereal autumn all the sickly dread,
And the black fates deform the lovely spring.
He well advis'd who taught our wiser fires
Early to borrow *Muscovy's* warm spoils,
Fre the first frost has touch'd the tender blade ;
And late resign them, tho' the wanton spring
Should deck her charms with all her sister's rays.
For while the effluence of the skin maintains
Its native measure, the pleuritic spring
Glides harmless by ; and autumn, sick to death
With fallow quartans, no contagion breathes.

We have already observed, that allusions to ancient fables or historical facts have a fine effect in preceptive poems. In this before us the author, when considering the different shapes in which death approaches the human race, takes notice of the blood spilt by the *Plantagenets*, and of the sweating sickness, which swept off such amazing numbers of *Englishmen* in every clime, and of *Englishmen* only; for foreigners, tho' residing in this country, were no ways affected with that disorder: and this, tho' a subject incapable, as it were, of ornament, he has wrought up with so much art, that it is both pathetic and pleasing.

What he has said on the passions, the subject of the fourth book, begins with the following reflection, which is truly philosophical, and very properly introduces the sentiments that follow it.

There is, they say, (and I believe there is)
A spark within us of th' immortal fire,
That animates and moulds the grosser frame ;
And when the body sinks escapes to heaven,
Its native seat, and mixes with the Gods.
Mean while this heavenly particle pervades
The mortal elements, in every nerve

It thrills with pleasure, or grows mad with pain.
And, in its secret conclave, as it feels
The body's woes and joys, this ruling power
Wields at its will the dull material world,
And is the body's health or malady.

By its own toil the gross corporeal frame
Fatigues, extenuates, or destroys itself.
Nor less the labours of the mine corrode
The solid fabric : for by subtle parts,
And viewless atoms, secret nature moves
The mighty wheels of this stupendous world.
By subtle fluids pour'd thro' subtle tubes
The natural, vital, functions are perform'd.
By these the stubborn aliments are tam'd ;
The toiling heart distributes life and strength ;
These the still-crumbing frame rebuild ; and these
Are lost in thinking, and dissolve in air.

But 'tis not thought, as he observes, (for every moment the mind is employ'd) 'tis painful thinking, 'tis the anxiety that attends severe study, discontent, care, love, hatred, fear and jealousy, that fatigues the soul and impairs the body.

Hence the lean gloom that melancholy wears :
The lover's paleness ; and the fallow hue
Of envy, jealousy ; the meagre stare
Of sore revenge : the canker'd body hence
Betrays each fretful motion of the mind.

For reading he gives us a precept that may be useful to every studious mind.

While reading pleases, but no longer, read ;
And read aloud resounding Homer's strain,
And wield the thunder of Demosthenes.
The chest so exercis'd improves its strength ;
And quick vibrations thro' the bowels drive
The restless blood, which in unactive days
Would loiter else thro' unelastic tubes.
Deem it not trifling while I recommend
What posture suits : To stand and sit by turns,
As nature prompts, is best. But o'er your leaves
To lean for ever, cramps the vital parts,
And robs the fine machinery of its play.

'Tis the great art of life to manage well
 The restless mind. For ever on pursuit
 Of knowledge bent, it starves the grosser powers :
 Quite unemploy'd, against its own repose
 It turns its fatal edge, and sharper pangs
 Than what the body knows embitter life.

After this the poet gives us a striking picture of the dreadful effects of our misguided passions, which is heightened with many admirable reflections, some of which I shall here insert.

For while yourself you anxiously explore,
 Timorous self-love, with fickning fancy's aid,
 Presents the danger that you dread the most,
 And ever galls you in your tender part.
 Hence some for love, and some for jealousy,
 For grim religion some, and some for pride,
 Have lost their reason : some for fear of want,
 Want all their lives ; and others every day
 For fear of dying suffer worse than death.

And what avails it, that indulgent heaven
 From mortal eyes has wrapt the woes to come ;
 If we, ingenious to torment ourselves,
 Grow pale at hideous fictions of our own ?
 Enjoy the present ; nor with needless cares,
 Of what may spring from blind misfortune's womb,
 Appal the surest hour that life bestows.
 Serene, and master of yourself, prepare
 For what may come ; and leave the rest to heaven.

And these chronic passions which spring from real woes
 and from no disorder in the body are not to be reason'd
 down, as he observes, but to be cured by such diversions or business as will fill the mind, or remove it from
 the object of its concern.

Go soft enthusiast ! quit the cypress groves,
 Nor to the rivulet's lonely moanings tune
 Your sad complaint. Go, seek the cheerful haunts
 Of men, and mingle with the bustling crowd ;
 Lay schemes for wealth, or power, or fame, the wife
 Of nobler minds, and push them night and day.
 Or join the caravan in quest of scenes
 New to your eyes, and shifting every hour,
 Beyond the Alps, beyond the Apennines.

Or more advent'rous, rush into the field
 Where war grows hot; and raging thro' the sky,
 The lofty trumpet swells the madd'ning soul :
 And in the hardy camp and toilsome march
 Forget all softer and less manly cares.

He then inveighs against drinking, the common resource in disorders of this kind, and observes, that, tho' the intoxicating draught may relieve for a time; the pains will return with ten-fold rage; and this he illustrates with a beautiful simile.

But soon your heaven is gone, a heavier gloom
 Shuts o'er your head : and, as the thund'ring stream,
 Swoln o'er its banks with sudden mountain rain,
 Sinks from its tumult to a silent brook ;
 So, when the frantic raptures in your breast
 Subside, you languish into mortal man ;
 You sleep, and waking find yourself undone.
 For prodigal of life in one rash night
 You lavish'd more than might support three days.
 A heavy morning comes ; your cares return
 With tenfold rage. ——————

He then points out the mischiefs that attend drunkenness; such as losing friends by unguarded words; or doing rash deeds that are never to be forgotten, but which may haunt a man with horror to his grave; loss of money, health and decay of parts; and then pays a grateful filial tribute to the memory of his father; whose advice on the conduct of life he thus recommends.

How to live happiest ; how avoid the pains,
 The disappointments, and disgusts of those
 Who would in pleasure all their hours employ ;
 The precepts here of a divine old man
 I could recite. Tho' old he still retain'd
 His manly sense, and energy of mind.
 Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe ;
 He still remember'd that he once was young ;
 His easy presence check'd no decent joy.
 Him even the dissolute admir'd ; for he
 A graceful looseness when he pleas'd put on,
 And laughing could instruct. Much had he read,
 Much more had seen ; he studied from the life,
 And in th' original perus'd mankind.

In the parts that follow are contain'd some lessons for the conduct of life, from which we shall insert a few maxims.

Vers'd in the woes and vanities of life,
He pitied man : and much he pitied those
Whom falsely-smiling fate has curs'd with means
To dissipate their days in quest of joy.
Our aim is happiness ; 'tis yours, 'tis mine,
He said, 'tis the pursuit of all that live ;
Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attain'd.

With respect to indolence and luxury we have this lesson, which concludes with a definition of virtue and sense, and their good effects.

Let nature rest : be busy for yourself,
And for your friend ; be busy even in vain
Rather than teize her fated appetites.
Who never fasts, no banquets e'er enjoys ;
Who never toils or watches, never sleeps.
Let nature rest : and when the taste of joy
Grows keen, indulge ; but shun satiety.
'Tis not for mortals always to be blest.
But him the least the dull or painful hours
Of life oppres, whom sober sense conducts,
And virtue, thro' this labyrinth we tread.
Virtue and sense I mean not to disjoin ;
Virtue and sense are one : and trust me, he
Who has not virtue, is not truly wise.
Virtue (for mere good nature is a fool)
Is sense and spirit, with humanity :
'Tis sometimes angry, and its frown confounds ;
'Tis even vindictive, but in vengeance just.
'This is the solid pomp of prosperous days ;
The peace and shelter of adversity.
The gaudy gloss of fortune only strikes
The vulgar eye : the suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.
Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,
Is the best gift of heaven : a happiness
That even above the smiles and frowns of fate
Exalts great nature's favourites : a wealth
That ne'er incumbers, nor to baser hands

Can be transferr'd : it is the only good
Man justly boasts of, or can call his own.

But from this digression (or episode) the poet naturally returns to his subject.

Thus, in his graver vein, the friendly sage
Sometimes declaim'd. Of right and wrong he taught
Truths as refin'd as ever *Athens* heard ;
And (strange to tell !) he practis'd what he preach'd.
Skill'd in the passions, how to check their sway
He knew, as far as reason can controul
The lawless powers. But other cares are mine :
Form'd in the school of *Paeon*, I relate
What passions hurt the body, what improve :
Avoid them, or invite them, as you may.

Know then, whatever cheerful and serene
Supports the mind, supports the body too.
Hence the most vital movements mortals feel
Is hope, the balm and life-blood of the soul.
It pleases, and it lasts. Indulgent heaven
Sent down the kind delusion, thro' the paths
Of rugged life to lead us patient on ;
And make our happiest state no tedious thing.
Our greatest good, and what we least can spare,
Is hope ; the last of all our evils, fear.

He then speaks of the good and bad effects of love,
and with regard to consummation, he says ;

Is health your care or luxury your aim,
Be temperate still ; when nature bids, obey ;
Her wild impatient fancies bear no curb :
But when the prurient habit of delight,
Or loose imagination, spurs you on
To deeds above your strength, impute it not
To nature : nature all compulsion hates.
Ah ! let nor luxury nor vain renown
Urge you to feats you well might sleep without ;
To make what should be rapture a fatigue,
A tedious task ; nor in the wanton arms
Of twining *Lais* melt your manhood down.
Who pines with love, or in lascivious flames
Consumes, is with his own consent undone :
He chuses to be wretched, to be mad ;
And warn'd proceeds and wilful to his fate.

The poet then proceeds to other passions, and the description he has given us of anger and its dreadful effects, is, I think, very beautiful and very just.

But there's a passion, whose tempestuous sway
Tears up each virtue planted in the breast,
And shakes to ruins proud philosophy.
For pale and trembling anger rushes in,
With fault'ring speech, and eyes that wildly stare;
Fierce as the tiger, madder than the seas,
Desperate, and arm'd with more than human strength.
How soon the calm, humane, and polish'd man
Forgets compunction, and starts up a fiend!
Who pines in love, or waftes with silent cares,
Envy, or ignominy, or tender grief,
Slowly descends, and ling'ring, to the shades.
But he whom anger stings, drops, if he dies,
At once, and rushes apoplectic down;
Or a fierce fever hurries him away.
Such fates attend the rash alarm of fear,
And sudden grief, and rage, and sudden joy.

But there are constitutions to which these boist'rous fits,
these violent fallies of passion may be sometimes serviceable.

For where the mind a torpid winter leads,
Wrapt in a body corpulent and cold,
And each clogg'd function lazily moves on;
A generous sally spurns th' incumbent load,
Unlocks the breast, and gives a cordial glow.

Those however whose blood is apt to boil, and who are
easily moved to wrath he wou'd have

Keep lent for ever; and forswear the bowl.

And then offers something to the consideration of those
whose turbulent tempers move them to seek revenge.

While choler works, good friend you may be wrong;
Distrust yourself, and sleep before you fight.
'Tis not too late to-morrow to be brave;
If honour bids, to-morrow kill or die.

The poet then seeks a remedy for these evils, sets the
contrary passions in opposition, so that they may counteract
each other; and at last recommends musick as the most
effectual.

There is a charm, a power, that sways the breast ;
 Bids every passion revel or be still ;
 Inspires with rage, or all your cares dissolve ;
 Can sooth distraction, and almost despair.
 That power is music.—

After which the author concludes the whole with an encomium on the power of poetry and of musick united, which is enrich'd with allusions to ancient fables and historical facts; materials that we have often recommended as proper ornaments for these sort of poems.

But he the muse's laurel justly shares,
 A poet he, and touch'd with heaven's own fire ;
 Who, with bold rage or solemn pomp of sounds,
 Inflames, exalts, and ravishes the soul ;
 Now tender, plaintive, sweet almost to pain,
 In love dissolves you; now in sprightly strains
 Breathes a gay rapture thro' your thrilling breast ;
 Or melts the heart with airs divinely sad ;
 Or wakes to horror the tremendous strings.
 Such was the bard, whose heavenly strains of old
 Appeas'd the fiend of melancholy *Saul*.
 Such was, if old and heathen fame say true,
 The man who bade the *Theban* domes ascend,
 And tam'd the savage nations with his song ;
 And such the *Thracian*, whose harmonious lyre,
 Tun'd to soft woe, made all the mountains weep ;
 Sooth'd even th' inexorable powers of hell,
 And half-redeem'd his lost *Eurydice*.
 Music exalts each joy, allays each grief,
 Expels diseases, softens every pain,
 Subdues the rage of poison, and the plague ;
 And hence the wise of ancient days ador'd
 One power of physic, melody, and song.

We have dwelt long enough, perhaps too long, on this subject; but as these poems are of such use, that what is taught in this agreeable manner will remain for ever fix'd on the memory, it seem'd the more necessary to be very particular and explicit in the rules, and to give variety of examples. We have only to add to what has been already said, that the great art in the conduct of these poems is so to adorn and enliven the precepts that they may agreeably strike the imagination. And to deliver

them in such an indirect manner, that the form of instruction being concealed, the reader may grow wiser without perceiving he was taught, and that while the most useful lessons are inculcated, the whole may appear only as an amusement: for this reason it is necessary often to digress from the subject, and to introduce episodes of such a nature that at the end they may lead you naturally to your subject again, and then seem of a piece with it. Many instances of these kinds of digressions may be seen in the authors we have mention'd, but especially in *Virgil*, who, after he has been wandering, and to all appearance forgot his husbandmen and their concerns, is by some happy rural incident, arising naturally out of his subject, brought back to his business again, and connects and makes every thing he has met with conducive to his main design.

In these digressions and episodes it is also of the utmost consequence to introduce the pathetic and agitate the affections; for it is ever to be observed, in works of this nature, that one of these digressions properly introduced, and so as to awaken the passions, and strike the heart, is of more importance than a multitude of ornamental descriptions, and will be read again and again with pleasure; while, to other passages that are merely instructive, the mind can hardly attend a second time, tho' ever so well decorated. *The understanding feels no pleasure in being instructed often in the same thing;* but the heart is ever open to an affecting tale, and receives a pleasure every time it is repeated.

With regard to the style or dress of these poems, it should be so rich as to hide the nakedness of the subject, and the barrenness of the precepts be lost in the lustre of the language. ‘It ought (says Mr. *Warton* †) to abound in the most bold and forcible metaphors, the most glowing and picturesque epithets; it ought to be elevated and enliven’d by pomp of numbers and majesty of words, and by every figure that can lift a language above the vulgar and current expressions.’ One may add, that in no kind of poetry (nay not even in the sublime ode) is a beauty of expression so much to be regarded as in this. For the epic writer should be very cautious of indulging himself in too florid a manner of expression, especially in the dramatic parts of his fable, where he introduces

† See his dissertation on *Didactic Poetry*.

dialogue.

dialogue. And the writer of tragedy cannot fall into so nauseous and unnatural an affectation, as to put laboured descriptions, pompous epithets, studied phrases, and high-flown metaphors, into the mouths of his characters. But as the didactic poet speaks in his own person, it is necessary and proper for him to use a more luscious colouring of style, and to be more studious of ornament. And this is agreeable to an admirable precept of *Aristotle*, which no writer should ever forget, —‘that diction ought most to be labour'd in the unactive, that is the descriptive parts of a poem, in which the opinions, manners and passions of men are not represented; for too glaring an expression obscures the manners and the sentiments.’

We have already observed that any thing in nature may be the subject of this poem. Some things however will appear to more advantage than others, as they give a greater latitude to genius, and admit of more poetical ornaments. Natural history and philosophy are copious subjects. Precepts in these might be decorated with all the flowers in poetry; and as Dr. *Trapp* observes, how can poetry be better employed, or more agreeably to its nature and dignity, than in celebrating the works of the great Creator, and describing the nature and generation of animals, vegetables, and minerals; the revolutions of the heavenly bodies; the motions of the earth; the flux and reflux of the sea; the cause of thunder, lightning, and other meteors; the attraction of the magnet; the gravitation, cohesion, and repulsion of matter; the impulsive motion of light; the slow progression of sounds; and other amazing phenomena of nature. Most of the arts and sciences are also proper subjects for this poem, and none are more so than its two sister arts, painting and music. In the former, particularly, there is room for the most entertaining precepts concerning the disposal of colours; the arrangement of lights and shades: the secret attractives of beauty; the various ideas which make up the one; the distinguishing between the attitudes proper to either sex, and every passion; the representing prospects, of buildings, battles, or the country; and, lastly, concerning the nature of imitation, and the power of painting. What a boundless field of invention is here? What room for description, comparison, and poetical fable? How easy the transition, at any time, from the draught to the original!

original, from the shadow to the substance ? and from hence, what noble excursions may be made into history, into panegyric upon the greatest beauties or heroes of the past or present age ? The task, I confess is difficult ; but, according to that noted, but true saying, *so are all things that are great.*"

C H A P. XV.

Of TALES.

ATale implies nothing more than a relation of a simple action, and therefore should not be embarrassed with a multitude of foreign circumstances, but may admit of such digressions as arise naturally from the subject, and do not break in upon, or obscure the main design. It should inculcate some useful lesson, and be both interesting and perplexing, in order that it may excite and support the attention of the reader : for great part of the pleasure or entertainment which the mind receives from a well-written Tale, will be found to arise from the suspense and anxiety we are kept in ; and which, (as in the plot of a Tragedy or Comedy) should not be removed till the end. Were the whole scope and design, or, if I may so speak, the point of the Tale first discovered, the reader would grow languid and indifferent, and have nothing to attend to but the diction and versification.

The reader will find these rules illustrated in the HERMIT, a Tale, by Mr. PARNEL ; which we esteem a good example, tho' some few inaccuracies have escaped the author in the versification.

The HERMIT. A Tale. By Mr. PARNEL.

Far in a wild, unknown to publick view,
From youth to age a rev'rend Hermit grew ;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the chrystal well.
Remote from man, with God he pass'd the days,
Pray'r all his bus'ness, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd heav'n itself, 'till one suggestion rose ;
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway :

His

His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenor of his soul is lost :
So when a smooth expanse receives impress
Calm nature's image on its watry breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answ'ring colours glow ;
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles flow on ev'ry side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight.
To find if books, or swains report it right ;
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)
He quits his cell ; the pilgrim staff he bore,
And fix'd the scollop in his hat before ;
Then with the Sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass ;
But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
A youth came postling o'er a crossing way ;
His rayment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
Then near approaching, Father, hail ! he cry'd ;
And hail, my son, the rev'rend Sire reply'd :
Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road ;
'Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart :
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun ; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray :
Nature in silence bid the world repose :
When near the road a stately palace rose :
There by the moon thro' ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
It chanc'd the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home :
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive : the liv'ry servants wait ;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.

The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play ;
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighb'ring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call ;
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall ;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.
Then pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go ;
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe :
His cup was vanish'd ; for in secret guise
The younger guest purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glist'ning and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear ;
So seem'd the fire, when far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wiley partner show'd.
He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part ;
Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds ;
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud a-cross the plain.
Warn'd by the signs the wand'ring pair retreat,
To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat.
'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around :
Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a desart there.

As near the Miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew ;
'The nimble light'ning mix'd with show'rs began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast,

('Twas

('Twas then, his threshold first receiv'd a guest)
 Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
 And half he welcomes in the shiv'ring pair ;
 One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
 And nature's fervor thro' their limbs recalls :
 Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,
 (Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine ;
 And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
 A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pond'ring Hermit view'd
 In one so rich, a life so poor and rude ;
 And why shou'd such (within himself he cry'd)
 Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside ?
 But what new marks of wonder soon took place,
 In every settling feature of his face !
 When from his vest the young companion bore
 That cup, the generous landlord own'd before,
 And paid profusely with the precious bowl
 The stunted kindness of this churlish soul.

But now the clouds in airy tumults fly,
 The sun emerging opes an azure sky ;
 A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
 And glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day ;
 The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
 And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the Pilgrim's bosom wrought
 With all the travel of uncertain thought ;
 His partner's acts without their cause appear,
 'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madnes here :
 Detesting that, and pitying this he goes,
 Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again revolve the sky ;
 Again the wand'lers want a place to lie,
 Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
 The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
 And neither poorly low, nor idly great :
 It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
 Content, and not for praise, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
 Then bleſſ the mansion, and the master greet :
 Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modeit guise,
 The courteous master hears, and thus replies :

Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
 To him who gives us all, I yield a part ;
 From him you come, for him accept it here,
 A frank and sober, more than costly cheer :
 He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
 Then talk'd of virtue 'till the time of bed ;
 When the grave household round his hall repair,
 Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with pray'r.

At length the world renew'd by calm repose
 Was strong for toil, the dapple morn arose ;
 Before the Pilgrim's part, the younger crept
 Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,
 And writh'd his neck : the landlord's little pride,
 O strange return ! grew black, and grasp'd, and dy'd.
 Horror of horrors ! what ! his only son !
 How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done ?
 Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in funder part,
 And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,
 He flies, but trembling fails to fly with speed.
 His steps the youth pursues ; the country lay
 Perplex'd with roads, a servant shew'd the way :
 A river cross'd the path ; the passage o'er
 Was nice to find ; the servant trod before ;
 Long arms of oaks an open bridge supply'd,
 And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
 The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
 Approach'd the careless guide and thrust him in ;
 Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
 Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
 He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
 Detested wretch ! but scarce his speech began,
 When the strange partner seem'd no longer man :
 His youthful face grew more serenely sweet ;
 His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet ;
 Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair ;
 Celestial odours breathe thro' purpled air ;
 And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
 Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
 The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
 And moves in all the majesty of light.

Tho' loud at first the Pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do :
Surprize in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous Angel broke,
(The voice of musick ravish'd as he spoke.)

Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throné :
These charms, success in our bright region find,
And force an Angel down, to calm thy mind :
For this commission'd, I forsook the sky ;
Nay, cease to kneel—Thy fellow-servant I.

Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.

The Maker justly claims that world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid ;
Its sacred Majesty thro' all depends
On using second means to work his ends :
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The pow'r exerts his attributes on high,
Your actions uses, nor controuls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

What strange events can strike with more surprize
Than those which lately struck thy wond'ring eyes ?
Yet taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust !

The great, vain man, who far'd on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good ;
Who made his iv'ry stands with goblets shine,
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the Cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wand'ring poor ;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That heav'n can bleſs, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his Fordid soul.
Thus artifices melt the fullen oar of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head ;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And loose from dross the silver runs below.

Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
 But now the *Child* half wean'd his heart from *God* ;
 (Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
 And measur'd back his steps to earth again :
 To what excesses had his dotage run ?
 But God, to save the father, took the son.
 To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,
 (And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.)
 The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
 Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

But how had all his fortunes felt a wrack,
 Had that false *servant* sped in safety back,
 This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,
 And what a fund of charity would fail !

Thus heav'n instructs thy mind : this tryal o'er,
 Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
 The sage stood wond'ring as the *Seraph* flew.
 Thus look'd *ELISHA*, when to mount on high,
 His master took the chariot of the sky ;
 The fiery pomp ascending left the view,
 The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.
 The bending Hermit here a prayer begun,
Lord ! as in beav'n, on earth thy will be done.
 Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
 And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

We shall conclude this chapter with Mr. *Gay's* Tale of the apparition ; which, tho' written in the burlesque manner, with such exquisite humour, and just and pleasant raillery, is conformable to the rules here laid down for these compositions.

A true STORY of an APPARITION, by Mr. GAY.

Scepticks (whose strength of argument makes out
 That wisdom's deep inquiries end in doubt)
 Hold this assertion positive and clear,
 That sprites are pure delusions rais'd by fear.
 Not that fam'd ghost, which in presaging sound
 Call'd *Brutus* to *Philippi*'s fatal ground ;
 Nor can *Tiberius Gracchus'* goary shade
 These ever-doubting disputants persuade.
 Strait they with smiles reply ; those tales of old
 By visionary Priests were made and told.

Oh might some ghost at dead of night appear,
 And make you own conviction by your fear !
 I know your sneers my easy faith accuse,
 Which with such idle legends scares the muse :
 But think not that I tell those vulgar sprites,
 Which frightened boys relate on winter nights ;
 How cleanly milk-maids meet the fairy train,
 How headless horses drag the clinking chain,
 Night-roaming ghosts, by faucer eye-balls known,
 The common spectres of each country town.
 No, I such fables can like you despise,
 And laugh to hear these nurse-invented lies.
 Yet has not oft the fraudulent guardian's fright
 Compell'd him to restore an orphan's right ?
 And can we doubt that horrid ghosts ascend,
 Which on the conscious murd'lers steps attend ?
 Hear then, and let attested truth prevail,
 From faithful lips I learnt the dreadful tale.

Where Arden's forest spreads its limits wide,
 Whose branching paths the doubtful road divide,
 A trav'ler took his solitary way ;
 When low beneath the hills was sunk the day.
 And now the skies with gath'ring darkness lowr,
 The branches rustle with the threaten'd shower ;
 With sudden blasts the forest murmurs loud,
 Indented lightnings cleave the fable cloud,
 Thunder on thunder breaks, the tempest roars,
 And heav'n discharges all its watry stores.
 The wand'ring trav'ler shelter seeks in vain,
 And shrinks and shivers with the beating rain ;
 On his steed's neck the slacken'd bridle lay,
 Who chose with cautious step th' uncertain way ;
 And now he checks the rein, and halts to hear
 If any noise foretold a village near.
 At length from far a stream of light he sees.
 Extend its level ray between the trees ;
 Thither he speeds, and as he nearer came,
 Joyful he knew the lamp's domestick flame
 That trembled through the window ; cross the way
 Darts forth the barking cur, and stands at bay.

It was an ancient lonely house, that stood
 Upon the borders of the spacious wood ;
 Here towers and antique battlements arise,
 And there in heaps the mouldered ruin lies ;

Some lord this mansion held in days of yore,
 To chace the wolf, and pierce the foaming boar:
 How chang'd, alas, from what it once had been!
 'Tis now degraded to a publick inn.

Straight he dismounts, repeats his loud commands;
 Swift at the gate the ready landlord stands;
 With frequent cringe' he bows, and begs excuse,
 His house was full, and ev'ry bed in use.
 What not a garret, and no straw to spare?
 Why then the kitchen-fire and elbow-chair
 Shall serve for once to nod away the night.
 The kitchen ever is the servants right,
 Replies the host; there, all the fire around,
 The count's tir'd footmen snore upon the ground.

The maid, who listen'd to this whole debate,
 With pity learnt the weary stranger's fate.
 Be brave, she cries, you still may be our guest,
 Our haunted room was ever held the best;
 If then your valour can the fright sustain
 Of rattling curtains and the clinking chain,
 If your courageous tongue have power to talk,
 When round your bed the horrid ghost shall walk;
 If you dare ask it, why it leaves its tomb,
 I'll see your sheets well air'd, and show the room.
 Soon as the frightened maid her tale had told,
 The stranger enter'd, for his heart was bold.

The damsel led him through a spacious hall,
 Where ivy hung the half-demolish'd wall;
 She frequent look'd behind, and chang'd her hue,
 While fancy tipt the candle's flame with blue.
 And now they gain'd the winding stairs ascent,
 And to the lonesome room of terrors went.
 When all was ready swift retir'd the maid,
 The watch-lights burn, tuckt warm in bed was laid
 The hardy stranger, and attends the sprite
 Till his accustom'd walk at dead of night.

At first he hears the wind with hollow roar
 Shake the loose lock, and swing the creaking door;
 Nearer and nearer draws the dreadful sound
 Of rattling chains, that dragg'd upon the ground:
 When lo, the spectre came with horrid stride,
 Approach'd the bed, and drew the curtains wide;
 In human form the ghastful Phantom stood,
 Expos'd his mangled bosom dy'd with blood,

Then silent pointing to his wounded breast,
 Thrice wav'd his hand. Beneath his frighted guest
 The bed-cords trembled, and with shudd'ring fear,
 Sweat chill'd his limbs, high rose his bristled hair ;
 Then mutt'ring hasty pray'rs, he mannd his heart,
 And cry'd aloud ; Say, whence and who thou art.
 The stalking ghost with hollow voice replies,
 Three years are counted, since with mortal eyes
 I saw the sun, and vital air respir'd.
 Like thee benighted, and with travel tir'd,
 Within these walls I slept. O thirst of gain !
 See still the planks the bloody marks retain ;
 Stretch'd on this very bed, from sleep I start,
 And see the steel impending o'er my heart ;
 The barb'rous hostes held the lifted knife,
 The floor ran purple with my gushing life.
 My treasure now they seize, the golden spoil
 They bury deep beneath the graft-grown soil,
 Far in the common field. Be bold, arise,
 My steps shall lead thee to the secret prize ;
 There dig and find ; let that thy care reward :
 Call loud on justice, bid her not retard
 To punish murder ; lay my ghost at rest,
 So shall with peace secure thy nights be blest ;
 And when beneath these boards my bones are found,
 Decent inter them in some sacred ground.

Here ceas'd the ghost. The stranger springs from bed,
 And boldly follows where the Phantom led ;
 The half-worn stony stairs they now descend,
 Where passages obscure their arches bend,
 Silent they walk ; and now through groves they pass,
 Now through wet meads their steps imprint the grafts ;
 At length amidst a spacious field they came :
 There itops the spectre, and ascends in flame.
 Amaz'd he stood, no bush, nor briar was found,
 To teach his morning search to find the ground ;
 What could he do ? the night was hideous dark,
 Fear shook his joints, and nature dropt the MARK ;
 With that he starting wak'd, and rais'd his head,
 But found the golden MARK was left in bed.

C H A P. XVI.

Of FABLES.

THE Fable differs little from the Tale, except in this, that it is allegoric, and generally introduces animals, and things inanimate, as persons discoursing together, and delivering Precepts for the improvement of mankind.

This species of composition was invented, we may suppose, to convey truth in an indirect manner, and under feigned characters, in cases where to speak plainly, and directly to the purpose, might not be so safe or so effectual. We find this use made of it even in the Holy Scriptures. *Jotham's* parable of the trees in the ninth chapter of *Judges* is a kind of Fable, as is also that of *Nathan's* poor man and his lamb, which, as Mr. *Addison* observes, convey'd instruction to the ear of a king without offence, and brought *David* to a proper sense of his guilt, and of his duty. *Aesop*, we may suppose read his lectures in this manner as well for the sake of safety, as to make them more agreeable; and we are told that in the beginning of the *Roman* Commonwealth, a mutiny was appeased, and the incensed rabble reduced to reason by a Fable of the belly and the limbs: when a man would have been torn in pieces, perhaps, who had preached the same doctrine to them in any other manner.

It is always expected that these compositions should inculcate some moral, or useful lesson, for when deficient in this respect, they are of little, or no value.—Take an example from Mr. *GAY*.

The JUGGLERS. A FABLE. By Mr. GAY.

A JUGGLER long through all the town
Had rais'd his fortune and renown;
You'd think (so far his art transcends)
The devil at his fingers ends.

Kice heard his fame, she read his bill;
Convinc'd of his inferior skill,
She sought his booth, and from the crowd
Defy'd the man of art aloud.

Is this then he so fam'd for slight,
Can this slow bungler cheat your sight,
Dares he with me dispute the prize ?
I leave it to impartial eyes.

Provok'd, the juggler cry'd, 'tis done.
In science I submit to none.

Thus said, the cups and balls he play'd ;
By turns, this here, that there, convey'd ;
The cards obedient to his words,
Are by a fillip turn'd to birds ;
His little boxes change the grain,
Trick after trick deludes the train.
He shakes his bag, he shows all fair,
His fingers spread, and nothing there,
Then bids it rain with showers of gold,
And now his iv'ry eggs are told,
But when from thence the hen he draws,
Amaz'd spectators hum applause.

Vice now stept forth and took the place
With all the forms of his grimace.

This magick looking-glaſs, she cries,
(There, hand it round) will charm your eyes :
Each eager eye the fight desir'd,
And ev'ry man himself admir'd.
Next, to a senator addressing ;
See this *Bank-note* ; observe the blessing ;
Breathe on the bill. Heigh, pass ! 'Tis gone.
Upon his lips a padlock shone.
A second puff the magick broke,
The padlock vanish'd, and he spoke.

Twelve bottles rang'd upon the board,
All full, with heady liquor stor'd,
By clean conveyance disappear,
And now two bloody swords are there.

A purse she to the thief expos'd ;
At once his ready fingers clos'd ;
He opes his fist, the treasure's fled,
He sees a halter in its stead.

She bids ambition hold a wand,
He grasps a hatchet in his hand.

A box of charity she shows :
Blow here, and a church-warden blows.

'Tis vanish'd with conveyance neat,
And on the table smokes a treat.

She shakes the dice, the board she knocks,
And from all pockets fills her box.

She next a meager rake addrest
This picture see ; her shape, her breast !
What youth, and what inviting eyes !
Hold her, and have her. With surprise,
His hand expos'd a box of pills ;
And a loud laugh proclaim'd his ills.

A counter, in a miser's hand,
Grew twenty guineas at command ;
She bids his heir the sum retain,
And 'tis a counter now again.

A guinea with a touch you see
Take ev'ry shape but Charity ;
And not one thing you saw, or drew,
But chang'd from what was first in view.

The juggler now, in grief of heart,
With this submision own'd her art.
Can I such matchless slight withstand ?
How practice hath improv'd your hand !
But now and then I cheat the throng ;
You ev'ry day, and all day long.

Mr. Moore has convey'd a very useful, and important lesson to the ladies, and represented disagreeable truths in a pleasing manner, by the following Fable.

The Poet and his Patron. A Fable. By Mr. Moore.

Why, *Cælia*, is your spreading waist
So loose, so negligently lac'd ?
Why must the wrapping bed-gown hide,
Your snowy bosom's swelling pride ?
How ill that dress adorns your head,
Distain'd, and rumpled from the bed !
Those clouds, that shade your blooming face,
A little water might displace,
As nature every morn bestows,
The crystal dew, to cleanse the rose.
Those tresses, as the raven black
That wav'd in ringlets down your back,
Uncomb'd, and injur'd by neglect,
Destroy the face, which once they deck'd.

Whence this forgetfulness of dress ?
 Pray, madam are you marry'd ? Yes.
 Nay, then indeed the wonder ceaseth,
 No matter now how loose your dres is ;
 The end is won, your fortune's made,
 Your sister now may take the trade.

Alas ! what pity 'tis to find
 This fault in half the female kind !
 From hence proceed aversion, strife,
 And all that sours the wedded life.
 Beauty can only point the dart,
 'Tis neatness guides it to the heart ;
 Let neatness then, and beauty strive
 To keep a wav'ring flame alive.

'Tis harder far (you'll find it true)
 To keep the conquest, than subdue ;
 Admit us once behind the screen,
 What is there farther to be seen ?
 A newer face may raise the flame,
 But every woman is the same.

Then study chiefly to improve
 The charm, that fix'd your husband's love,
 Weigh well his humour. Was it dress,
 That gave your beauty power to bless ?
 Pursue it still ; be neater seen ;
 'Tis always frugal to be clean ;
 So shall you keep alive desire,
 And time's swift wing shall fan the fire.

In garret high (as stories say)
 A Poet sung his tuneful lay ;
 So soft, so smooth his verse, you'd swear
 Apollo and the muses there ;
 Thro' all the town his praises rung,
 His sonnets at the playhouse sung ;
 High waving o'er his lab'ring head,
 The goddes Want her pinions spread,
 And with poetic fury fir'd
 What Phæbus faintly had inspir'd.

A noble youth, of taste and wit,
 Approv'd the sprightly things he writ,
 And sought him in his cobweb dome,
 Discharg'd his rent, and brought him home.

Behold him at the stately board,
Who, but the Poet and my Lord !
Each day, deliciously he dines,
And greedy quaffs the gen'rous wines ;
His sides were plump, his skin was sleek,
And plenty wanton'd on his cheek ;
Astonish'd at the change so new,
Away th' inspiring goddefs flew.

Now, dropt for politics and news,
Neglected lay the drooping muse,
Unmindful whence his fortune came,
He stifled the poetic flame ;
Nor tale, nor sonnet, for my lady,
Lampoon, nor epigram was ready.
With just contempt his patron saw,
(Resolv'd his bounty to withdraw)
And thus with anger in his look,
The late-repenting fool bespoke.

Blind to the good that courts thee grown,
Whence has the sun of favour shone ?
Delighted with thy tuneful art,
Esteem was growing in my heart,
But idly thou reject'st the charm,
That gave it birth, and kept it warm.

Unthinking fools, alone despise
The arts, that taught them first to rise.

There is something very original, as well as did
and satirical, in the following Fable by Mr. Smart.

The BAG-WIG and the TOBACCO-PIPE.

A bag-wig of a jauntee air,
Trick'd up with all a barber's care,
Loaded with powder and perfume,
Hung in a spend-thrift's dressing-room ;
Close by its side, by chance convey'd,
A black tobacco-pipe was laid ;
And with its vapours far and near
Out stunk the essence of monfieur :
At which its rage, the thing of hair,
Thus, bristling up, began declare :
“ Bak'd dirt, that with intrusion rude
“ Breaks in upon my solitude ;
“ And with thy fetid breath defiles
“ The air for forty thousand miles.—

" Avaunt—pollution's in thy touch—
 " Oh barbarous *Englifh!*—horrid *Dutch!*
 " I cannot bear it.—Here, *Sue, Nan,*
 " Go, call the maid to call the man,
 " And bid him come without delay,
 " To take this odious pipe away.—
 " Hideous!—sure some one smoak'd thee, friend,
 " Reversly at his t'other end.
 " Oh, what mixt odours! what a throng
 " Of salt and sour, and stale and strong!
 " A most unnatural combination,
 " Enough to mar all perspiration.—
 " Monstrous!—again—twou'd vex a saint.
 " *Susan,* the drops—or else I faint!"—
 The pipe (for 'twas a pipe of soul)
 Raising himself upon his bowl,
 In smoak, like oracle of old,
 Did thus his sentiments unfold:
 " Why what's the matter, goodman Swagger,
 " Thou flanting, *French*, fantastic bragger?
 " Whose whole fine speech is (with a pox)
 " Ridiculous and heterodox.
 " 'Twas better for the *Englifh* nation
 " Before such scoundrels came in fashion;
 " When none sought hair in realms unknown,
 " But ev'ry blockhead wore his own.
 " Know, puppy, I'm an *Englifh* pipe,
 " Deem'd worthy of each *Briton's* gripe;
 " Who with my cloud-compelling aid
 " Help our plantations and our trade;
 " And am, when sober and when mellow,
 " An *upright, downright* honest fellow.
 " Tho' fools, like you, may think me rough,
 " And scorn me 'cause I am in buff,
 " Yet your contempt I glad receive,
 " 'Tis all the fame that you can give.
 " None *finery* or *fopp'ry* prize
 " But they who've something to disguise;
 " For simple nature hates abuse,
 " And *PLAINNESS* is the dress of *USE.*

What has been said on the Fable leads me to a consideration of the more sublime, and enterprising part of allegorical poetry; which gives life and action to virtues and vices,

vices, to passions and diseases, to natural and moral qualities ; and introduces goblins, fairies, and other imaginary personages and things, acting as divine, human, or infernal beings ; and by that means affords matter and machinery sufficient even for an heroic poem : which has pass'd unregarded by the writers on the Art of Poetry, notwithstanding these airy disguises are, as it were, the very quintessence or soul of the science.

C H A P. XVII.

Of ALLEGORICAL POETRY.

IF the generality of mankind had capacity sufficient to comprehend truth in her native simplicity, she would require no ornaments to captivate our affections ; but her pure and delicate light, however lovely in itself, and dear to the most discerning, does not sufficiently affect the gross senses of the multitude. The poets therefore dress'd her up in the manner in which they thought she would be most engaging, and called in *allegories*, and airy disguises as her auxiliaries in the cause of virtue.

The human mind is ever enterprising, and in continual search of something new ; which obtained, loses of its value by being known, and yields but little gratification. Whatever excites curiosity will always delight, and whatever delights will secure to itself a portion of the mind 'till we are urg'd to the pursuit of something still more new, and more engaging ; for it is a true, tho' an unfavourable observation, that the mind of man (ever rapacious and never satisfied) is always coveting what never fully enjoys ; as kings conquer nations they never mean to possess. Our pleasures therefore are, the most part, made up of expectation and novelty, and he who would instruct must give us something to hope, and something to excite new and pleasing ideas in the imagination. He must not only enlighten the understanding, but present the mind with sensible images to keep it confined in a fix'd and steady view of truth. And this is the source, not only of poetry, but of all the sciences that depend upon fancy ; and which, as we have already observed, man's weakness has render'd necessary, who is so easily affected with the simple and immutable beauty of vice, that it is of little consequence to point out truth to him.

unless we represent her in the most agreeable form, and render her so endearing, that she may not only secure his attention for a time, but by her loveliness call back the mind occasionally to a retrospection and new contemplation of her beauties. And this is often done by a seasonable use of the *allegory*, through which, as through a delightful wilderness variegated with flowers, lawns, streams and umbrageous trees, we are content to be led to truth, when we should have little inclination to pursue the known and beaten track, which afforded us no such entertainment.

The power which *allegorical poetry* has over the mind may be felt by reading the poets that have written in this manner; but especially *Spenser*, who had a bold and boundless fancy, and was a most admirable painter, or imager, of the virtues and vices. His descriptions are indeed rich and luxuriant, but, if I mistake not, it is principally owing to his just and beautiful *allegories* (the creatures of his own fancy) that he has been deem'd the father of *English* poetry, and led more young minds into the study of this bewitching art than any other poet. *Cowley*, *Milton*, and *Dryden*, are said to have caught their first flame from him, and the last has been more frequent and full in the praise of *Spenser* than of any other poet.—But enough has been said on the excellency and use of the *allegory*: it is necessary now that we explain what we mean by *allegorical poetry*, and lay down such rules as ought to be observed in these compositions.

An *allegory* is a fable, or story, in which, under the disguise of imaginary persons or things, some real action, or instructive moral is represented to the mind. Every *allegory* therefore has two senses, the one literal, and the other mystical: the first has been aptly enough compared to a dream, or vision, of which the last is the true meaning or interpretation.

From this definition of *allegorical poetry* the reader will perceive that it gives great latitude to genius, and affords such a boundless scope for invention, that the poet is allowed to soar beyond all creation; to give life and action to virtues, vices, passions, diseases, and natural and moral qualities; to raise floating islands, enchanted palaces, castles, &c. and to people them with the creatures of his own imagination.

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
 Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth to heav'n ;
 And, as imagination bodies forth
 The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
 Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
 A local habitation and a name.

SHAKESPEARE.

But whatever is thus raised by the magic of his mind, must be visionary, and typical, and the mystical sense appear obvious to the reader, and inculcate some moral, or useful lesson in life; otherwise the whole will be deem'd rather the effects of a distemper'd brain, than the productions of real wit and genius. The poet, like Jason, may fail to parts unexplored, but will meet with no applause if he returns without a golden fleece; for these romantic reveries would be unpardonable but for the mystical meaning and moral that is thus artfully and agreeably convey'd with them; and on which account only the *allegory* is indulged with a greater liberty than any other sort of writing.

The ancients consider'd this sort of *allegory* as the most essential part of poetry, and undoubtedly it is; for the power of raising images of things not in being, giving them a sort of life and action, and presenting them, as it were, before the eyes, was thought to have something in it like creation: but then in such compositions they always expected to find a meaning couched under them of consequence, and we may reasonably conclude that the *allegories* of their poets would never have been handed down to us had they been deficient in this respect.

As the fable is the part immediately offer'd to the reader's consideration, and intended as an agreeable vehicle to convey the moral, it ought to be bold, lively, and surprising, that it may excite curiosity and support attention; for if the fable be spiritless and barren of invention, the attention will be disengaged, and the moral, however useful and important in itself, will be little regarded.

There must likewise be a justness and propriety in the fable; that is, it must be closely connected with the subject on which it is employed; for notwithstanding the boundless compass allowed the imagination in these writings, nothing absurd, or useless, is to be introduced. — In epic poetry some things may, perhaps, be admitted for no other reason but to surprize, and to raise what is called the *wonderful*, which is as necessary to the epic as the

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probable ; but in *allegories*, however wild and extravagant the fable, and the persons introduced, each must correspond with the subject they are apply'd to, and, like the members of a well-written simile, bear a due proportion and relation to each other : for we are to consider that the *allegory* is a sort of extended or rather multiplied simile, and therefore like that, should never lose the subject it is intended to illustrate. Whence it will appear that genius and fancy are here insufficient without the aid of taste and judgment ; these first indeed, may produce a multitude of ornaments, a wilderness of sweets, but the last must be employed to accommodate them to reason, and to arrange them so as to produce pleasure and profit.

But it is not sufficient that the fable be correspondent with the subject, and have the properties above described ; for it must also be consistent with itself. The poet may invent what story he pleases, and form any imaginary beings that his fancy shall suggest ; but here, as in dramatic writings, when persons are once introduced they must be supported to the end, and all speak and act in character ; for notwithstanding the general licence here allow'd, some order must be observed, and however wild and extravagant the characters, they should not be absurd. To this let me add, that the whole must be clear and intelligible, for the "Fable, as Mr. *Hughes* observes, being design'd only to cloath and adorn the moral, but not to hide it, should resemble the draperies we admire in some of the ancient statues, in which the folds are not too many nor too thick, but so judiciously order'd that the shape and beauty of the limbs may be seen through them." — But this will more obviously appear from the following examples, and from a perusal of the best authors who have written in this manner.

We have already mention'd *Spenser*, whose *Fairy Queen* is made up of these beauties, as is also Mr. *Thompson's Castle of Indolence*, which, tho' written in the manner of *Spenser*, is one of those imitations that in many respects equals the original.

Both Mr. *Addison* and Mr. *Johnson* have distinguish'd themselves in this manner of writing, as well as in many others ; tho' their productions of this kind have generally appear'd in prose. We shall give the reader Mr. *Addison's* *allegory* on pain and pleasure, because it is not only an excellent example, but written in the manner of the an-

cients, and aptly introduced with the sentiments of *Socrates* on the occasion

" In the account which *Plato* gives us of the conversation and behaviour of *Socrates*, the morning he was to die, he tells the following circumstance.

When *Socrates* his fetters were knocked off (as was usual to be done on the day that the condemned person was to be executed) being seated in the midst of his disciples, and laying one of his legs over the other, in a very unconcerned posture, he began to rub it where it had been galled by the iron ; and whether it was to shew the indifference with which he entertained the thoughts of his approaching death, or (after his usual manner) to take every occasion of philosophizing upon some useful subject, he observed the pleasure of that sensation which now arose in those very parts of his leg, that just before had been so much pained by the fetter. Upon this he reflected on the nature of pleasure and pain in general, and how constantly they succeed one another. To this he added, that if a man of a good genius for a fable were to represent the nature of pleasure and pain in that way of writing, he would probably join them together after such a manner, that it would be impossible for the one to come into any place without being followed by the other.

It is possible, that if *Plato* had thought it proper at such a time to describe *Socrates* launching out into a discourse which was not of a piece with the business of the day, he would have enlarged upon this hint, and have drawn it out into some beautiful allegory or fable. But since he has not done it, I shall attempt to write one myself in the spirit of that divine author.

PLEASURE and PAIN. An ALLEGORY.

There where two families which from the beginning of the world were as opposite to each other as light and darkness. The one of them lived in heaven, and the other in hell. The youngest descendant of the first family was Pleasure, who was the daughter of Happiness, who was the child of Virtue, who was the offspring of the Gods. These, as I said before, had their habitation in heaven. The youngest of the opposite family was Pain, who was the son of Misery, who was the child of Vice, who was the offspring of the Furies. The habitation of this race of beings was in hell.

The

The middle station of nature between these two opposite extremes was the earth, which was inhabited by creatures of a middle kind, neither so virtuous as the one, nor so vicious as the other, but partaking of the good and bad qualities of these two opposite families. *Jupiter* considering that this species, commonly call'd *Man*, was too virtuous to be miserable, and too vicious to be happy; that he might make a distinction between the good and the bad, ordered the two youngest of the above-mentioned families, *Pleasure*, who was the daughter of *Happiness*, and *Pain*, who was the son of *Misery*, to meet one another upon this part of nature which lay in the half-way between them, having promised to settle it upon them both, provided they could agree upon the division of it, so as to share mankind between them.

Pleasure and *Pain* were no sooner met in their new habitation, but they immediately agreed upon this point, that *Pleasure* shou'd take possession of the virtuous, and *Pain* of the vicious part of that species which was given up to them. But upon examining to which of them any individual they met with belonged, they found each of them had a right to him; for that, contrary to what they had seen in their old places of residence, there was no person so vicious who had not some good in him, nor any person so virtuous who had not in him some evil. The truth of it is, they generally found upon search, that in the most vicious man *Pleasure* might lay a claim to an hundredth part, and that in the most virtuous man *Pain* might come in for at least two thirds. This they saw would occasion endless disputes between them, unless they could come to some accommodation. To this end there was a marriage proposed between them, and at length concluded: by this means it is that we find *Pleasure* and *Pain* are such constant yoke-fellows, and that they either make their visits together, or are never far asunder. If *Pain* comes into an heart, he is quickly followed by *Pleasure*; and if *Pleasure* enters, you may be sure *Pain* is not far off.

But notwithstanding this marriage was very convenient for the two parties, it did not seem to answer the intention of *Jupiter* in sending them among mankind. To remedy therefore this inconvenience, it was stipulated between them by article, and confirmed by the consent of each family, that notwithstanding they here posses'd the species indifferently, upon the death of every single person, if he was

found to have in him a certain proportion of evil, he should be dispatched into the infernal regions by a passport from Pain, there to dwell with Misery, Vice, and the Furies. Or on the contrary, if he had in him a certain proportion of good, he should be dispatched into heaven by a passport from Pleasure, there to dwell with Happiness, Virtue, and the Gods."

But in a treatise on the *art of poetry*, the reader will doubtless expect an example in verse, and we shall gratify his curiosity, by inserting an *allegory*, intituled, *Care and Generosity*, by Mr. Smart; which we have the rather pitched upon, because it is written on a more familiar plan than the generality of pieces in that style.

CARE and GENEROSITY. By MR. SMART.

Old Care with industry and art,
At length so well had play'd his part ;
He heap'd up such an ample store,
'That av'rice cou'd not figh for more :
'Ten thousand flocks his shepherd told,
His coffers overflow'd with gold ;
The land all round him was his own,
With corn his crowded granaries groan.
In short, so vast his charge and gain,
That to possess them was a pain ;
With happiness oppres'd he lies,
And much too prudent to be wise.
Near him there liv'd a beauteous maid,
With all the charms of youth array'd ;
Good, amiable, sincere and free,
Her name was *Generosity*.
'Twas her's the largefs to bestow
On rich and poor, on friend and foe.
Her doors to all were open'd wide,
The pilgrim there might safe abide :
For th' hungry and the thirsty crew,
The bread she broke, the drink she drew ;
There sickness laid her aching head,
And there distres cou'd find a bed.—
Each hour with an all-bounteous hand,
Diffus'd she blessings round the land :
Her gifts and glory lasted long,
And numerous was th' accepting throng.

At length pale penury seiz'd the dame,
 And fortune fled, and ruin came ;
 She found her riches at an end,
 And that she had not made one friend.—
 All curs'd her for not giving more,
 Nor thought on what she'd done before ;
 She wept, she rav'd, she tore her hair,
 When lo ! to comfort her came Care—
 And cry'd, My dear, if you will join
 Your hand in nuptial bonds with mine ;
 All will be well—you shall have store,
 And I be plagu'd with wealth no more.—
 Tho' I restrain your bounteous heart,
 You still shall act the generous part.—
 The bridal came — great was the feast
 And good the pudding and the priest ;
 The bride in nine moons brought him forth,
 A little maid of matchless worth ;
 Her face was mixt of care and glee,
 They christen'd her Oeconomy ;
 And styl'd her fair Discretion's queen,
 The mistress of the golden mean.
 Now Generosity confin'd
 Is perfect easy in her mind ;
 She loves to give, yet knows to spare,
 Nor wishes to be free from care.

We are to observe, however, that the word *allegory* has been used in a more extensive sense than that in which we have here apply'd it ; for all writings, where the moral is convey'd under the cover of borrowed characters and actions, by which other characters and actions (that are real) are represented, have obtain'd the name of *allegories* ; tho' the fable or story contains nothing that is visionary or romantic ; but is made up of real or historical persons, and of actions either probable or possible : But these writings should, I think, be distinguished by some other name, because the literal sense is consistent with right reason, and may convey any useful moral, and satisfy the reader, without putting him under the necessity of seeking for any other : Besides, if these are to be classed under *allegories*, *Telemachus*, *Don Quixot*, and other performances of that kind, are, with the same parity of reason, allegorical.

Some of the ancient critics, as Mr. *Addison* observes, were fond of giving the works of their poets this second,

or conceal'd meaning, tho' there was no apparent necessity for the attempt, and often but little show of reason in the application. Thus the *Iliad* and *Odyssy* of Homer are said to be fables of this kind, and that the gods and heroes introduced are only the affections of the mind represented in a visible shape and character. They tell us, says he, that *Achilles* in the first *Iliad* represents anger, or the irascible part of human nature; that upon drawing his sword against his superior, in a full assembly, *Pallas* (which, say they, is another name for reason) checks and advises him on the occasion, and, at her first appearance, touches him upon the head; that part of the man being look'd upon as the seat of reason. In this sense, as Mr. Hughes has well observed, the whole *Aeneis* of Virgil may be said to be an *allegory*, if you suppose *Aeneas* to represent *Augustus Cæsar*, and that his conducting the remains of his countrymen from the ruins of *Troy*, to a new settlement in *Italy*, is an emblem of *Augustus's* forming a new government out of the ruins of the *Aristocracy*, and establishing the *Romans*, after the confusion of the civil war, in a peaceable and flourishing condition. However ingenious this coincidence may appear, and whatever design Virgil had in view, he has avoided a particular and direct application, and so conducted his poem that it is perfect without any allegorical interpretation; for whether we consider *Aeneas* or *Augustus* as the hero, the morals contained are equally instructive: And indeed it seems absurd to suppose, that, because the epic poets have introduced some *allegories* into their works, every thing is to be understood in a mystical manner, where the sense is plain and evident without any such application. Nor is the attempt that *Tasso* made to turn his *Jerusalem* into a mystery any particular recommendation of the work; for notwithstanding he tells us in what is called the *allegory*, printed with it, that the christian army represents man; the city of *Jerusalem*, civil happiness; *Godfrey*, the understanding; *Rinaldo* and *Tancred*, the other powers of the soul; and that the body is typified by the common soldiers, and the like, yet the reader will find himself as little delighted as edified by the explication; for the mind has little pleasure in an *allegory* that cannot be opened without a key made by the hand of the same artist; and, indeed, every *allegory* that is so dark, and, as it were, inexplicable, loses its **very essence**, and becomes an *ænigma*, or riddle that is

left

left to be interpreted by every crude imagination. There is a time to set aside the fancy as well as the file. When an author has done very well, he and his friends should be satisfied; for men always err when they attempt to make their works better than they ought to be.—But we return to our subject.

This last species of writing, whether called an *allegory*, or by any other name, is not less eminent and useful; for the introducing of real or historical persons may not abridge or lessen either our entertainment, or instruction. In these compositions we often meet with an uncommon moral convey'd by the fable in a new and entertaining manner; or with a known truth so artfully decorated, and placed in such a new and beautiful light, that we are amazed how any thing so amiable and useful, should so long have escaped our observation. As a testimony of this we shall present the reader with a piece of Mr. Johnson's, published in the *Rambler* under the title of an eastern story; the language of which is pure, elegant, and beautiful beyond description; the fable finely conceived, and tho' the errors in our conduct thus pointed out are seen every day, yet we perceive that the mind has not sufficiently attended to them, because they were not so conveyed as to make a proper impression, and fix themselves on the memory.

An Eastern STORY, from the RAMBLER.

OBIDAH, the son of *Abensina*, left the caravansera early in the morning, and pursued his journey through the plains of *Indostan*. He was fresh and vigorous with rest; he was animated with hope; he was incited by desire; he walked swiftly forward over the vallies, and saw the hills gradually rising before him. As he passed along, his ears were delighted with the morning song of the bird of paradise, he was fanned by the last flutters of the sinking breeze, and sprinkled with dew by groves of spices; he sometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills; and sometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primrose, eldest daughter of the spring: All his senses were gratified, and all care was banished from his heart.

Thus he went on 'till the sun approached his meridian, and the increasing heat preyed upon his strength; he then looked round about him for some more commodious path. He saw on his right hand, a grove that seemed to wave its

shades, as a sign of invitation ; he entered it, and found the coolness and verdure irresistably pleasant. He did not, however, forget whither he was travelling, but found a narrow way bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the same direction with the main road, and he was pleased that by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleasure with his business, and to gain the rewards of diligence without suffering its fatigues. He therefore still continued to walk for a time, without the least remission of his ardour, except that he was sometimes tempted to stop by the musick of the birds, whom the heat had assembled in the shade ; and sometimes amused himself with plucking the flowers that grew on either side, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At last the green path began to decline from its first direction, and to wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with water-falls. Here *Obidah* paused for a time, and began to consider whether it were longer safe to forsake the known and open road, but remembering that the heat was now in its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

Having thus calmed his solicitude, he renewed his pace, though he suspected that he was not gaining ground. This uneasiness of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every sensation that might sooth or divert him. He listened to every echo, he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect, he turned aside to every cascade, and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumvolutions. In these amusements the hours passed away uncounted, his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He stood pensive and confused, afraid to go forward lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky was overspread with clouds, the day vanished from before him, and a sudden tempest gathered round his head. He was now roused by his danger to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly, he now saw how happiness is lost when ease is consulted, and lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted

prompted him to seek shelter in the grove, and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now resolved to do what remained yet in his power, to tread back the ground which he passed, and try to find some issue where the wood might open into the plain. He prostrated himself on the ground, and commended his life to the Lord of Nature. He rose with confidence and tranquility, and pressed on with his sabre in his hand, for the beasts of the desert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, and ravage, and expiration; all the horrors of darkness and solitude surrounded him; the winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

Thus forlorn and distressed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to safety or to destruction. At length not fear but labour began to overcome him; his breath grew short, and his knees trembled, and he was on the point of lying down in resignation to his fate, when he beheld through the brambles the glimmer of a taper. He advanced towards the light, and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admission. The old man set before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, on which *Obidab* fed with eagerness and gratitude.

When the repast was over, “Tell me, said the hermit, “by what chance thou hast been brought hither; I have “been now twenty years an inhabitant of the wilderness, “in which I never saw a man before.” *Obidab* then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

“Son, said the hermit, let the errors and follies, the “dangers and escape of this day, sink deep into thine “heart. Remember, my son, that human life is the “journey of a day. We rise in the morning of youth, “full of vigor and full of expectation; we set forward “with spirit and hope, with gaiety and with diligence, “and travel on a while in the straight road of piety to- “wards the mansions of rest. In a short time we remit “our fervour, and endeavour to find some mitigation of “our duty, and some more easy means of obtaining the “same

" same end. We then relax our vigour, and resolve no
 " longer to be terrified with crimes at a distance, but
 " rely upon our own constancy, and venture to approach
 " what we resolve never to touch. We thus enter the
 " bower of ease, and repose in the shades of security.
 " Here the heart softens, and vigilance subsides ; we are
 " then willing to enquire whether another advance cannot
 " be made, and whether we may not, at least, turn our
 " eyes upon the gardens of pleasure : We approach them
 " with scruple and hesitation ; we enter them, but enter
 " timorous, and trembling, and always hope to pass
 " through them without losing the road of virtue, which
 " we, for a while, keep in our sight, and to which we
 " propose to return. But temptation succeeds temptation,
 " and one compliance prepares us for another ; we
 " in time lose the happiness of innocence, and solace our
 " disquiet with sensual gratifications. By degrees we let
 " fall the remembrance of our original intention, and
 " quit the only adequate object of rational desire. We
 " entangle ourselves in business, immerse ourselves in
 " luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of inconstancy,
 " till the darkness of old age begins to invade us, and dis-
 " ease and anxiety obstruct our way. We then look back
 " upon our lives with horror, with sorrow, with repen-
 " tance, and wish, but too often vainly wish, that we had
 " not forsaken the ways of virtue. Happy are they, my
 " son, who shall learn from thy example not to despair,
 " but shall remember that though the day is past, and
 " their strength is wasted, there yet remains one effort to
 " be made, that reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere
 " endeavours ever unassisted, but the wanderer may at
 " length return after all his errors ; and he who implores
 " strength and courage from above, shall find danger and
 " difficulty give way before him. Go now, my son, to
 " thy repose, commit thyself to the care of Omnipotence,
 " and when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew
 " thy journey and thy life."

The ancient parables are of this species of writing, and it is to be observed, that those in the *New Testament* have a most remarkable elegance and propriety ; and are the more striking, and the more instructive, for being drawn from objects that are familiar. — The more striking, because, as the things are seen the moral conveyed becomes the object of our senses, and requires little or no reflection :—

'The

The more instructive, because, every time they are seen the memory is awakened, and the same moral is again exhibited with pleasure to the mind ; and accustoms it to reason, and dwell on the subject. So that this method of instruction improves nature, as, it were, into a book of life ; since every thing before us may be so managed as to give lessons for our advantage. Our Saviour's parables of the Sower and the Seed ; of the Tares ; of the Mustard Seed ; and of the Leaven (*Matthew xiii.*) are all of this kind, and were obviously taken from the harvest just ripening before him ; for *his disciples plucked the ears of corn and did eat, rubbing them in their hands.*

We have in the former part of this work mentioned the resemblance between poetry and painting ; and that affinity is no where so obvious and just as in a well-written *allegory*, which is a kind of picture in poetry that, by its apt and perfect resemblance, conveys instruction to the mind by an analogy to the senses ; and feeds and pleases the imagination, at the same time that it opens and improves the understanding.—Fable and versification in poetry, may be compared to design and colouring in painting ; genius and fancy must create, or form, the images both in the one, and the other ; and taste and judgment direct the artists in the choice and disposition of their parts. It has been observed that *Rubens*, whose allegorical paintings are much admired, has in his celebrated work of the *Luxembourg* gallery represented the government of *France* (on *Louis* the thirteenth's coming of age) by a gally. The king is standing at the helm ; *Mary of Medicis*, the queen-mother and regent, puts the rudder in his hand ; justice, fortitude, religion, and publick faith, are seated at the oars, and other virtues are employed about the sails, and tackle, and in the conduct of the voyage : An *allegory* finely conceived, and by him well expressed. Had a poet been employed on this occasion, he would probably have made choice of the same allegorical figures, and that beautiful and various expression, different attitudes, and several employments which *Rubens* has represented to the eye, he would have conveyed to the mind, with this difference, however, that you wou'd have had the various congratulations, and sentiments of the whole group of figures. So that what painting gives to the mind by that most pleasing of all our senses the sight, poetry conveys, as it were by speech, but conveys it in a manner so lively and

and affecting, that a picture or image of it is immediately formed in the mind; and 'tis the power of thus raising images instantaneously that makes allegory and descriptive poetry so pleasing. I never saw a representation of Shake-spear's play, called *Twelfth-Night*, but the theat reburst into applause at the following paſſage.

— She never told her love
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damſk cheek. She pin'd in thought,
And ſat like Patience on a monument
Smiling at grief.

Which ſudden gulf of pleasure, if I may ſo express myſelf, muſt arife from the images which the words excited in the mind, and which the judgment ſaw was juſt.

From circumstances ſimilar to this, I have often thought that neither the heads nor the hearts of men are ſo bad as they are generally repreſented. We ſeldom ſee any new play exhibited, but the ſtoxes of genius are diſtinguiſhed by the muſtitude; nor is there a tragedy where virtue is truely, and naturally repreſented in diſtreſs, but the majority of the audience are in tears: The conſideration of which muſt give every benevolent mind a ſecret ſatisfaction, as it is an undoubted proof of the tenderness and affection of the huinan heart.

C H A P. XVIII.

Of Lyric Poetry.

THE ode, as we obſerved in the introduction to this book, is very ancient; and was probably the firſt ſpecies of poetry. It had its ſource, we may ſuppoſe, from the heart, and was employed to exprefs, with becoming fervor and dignity, the grateful ſenſe man enter-tain'd of the bleſſings which daily flowed from God the fountain of all goodneſs: Hence their harveſt hymns, and other devotional compositions of that kind.

But in proceſs of time it was employ'd, not only to praife the Almighty for bounties received, but to ſollicit his aid in time of trouble; as is plain from the odes written by king David, and others, and collected by the Jewish Sanedrim into the book of *Pſalms*, to be ſung at their feasts, feſtivals, and on other ſolemn occasions. Nor was this practice confined to the *Iraelites* only: Other na-

tions

tions had their songs of praise and petitions of this sort, which they prefer'd to their deities in times of publick prosperity and publick distress, as well as to those heroes who distinguished themselves in arms ; and even the *American Indians*, whose notions of religion are extremely confined, have their war-songs which they sing to this day.

It is reasonable to suppose that the awful purpose to which the ode was applied, gave rise among the ancients to the custom of invoking the muses ; and that the poets, in order to raise their sentiments and language, so as to be acceptable to their deities, thought it expedient to solicit some divine assistance. Hence poets are said to have been inspired ; and hence an unbounded liberty has been given to the ode ; for the lyric poet, inspired, as it were, with his subject, and borne away on the wings of gratitude, despairs grammatical niceties, and common modes of speech, and often soars above rule, tho' not above reason. This freedom, however, confests chiefly in sudden transitions, bold digressions, and lofty excursions ; for the ancient poets, and even *Pindar*, the most daring and lofty of them all, has in his sublimest flights, and amidst all his rapture, preserved harmony, and often uniformity in his versification ; but so great is the variety of his measures, that the traces of sameness are in a manner lost ; and this is one of the excellencies for which that poet is admired, and which, tho' seemingly devoid of art, requires so much that he has seldom been imitated with success. But more of this hereafter.

The ancients in their odes indulged such a liberty of fancy, that some of their best poets not only make bold excursions and digressions, but having in their flights started some new and noble thought, they frequently pursue it, and never more return to their subject. But this loose kind of ode, which seems to reject all method, and in which the poet having just touched upon his subject immediately diverts to another, we should think blameable, were it lawful to call in question the authority of those great men who were our preceptors in this art. We may venture to affirm, however, that these compositions stand in no degree of comparison with other odes of theirs ; in which, after wandering from the subject, in pursuit of new ideas arising from some of its adjuncts, and ranging wantonly, as it were, through a variety of matter, the poet

poet is, from some other circumstance, led naturally to his subject again; and, like a bee, having collected the essence of many different flowers, returns home and unites them all in one uniform pleasing sweet.

The ode among the ancients signified no more than a song; but with the moderns the ode and the song are consider'd as different compositions; the ode being usually employ'd in grave and lofty subjects, and seldom sung but on solemn occasions.

The subjects most proper for the ode and song, *Horace* has pointed out in a few elegant lines.

Gods, heroes, conquerors, *olympic* crowns,
Love's pleasing cares, and the free joys of wine,
Are proper subjects for the lyric song.

To which let me add, that happiness, the pleasures of a rural life, and such parts of morality as afford lessons for the promotion of our felicity, and reflections on the conduct of life, are equally suitable to the ode. This both *Pindar* and *Horace* were so sensible of, that many of their odes are season'd with these moral sentences and reflections.

But who can number e'vry sandy grain
Wash'd by *Sicilia's* hoarse-resounding main ?
Or who can *Theron's* gen'rous works expres,
And tell how many hearts his bounteous virtues blest ?

Ode to *TERON*.

And in another *olympick* ode inscribed by the same poet to *Diagoras* of *Rhodes* (and in such esteem, that it was deposited in the temple of *Minerva*, written in letters of gold) *Pindar*, after exalting them to the skies, concludes with this lesson in life.

Yet as the gales of fortune various blow,
To day tempestuous, and to-morrow fair,
Due bounds, ye *Rhodians*, let your transports know;
Perhaps to-morrow comes a storm of care.

Weft's PINDAR.

The man resolv'd and steady to his trust,
Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,
May the rude rabble's insolence despise,
Their senseless clamours and tumultuous cries ;

The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,
And the stern brow, and the harsh voice defies,
And with superior greatness smiles.

Not the rough whirl-wind, that deforms
Adria's black gulf, and vexes it with storms,
The stubborn virtue of his soul can move ;
Nor the red arm of angry *Jove*,
That flings the thunder from the sky,
And gives it rage to roar, and strength to fly.
Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
In ruin and confusion hurl'd,
He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack,
And stand secure amidst a falling world.

HORACE.

From the nature of the subject on which it is employed, the reader will perceive that the ode, taken in its most extensive sense, may be either sublime or of a lower cast; mournful or exulting; serious or jocose; it may partake of wit (and sometimes humour) and be satirical; but it should not have that sort of turn which is peculiar to the epigram. It may, and indeed generally does, consist of verses of different measures, distinguished into stanzas or strophes, which are a certain number of verses including a perfect sense; at the end of which the same measures commonly begin again, and the verses are disposed in the same order, with respect to the rhyme or measure, as in the former stanza. But some of the odes of *Pindar* are exceptions to this rule; and, indeed, the construction of the verse depends so much on the poet's fancy, and the stanza is capable of such a vast variety, that it would be folly to attempt to lay down any rules concerning it.

The variety of subjects which are allow'd the *lyric* poet, makes it necessary to consider this species of poetry under the following heads, *viz.* The *sublime* ode, the *lesser* ode, and the *song*. We shall begin with the lowest, and proceed to that which is more eminent.

Songs are little poetical compositions, usually set to a tune, and frequently sung in company by way of entertainment, and diversion. Of these we have in our language a great number; but, considering that number, not many which are excellent; for, as the duke of *Buckingham* observes,

Tho' nothing seems more easy, yet no part
Of poetry requires a nicer art.

The

The song admits of almost any subject ; but the greatest part of them turn either upon *love, contentment, or the pleasures of a country life, and drinking.* Be the subject, however, what it will, the verses should be easy, natural, and flowing, and contain a certain harmony, so that poetry and music may be agreeably united. In these compositions, as in all others, obscene and profane expressions should be carefully avoided, and indeed every thing that tends to take off that respect which is due to religion, and virtue, and to encourage vice and immorality. As the best songs in our language are already in every hand, it wou'd seem unnecessary, and even impertinent, to insert many examples ; we shall therefore content ourselves with giving one or two on each of the subjects above-mentioned.

The following song, wherein a shepherd in love complains of the inconstancy of his mistress, has so much of the pathetic in it, the thoughts are so natural, and the language so well adapted to the subject, that I think it deserves to be class'd among the best compositions we have of this kind.

Despairing beside a clear stream
 A shepherd forsaken was laid,
 And whilst a false nymph was his theme,
 A willow supported his head :
 The wind that blew over the plain
 To his sighs with a sigh did reply,
 And the brook in return to his pain
 Ran mournfully murinuring by.
 Alas ! silly swain that I was,
 Thus sadly complaining he cry'd ;
 When first I beheld her fair face,
 'Twere better by far I had dy'd :
 She talk'd, and I bleſſ'd the dear tongue ;
 When she smil'd, 'twas a pleasure too great ;
 I listen'd, and cry'd, when she sung
 Was nightingale ever so sweet !
 How foolish was I to believe
 She could doat on so lowly a clown,
 Or that her fond heart would not grieve
 To forsake the fine folks of the town ;
 To think that a beauty so gay
 So kind and so constant would prove,
 To go clad like our maidens in gray,
 And live in a cottage on love !

What tho' I have skill to complain

Tho' the muses my temples have crown'd ?

What tho' when they hear my soft strain

The virgins sit weeping around ?

Ah *Colin* ! thy hopes are in vain,

Thy pipe and thy laurel resign ;

Thy fair-one inclines to a swain

Whose music is sweeter than thine.

And you, my companions so dear,

Who sorrow to see me betray'd,

Whatever I suffer, forbear,

Forbear to accuse the false maid :

If thro' the wide world I should range,

'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly ;

'Twas her's to be false and to change,

'Tis mine to be constant and die.

If, while my hard fate I sustain,

In her breast any pity is found,

Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,

And see me laid low in the ground :

The last humble boon that I crave

Is to shade me with cypress and yew,

And when she looks down on my grave,

Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,

And deck her in golden array,

Be finest at ev'ry fine show,

And frolick it all the long day :

While *Colin*, forgotten and gone,

No more shall be heard of, or seen,

Unless when beneath the pale moon

His ghost shall glide over the green.

What the critics have observed with respect to words, viz. that however expressive and significant, they are in some measure debased by the currents through which they pass, and grow into dislike by being too common, may hold also with regard to songs; little notice being taken of those that have been long sung at the corners of every street. As it is our business, however, to give good examples, rather than new ones, the reader will not be displeased, if we insert a well-known song of Mr. Gay's; wherein he has described two lovers taking leave of each other in the most tender and affecting manner.

All in the *Downs* the fleet was moor'd,
 The streamers waving in the wind,
 When black-ey'd *Susan* came on board,
 Oh ! where shall I my true love find !
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
 If my sweet *William* sails among the crew.

William, who high upon the yard,
 Rock'd with the billows to and fro,
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
 He sigh'd and cast his eyes below :
 The cords slide swiftly through his glowing hands,
 And (quick as lightning) on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high-pois'd in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
 (If chance his mate's shrill call he hear)
 And drops at once into her nest.
 The noblest captain in the *British* fleet
 Might envy *William*'s lips those kisses sweet.

O *Susan, Susan*, lovely dear,
 My vows shall ever true remain ;
 Let me kiss off that falling tear,
 We only part to meet again.
 Change as ye list, ye winds ; my heart shall be
 The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind ;
 They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
 In ev'ry port a mistress find :
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
 For thou art present whereso'er I go.

If to fair *India*'s coast we sail,
 Thy eyes are seen in di'monds bright ;
 Thy breath is *Afric*'s spicy gale,
 Thy skin is ivory so white :
 Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view
 Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely *Sue*.

Tho' battle call me from thy arms,
 Let not my pretty *Susan* mourn,
 Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms,
William shall to his-dear return.
 Love turns aside those balls that round me fly,
 Lest precious tears should drop from *Susan*'s eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosom spread,
 No longer must she stay on board ;
 They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head :
 Her leſ'ning boat unwilling rows to land ;
 Adieu, she cries ! and wav'd her lilly hand.

William and Margaret, written by Mr. *Mallet*, has many beauties of the tender and elegaic kind. The description of *Margaret's* ghost is very poetical, and the reflection on the power of death just and seasonable.

Her face was like the *April* morn,
 Clad in a wintry cloud ;
 And clay-cold was her lilly hand,
 That held her fable shroud.
 So shall the fairest face appear,
 When youth and years are flown ;
 Such is the robe that kings must wear,
 When death has ſeft their crown.
 Her bloom was like the ſpringing flow'r,
 That ſips the silver dew ;
 The rose was budded in her cheek,
 And opening to the view.
 But love had, like the canker-worm,
 Consum'd her early prime ;
 The rose grew pale, and left her cheek ;
 She dy'd before her time.

And the manner in which ſhe interrogates, and upbraids him for his inconstancy, is very pathetic.

Bethink thee, *William*, of thy fault,
 Thy pledge, and broken oath,
 And give me back my maiden vow,
 And give me back my troth.
 How cou'd you ſay my face was fair,
 And yet that face forsake ?
 How cou'd you win my virgin heart,
 Yet leave that heart to break ?
 How cou'd you promise love to me,
 And not that promise keep ?
 Why did you ſwear mine eyes were bright,
 And leave those eyes to weep ?

How cou'd you say my lips were sweet,
 And made the scarlet pale ?
 And why did I, young wileſ maid,
 Believe the flatt'ring tale ?

There is another song of Mr. Gay's, called the *Despairing Damsel*, which ought to be taken notice of; and it is to be observed, that the situation he has placed her in contributes greatly to heighten the picture of distress.

'Twas when the seas were roaring,
 With hollow blasts of wind,
 A damsel lay deploring,
 All on a rock reclin'd.

And the fluctuations of anxiety and despair, are properly represented by the sudden transitions she makes, first from her lover to the ocean, then to the merchant, and then to her lover again.

Nine months are gone and over,
 And ten long tedious days ;
 Why didſt thou vent'rous lover,
 Why didſt thou trust the seas ?
 Ceafe, ceafe, thou cruel Ocean,
 And let my lover rest :
 Ah ! what's thy troubled motion,
 To that within my breast ?
 The merchant robb'd of treasure,
 Views tempeſts in despair ;
 But what's the loss of treasure,
 To loſing of my dear !
 Should you ſome coaſt be laid on,
 Where gold and diamonds grow,
 You'll find a richer maiden,
 But none that loves you ſo.

And the two concluding ſtanças are very poetical and affecting.

All melancholy lying,
 Thus wail'd ſhe for her dear,
 Repaid each blaſt with ſighing,
 Each billow with a tear,
 When o'er the white waves ſtooping,
 His floating corſe ſhe ſpy'd ;
 Then like a lilly drooping,
 She bow'd her head, and dy'd.

The favorite song of *My time, O ye Muses,* ought not to be forgotten. In this the peevish uneasiness of a lover in the absence of his mistress is prettily described : and in the following stanzas many of the thoughts are new, and therefore the more pleasing ; tho' if we consider the person and his situation, some of them will be found inclining, perhaps, too much towards humour and burlesque.

With such a companion to tend a few sheep,
To rise up to play, or to lie down to sleep,
I was so good-humour'd, so cheerful and gay,
My heart was as light as a feather all day ;
But now I so cross and so peevish am grown,
So strangely uneasy as never was known ;
My fair-one is gone, and my joys are all drown'd,
And my heart—I am sure it weighs more than a pound.

The fountain that us'd to run sweetly along,
And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among,
Thou know'st little *Cupid*, if *Phæbe* was there,
'Twas pleasure to look at, 'twas music to hear :
But now she is absent, I walk by its side,
And still as it murmurs, do nothing but chide ;
Must you be so cheerful, while I go in pain ?
Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me complain.

When my lambkins around me would often times play,
And when *Phæbe* and I were as joyful as they,
How pleasant their sporting, how happy the time,
When spring, love, and beauty, were all in their prime !
But now in their frolics when by me they pass,
I fling at their fleeces a handful of grass ;
Be still then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad
To see you so merry, while I am so sad.

My dog I was ever well pleased to see
Come wagging his tail to my fair-one and me ;
And *Phæbe* was pleas'd too, and to the dog said,
Come hither, poor fellow, and patted his head :
But now when he's fawning, I with a sour look
Cry, Sirrah ! and give him a blow with my crook ;
And I'll give him another, for why should not *Tray*
Be as dull as his master, when *Phæbe*'s away ?

There is a song attributed to Mr. Prior, and published in a posthumous volume of his works, which has all the nature and ease required in these compositions. The sentiments and expressions, tho' common, are natural,

just and pleasing ; as may be seen by the following picture of conjugal constancy and felicity in low-life, and the cause of it.

Old *Darby*, with *Joan* by his side,
 You've often regarded with wonder ;
 He's dropfical, she is fore-ey'd,
 Yet they're ever uneasy asunder :
 Together they totter about,
 Or sit in the sun at the door ;
 And at night, when old *Darby*'s pipe's out,
 His *Joan* will not smoke a whiff more.
 No beauty nor wit they possess,
 Their several failings to smother ;
 Then what are the charms, can you guess,
 That makes them so fond of each other ?
 'Tis the pleasing remembrance of youth,
 The endearments that youth did bestow,
 The thoughts of past pleasure and truth,
 The best of all blessings below.
 Those traces for ever will last,
 Nor sickness, nor time can remove,
 For when youth and beauty are past,
 And age brings the winter of love,
 A friendship insensibly grows
 By reviews of such raptures as these,
 And a current of fondness still flows,
 Which decrepid old age cannot freeze.

There are many of our modern love-songs that deserve particular commendation, which, for want of room, we are obliged to pass over.

We come now to those songs that are written in praise of a country life, or on contentment and happiness. Those on rural life are generally descriptive, and have few other beauties but what arise from their fitness to the subject; but those on contentment, or where any of the virtues are concern'd, have a twofold tendency, and are generally satirical ; for tho' there should be no appearance of asperity, yet a panegyric on the wise and good, is a sort of distant satire on the foolish and wicked. It only wants the application, which men generally make for themselves.

The following song contains sentiments that are truly philosophical, and is a proper lesson for the covetous and ambitious.

No glory I covet, no riches I want,
 Ambition is nothing to me ;
 The one thing I beg of kind heav'n to grant,
 Is a mind independent and free.
 With passion unruffled, untainted with pride,
 By reason my life let me square :
 The wants of my nature are cheaply supply'd,
 And the rest are but folly and care.
 The blessings which providence freely has lent,
 I'll justly and gratefully prize ;
 While sweet meditation and cheerful content
 Shall make me both healthy and wise.
 In the pleasures the great man's possessions display,
 Unenvy'd I'll challenge my part ;
 For ev'ry fair object my eyes can survey
 Contributes to gladden my heart.
 How vainly, through infinite trouble and strife,
 The many their labours employ !
 Since all that is truly delightful in life
 All, all, if they will, may enjoy.

With regard to drinking songs, we have a great variety, and many of them so well written that, I am afraid they have done much mischief to weak minds, and, as it were, consecrated a crime. A good song has fix'd many a man to the bottle who had no need of drink ; and in this case, perhaps, wit has often been employed against itself, and forged arms for its own destruction.

The *Tipling Philosophers* is, perhaps, one of the best songs that has been written on the subject. The conceit of attributing the wisdom of the ancient philosophers to the juice of the vine is pretty ; and the allusions to some principal part of their characters, or to some remarkable story which has been handed down to us concerning them, are remarkably beautiful.

There is another song, I remember, founded on the fabulous history of *Neptune*, which opens in a manner particularly great.

Had *Neptune*, when first he took charge of the sea,
 Been as wise, or at least been as merry as we,
 He'd have thought better on't, and instead of his brine,
 Wou'd have fill'd the vast ocean with generous wine.

And the rest of the stanzas are agreeably turn'd ; and have as much merit as can be expected in a piece of this kind.

This article we shall conclude with a modern song, written in a manner altogether original.

The women all tell me I'm false to my lass,
That I quit my poor *Chloe*, and stick to my glass :
But to you, men of reason, my reasons I'll own ;
And if you don't like them, why, let them alone.

Altho' I have left her, the truth I'll declare,
I believe she was good, and I'm sure she was fair;
But goodness and charms in a bumper I see,
That makes it as good and as charming as she.

My *Chloe* had dimples and smiles I must own,
But tho' she could smile, yet in truth she could frown :
Now tell me, ye lovers of liquor divine,
Did you e'er see a frown in a bumper of wine ?

Her lillies and roses were just in their prime,
Yet lillies and roses are conquer'd by time ;
But in wine from its age such a benefit flows,
That we like it the better the older it grows.

They tell me my love would in time have been cloy'd,
And that beauty's insipid when once 'tis enjoy'd ;
But in wine I both time and enjoyment defy,
For the longer I drink, the more thirsty am I.

Let murders, and battles, and history prove
The mischiefs that wait upon rivals in love :
But in drinking, thank heaven, no rival contends,
For the more we love liquor, the more we are friends.

She too might have poison'd the joy of my life,
With nurses, and babies, and squalling and strife :
But my wine neither nurses nor babies can bring,
And a big-belly'd bottie's a mighty good thing.

We shorten our days when with love we engage ;
It brings on diseases, and hastens old age :
But wine from grim death can its votaries save,
And keep t'other leg out, when there's one in the grave.

Perhaps, like her sex, ever false to their word,
She had left me—to get an estate, or a lord :
But my bumper, regarding nor title, nor pelf,
Will stand by me when I can't stand by myself.

Then let my dear *Chloe* no longer complain ;
She's rid of her lover, and I of my pain ;
For in wine, mighty wine, many comforts I spy :
Should you doubt what I say,—take a bumper and try.

The stanzas of this song have each a turn of the epigrammatical kind, which this species of writing will bear, and is therefore an exception to one of the general rules laid down concerning *lyrick poetry*.

We come now to the *lesser ode*, the distinguishing character of which is sweetness; and as the pleasure we receive from this sort of poem arises principally from its soothing and affecting the passions, great regard should be paid to the language, as well as to the thoughts and numbers.

The expression shou'd be easy, fancy high;
Yet that not seem to creep, nor this to fly:
No words transpos'd, but in such order all,
As tho' hard wrought, may seem by chance to fall.

D. Buckingham's Essay:

The style, indeed, should be easy; but it may be also florid and figurative. It solicits delicacy, but despairs affectation. The thoughts should be natural, chaste, and elegant, and the numbers various, smooth, and harmonious. A few examples will sufficiently explain what we mean.

Longinus has preserved a fragment of *Sappho*, an ancient Greek poetess, which is in great reputation amongst the critics, and has been so happily translated by Mr. *Philips*, as to give the *English* reader a just idea of the spirit, ease, and elegance of that admired author; and shew how exactly she copied nature. To enter into the beauties of this ode, we must suppose a lover sitting by his mistress, and thus expressing his passion.

I.

Blest as th' immortal Gods is he,
The youth who fondly fits by thee,
And sees and hears thee all the while
Softly speak, and sweetly smile.

II.

'Twas this depriv'd my soul of rest,
And rais'd such tumults in my breast;
For while I gaz'd, in transport lost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

III.

My bosom glow'd, the subtle flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame:

O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung ;
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

IV.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd :
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd ;
My feeble pulse forgot to play :
I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.

After this instance of the *Sapphic* ode, it may not be improper to speak of that sort of ode which is called *Anacreontic*, being written in the manner and taste of *Anacreon*, a Greek poet, famous for the delicacy of his wit, and the exquisite, yet easy and natural turn of his poesy. We have several of his odes still extant, and many modern ones in imitation of him, which are mostly composed in verses of seven syllables, or three feet and a half. *ANACREON*'s wit and manner will be seen to most advantage in his odes of *CUPID stung by a Bee*, and *MARS wounded by the arrow of Love*.

Mr. *Prior*, whose poetical works will be ever admired for the natural ease and elegance of his style, as well as for the delicacy of his wit, has in several of his odes the very spirit and air of *Anacreon*. The following ode, in which he describes the effects of love, and insinuates, that the eyes are the best interpreters of the heart, is written exactly in his manner.

I.

The merchant, to secure his treasure,
Conveys it in a borrow'd name :
Euphelia serves to grace my measure ;
But *Chloe* is my real flame.

II.

My softest verse, my darling lyre
Upon *Euphelia*'s toilet lay ;
When *Chloe* noted her desire,
That I should sing, that I should play.

III.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise ;
But with my numbers mix my sighs ;
And whilst I sing *Euphelia*'s praise
I fix my soul on *Chloe*'s eyes.

IV.

Fair *Chloe* blush'd : *Euphelia* frown'd :
 I sung and gaz'd : I play'd and trembl'd :
 And *Venus* to the loves around
 Remark'd, how ill we all dissembl'd.

This ingenious author has given us several odes in the spirit and manner of *Horace*, as well as of *Anacreon*, and the following *Answer to CHLOE jealous*, which was written when he was sick, has, I think, much of the elegant tenderness of *Sappho*.

I.

Yes, fairest proof of beauty's pow'r,
 Dear idol of my panting heart,
 Nature points this my fatal hour :
 And I have liv'd ; and we must part.

II.

While now I take my last adieu,
 Heave thou no sigh, nor shed a tear ;
 Lest yet my half-clos'd eye may view
 On earth an object worth its care.

III.

From jealousy's tormenting strife
 For ever be thy bosom freed :
 That nothing may disturb thy life,
 Content I hasten to the dead.

IV.

Yet when some better-fated youth
 Shall with his am'rous party move thee ;
 Reflect one moment on his truth
 Who dying thus, perfis to love thee.

And in the piece which immediately follows, intituled, *A better answer to CHLOE jealous*, he has, together with the gaiety and wit of *Anacreon* and *Horace*, blended some strokes of humour.

I.

Dear *Chloe*, how blubber'd is that pretty face ?
 Thy cheek all on fire, and thy hair all uncurl'd :
 Prithee quit this caprice ; and (as old *Falstaff* says)
 Let us e'en talk a little like folks of this world.

II.

How canst thou presume, thou hast leave to destroy
 The beauties, which *Venus* but lent to thy keeping?
 Those looks were design'd to inspire love and joy :
 More ordinary eyes may serve people for weeping.

III.

To be vext at a trifle or two that I writ,
 Your judgment at once, and my passion you wrong :
 You take that for fact, which will scarce be found wit :
 Od's life ! must one swear to the truth of a song.

IV.

What I speak, my fair *Chloe*, and what I write, shews
 The difference there is betwixt nature and art :
 I court others in verse ; but I love thee in prose :
 And they have my whimsies, but thou hast my heart.

V.

The god of us verse-men (you know, child) the sun,
 How after his journeys he sets up his rest :
 If at morning o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run :
 At night he reclines on his *Thetis*'s breast.

VI.

So when I am weary'd with wand'ring all day :
 To thee my delight in the evening I come ;
 No matter what beauties I saw in my way :
 They were but my visits, but thou art my home.

VII.

Then finish, dear *Chloe*, this pastoral war,
 And let us like *Horace* and *Lydia* agree :
 For thou art a girl as much brighter than her,
 As he was a poet sublimer than me.

We come now to those odes of the more florid and figurative kind, of which we have many in our language that deserve particular commendation. Mr. *Warton*'s ode on *Fancy* has been justly admired by the best judges; for tho' it has a distant resemblance of *Milton*'s *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, yet the work is original; the thoughts are mostly new and various, and the language and numbers, elegant, expressive, and harmonious.

An Ode to FANCY.

O parent of each lovely muse,
 Thy spirit o'er my soul diffuse,
 O'er all my artless songs preside,
 My footsteps to thy temple guide,

To offer at thy turf-built shrine,
 In golden cups no costly wine,
 No murder'd fat'ling of the flock,
 But flowers and honey from the rock.
 O nymph with loosely flowing hair,
 With buskin'd leg, and bosom bare,
 Thy waist with myrtle-girdle bound,
 Thy brows with *Indian* feathers crown'd.
 Waving in thy snowy hand
 An all-commanding magick wand,
 Of pow'r to bid fresh gardens blow
 'Mid shearles *Lapland*'s barren snow.
 Whose rapid wings thy flight convey
 Thro' air, and over earth and sea,
 While the vast various landscape lies
 Conspicuous to thy piercing eyes.
 O lover of the desart, hail !
 Say, in what deep and pathless vale,
 Or on what hoary mountain's side,
 'Midst falls of water you reside,
 'Midst broken rocks, a rugged scene,
 With green and grassy dales between,
 'Midst forests dark of aged oak,
 Ne'er echoing with the woodman's stroke,
 Where never human art appear'd,
 Nor ev'n one straw-roof'd cott was rear'd,
 Where NATURE seems to sit alone,
 Majestick on a craggy throne ;
 Tell me the path, sweet wand'rer, tell,
 To thy unknown sequester'd cell,
 Where woodbines cluster round the door,
 Where shells and moss o'erlay the floor,
 And on whose top an hawthorn blows,
 Amid whose thickly-woven boughs
 Some nightingale still builds her nest,
 Each evening warbling thee to rest :
 Then lay me by the haunted stream,
 Wrapt in some wild, poetick dream,
 In converse while methinks I rove
 With SPENSER thro' a fairy grove ;
 Till suddenly awak'd, I hear
 Strange whisper'd musick in my ear,
 And my glad soul in bliss is drown'd.
 By the sweetly-soothing sound !

Me, Goddess, by the right hand lead,
 Sometimes thro' the yellow mead,
 Where JOY and white-rob'd PEACE resort,
 And VENUS keeps her festive court,
 Where MIRTH and YOUTH each evening meet,
 And lightly trip with nimble feet,
 Nodding their lilly-crowned heads,
 Where LAUGHTER rose-lip'd HEBE leads ;
 Where ECHO walks steep hills among,
 List'ning to the shepherd's song.
 Yet not these flowery fields of joy
 Can long my pensive mind employ,
 Haste, Fancy, from the scenes of folly,
 To meet the matron Melancholy,
 Goddess of the tearful eye,
 That loves to fold her arms and sigh ;
 Let us with silent footsteps go
 To charnels and the house of woe,
 To gothic churches, vaults, and tombs,
 Where each sad night some virgin comes,
 With throbbing breast, and faded cheek,
 Her promis'd bridegroom's urn to seek ;
 Or to some abby's mould'ring tow'rs,
 Where, to avoid cold wintry show'rs,
 The naked beggar shivering lies,
 While whistling tempests round her rise,
 And trembles lest the tottering wall
 Should on her sleeping infants fall.

Now let us louder strike the lyre ;
 For my heart glows with martial fire,
 I feel, I feel, with sudden heat,
 My big tumultuous bosom beat ;
 The trumpet's clangors pierce my ear,
 A thousand widows shrieks I hear,
 Give me another horse, I cry,
 Lo ! the base Gallic squadrons fly ;
 Whence is this rage ?—what spirit say,
 To battle hurries me away ?
 'Tis FANCY, in her fiery car,
 Transports me to the thickest war,
 There whirls me o'er the hills of slain,
 Where tumult and destruction reign ;
 Where mad with pain, the wounded steed
 Tramples the dying and the dead :

Where giant Terror stalks around,
 With sullen joy surveys the ground,
 And pointing to th' ensanguin'd field,
 Shakes his dreadful gorgon-shield !
 O guide me from this horrid scene,
 To high arch'd walks and alleys green,
 Where lovely *Laura* seeks, to shun
 The fervors of the mid-day sun ;
 The pangs of absence, O remove,
 For thou can't place me near my love,
 Can't fold in visionary bliss,
 And let me think I steal a kiss,
 While her ruby lips dispense
 Luscious nectar's quintessence !
 When young-ey'd SPRING profusely throws
 From her green lap the pink and rose,
 When the soft turtle of the dale
 To SUMMER tells her tender tale,
 When AUTUMN cooling caverns seeks,
 And stains with wine his jolly cheeks.
 When WINTER, like poor pilgrim old,
 Shakes his silver beard with cold,
 At every season let my ear
 Thy solemn whispers, FANCY, hear.
 O warm enthusiastick maid,
 Without thy powerful, vital aid,
 That breathes an energy divine,
 That gives a soul to every line,
 Ne'er may I strive with lips profane,
 To utter an unhallow'd strain,
 Nor dare to touch the sacred string,
 Save when with smiles thou bid'st me sing.
 O hear our prayer, O hither come
 From thy lamented SHAKESPEAR's tomb,
 On which thou lov'st to sit at eve,
 Musing o'er thy darling's grave ;
 O queen of numbers once again
 Animate some chosen swain,
 Who fill'd with unexhausted fire,
 May boldly smite the sounding lyre,
 May rise above the rhyming throng,
 Who with some new, unequall'd song,
 O'er all our list'ning passions reign,
 O'erwhelm our souls with joy and pain ;

With terror shake, with pity move,
 Rouze with revenge, or melt with love.
 O deign t'attend his evening walk,
 With him in groves and grottos talk :
 Teach him to scorn with frigid art,
 Feebly to touch th' unraptur'd heart :
 Like lightning, let his mighty verse
 The bosom's inmost foldings pierce ;
 With native beauties win applause,
 Beyond cold criticks studied laws :
 O let each muse's fame increase,
 O bid BRITANNIA rival GREECE !

The following ode, written by Mr. *Smart* on the fifth of *December* (being the birth-day of a beautiful young lady) is much to be admired for the variety and harmony of the numbers, as well as for the beauty of the thoughts, and the elegance and delicacy of the compliment. It has great fire, and yet great sweetness; and is the happy issue of genius and judgment united.

I.

Hail, eldest of the monthly train,
 Sire of the winter drear,
December, in whose iron reign
 Expires the chequer'd year.
 Hush all the blus'ring blasts that blow,
 And proudly plum'd in silver snow,
 Smile gladly on this blest of days.
 The livery'd clouds shall on thee wait,
 And *Phæbus* shine in all his state
 With more than summer rays.

II.

Tho' jocund *June* may justly boast
 Long days and happy hours,
 Tho' *August* be *Pomona's* host,
 And *May* be crown'd with flow'rs ;
 Tell *June*, his fire and crimson dies,
 By *Harriot*'s blush, and *Harriot*'s eyes,
 Eclips'd and vanquish'd, fade away :
 Tell *August*, thou canst let him see
 A richer, riper fruit than he,
 A sweeter flow'r than *May*.

The ensuing ode, written by Mr. *Collins* on the death of Mr. *Thomson*, is of the pastoral and elegiac kind, and both

both picturesque and pathetic. To perceive all the beauties of this little piece, which are indeed many, we must suppose them to have been deliver'd on the river *Thames* near *Richmond*.

I.

In yonder grave a Druid lies,
Where slowly winds the stealing wave ;
The year's best sweets shall dueous rise
To deck its poet's sylvan grave !

II.

In yon deep bed of whisp'ring reeds
His airy harp * shall now be laid,
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love thro' life the soothing shade.

III.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,
And while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in pity's ear
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

IV.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore,
When *Thames* in summer wreaths is drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar,
To bid his gentle spirit rest !

V.

And oft as ease and health retire
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whit'ning spire †,
And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

VI.

But thou, who own'st that earthy bed,
Ah ! what will ev'ry dirge avail ?
Or tears, which love and pity shed,
That mourn beneath the gliding sail !

VII.

Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye,
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimm'ring near ?
With him, sweet bard, may fancy die,
And joy desert the blooming year.

* The harp of *Aeolus*, invented by Mr. *Oswald*, of which see a description in the *Castle of Indolence*.

† *Richmond Church*.

VIII.

But thou, lorn stream, whose fullen tide
 No fedge-crown'd sisters now attend,
 Now waft me from the green hill's side,
 Whose cold turf hides the buried friend.

IX.

And see, the fairy vallies fade,
 Dim night has veil'd the solemn view !
 Yet once again, dear parted shade,
 Meek nature's child, again adieu !

X.

The genial meads assign'd to bles^s
 Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom,
 Their hinds, and shepherd-girls shall dress
 With simple hands thy rural tomb.

XI.

Long, long, thy stome and pointed clay
 Shall melt the musing *Briton's eyes*,
 O vales, and wild woods, shall he fay,
 In yonder grave your Druid lies !

Under this species of the ode, notice ought to be taken of those written on divine subjects, and which are usually called *Hymns*. Of these we have many in our language, but none, perhaps, that are so much admired as Mr. *Addison's*. The beauties of the following hymn are too well known, and too obvious to need any commendation; we shall only observe, therefore, that in this hymn (intended to display the power of the Almighty) he seems to have had a psalm of *David* in his view, which says, that *the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy-work*.

I.

The spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue etherial sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great original proclaim :
 Th' unweary'd sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's pow'r display,
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an Almighty hand.

II.

Soon as th' ev'ning shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,

And

And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth :
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

III.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ?
What tho' nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found ?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
“ The hand that made us is divine.”

The following pastoral hymn is a version of the 23d *Psa'm* by Mr. *Addison*; the peculiar beauties of which have occasion'd many translations; but we have seen none that is so poetical and perfect as this. And in justice to Dr. *Boyce* we must observe, that the music he has adapted to it is so sweet, and expressive, that we know not which is most to be admired, the poet or the musician.

J.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care :
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

II.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary wand'ring steps he leads ;
Where peaceful rivers soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

III.

Tho' in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Tho'

IV.

Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile :
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

We are now to speak of those odes which are of the sublime and noble kind, and distinguish'd from others by their elevation of thought and diction, as well as by the variety or irregularity of their numbers, and the frequent transitions and bold excursions with which they are enrich'd.

To give the young student an idea of the sudden and frequent transitions, digressions, and excursions, which are admitted into the odes of the ancients, we shall insert the celebrated song, or ode, of *Moses*; which is the oldest that we know of, and was penn'd by that divine author immediately after the children of *Israel* cross'd the *Red-Sea*.

" Then sang *Moses* and the children of *Israel* this song unto the *LORD*, and spake, saying, I will sing unto the *LORD*, for he hath triumphed gloriously ; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.

The *LORD* is my strength and song, and he is become my salvation : he is my God, and I will prepare him an habitation ; my fathers God, and I will exalt him.

The *LORD* is a man of war : the *LORD* is his name.

Pharash's chariots and his host hath he cast into the sea : his chosen captains also are drowned in the *Red Sea*.

The depths have covered them : they sank into the bottom as a stone.

Thy right hand, O *LORD*, is become glorious in power : thy right hand, O *LORD*, hath dashed in pieces the enemy.

And in the greatness of thine excellency thou hast overthrown them that rose up against thee : thou sentest forth thy wrath, which consumed them as stubble.

And with the blast of thy nostrils the waters were gathered together : the floods stood upright as an heap, and the depths were congealed in the heart of the sea.

The enemy said, I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil : my lust shall be satisfied upon them, I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them.

Thou didst blow with thy wind, the sea covered them :
they sank as lead in the mighty waters.

Who is like unto thee, O Lord, among the gods ? who
is like thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praise, doing
wonders ?

Thou stretchedst out thy right hand, the earth swallowed
them : Thou in thy mercy hast led forth the people
which thou hast redeemed : thou hast guided *them* in thy
strength unto thy holy habitation.

The people shall hear, and be afraid : sorrow shall take
hold on the inhabitants of *Palestina*.

Then the dukes of *Edom* shall be amazed, the mighty
men of *Moab*, trembling shall take hold upon them : all
the inhabitants of *Canaan* shall melt away.

Fear and dread shall fall upon them, by the greatness
of thine arm they shall be as still as a stone : till the people
pass over, O *LORD*, till thy people pass over, *which* thou
haſt purchased.

Thou shalt bring them in, and plant them in the
mountain of thine inheritance, *in* the place, O *LORD*,
which thou haſt made for thee to dwell in : In the sanctuary,
O *LORD*, *which* thy hands have established.

The *LORD* shall reign for ever and ever.

For the horse of *Pharaoh* went in with his chariots, and
with his horsemen into the sea, and the *LORD* brought
again the water of the sea upon them : but the children of
Israel went on dry land in the midst of the sea."

And after this we are told, that

" *Miriam* the prophetess, the sister of *Aaron*, took a
timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after
her, with timbrels and with dances.

And *Miriam* answered them, Sing ye to the *Lord*, for
he hath triumphed gloriously ; the horse and his rider hath
he thrown into the sea."

From this last passage it is plain that the ancients, very
early, called in music to the aid of poetry, and that their
odes were usually sung, and accompany'd with their lutes,
harps, lyres, timbrels, and other instruments : Nay, so
essential, and in such reputation was music held by the
ancients that we often find in their lyric poets, addresses,
or invocations to the harp, the lute, or the lyre ; and it
was probably owing to the frequent use made of the last-
mention'd instrument with the ode, that this species of
writing obtain'd the name of *Lyric Poetry*. This

This ode, or hymn, which some believe was composed by *Moses* in *Hebrew* verse, is incomparably better than anything the heathen poets have produced of the kind; and is by all good judges consider'd as a master-piece of ancient eloquence. The thoughts are noble and sublime; the stile magnificent and expressive; the figures bold and animated; the transitions and excursions are sudden and frequent; but they are short, and the poet, having digres'd for a moment, returns immediately to the great object that excited his wonder, and elevated his soul with joy and gratitude. The images fill the mind with their greatness, and strike the imagination in a manner not to be express'd. It has not, indeed, the measure, cadence, and harmony, which we meet with in some of the *Greek* and *Latin* poets; but these, perhaps, may, in some measure, have been lost in the translation.

We come now to the *Pindaric Ode*, which is (if we except the hymns in the Old Testament, and the Psalms of king *David*) the most exalted part of *Lyric* poetry; and was so called from *Pindar*, an ancient *Greek* poet, who is celebrated for the boldness of his flights, the impetuosity of his stile, and the seeming wildness and irregularity that runs through his compositions, and which are said to be the effect of the greatest art.

The odes of *Pindar* were held in such high estimation by the ancients, that it was fabled in honour of their sweetness, that the bees, while he was in the cradle, brought honey to his lips; nor did the victors at the *Olympic*, and other games, think the crown a sufficient reward for their merit unless their achievements were celebrated in *Pindar's* songs, most wisely presaging that the first would decay, but the other endure for ever.

This poet did not always write his odes in the same measure, or with the same intention with regard to their being sung; for the ode inscribed to *Diagoras*, (the concluding stanza of which we inserted at the beginning of this chapter) is in heroic measure, and all the stanzas equal; there are others also, as Mr. *West* observes, made up of *strophes* and *antistrophes* without any *epode*, and some composed of *strophes* only, of different lengths and measures; but the greatest part of his odes are divided into *strophes*, *antistrophes* and *epodes*; in order, as Mr. *Congreve* conjectures, to their being sung, and adddress'd by the performers to different parts of the audience. " They

were

were sung, says he, by a chorus and adapted to the lyre, and sometimes to the lyre and pipe ; they consisted oftenest of three stanzas ; the first was called the *strophe*, from the version or circular motion of the singers in that stanza from the right hand to the left. The second stanza was called the *antistrophe*, from the contraversion of the chorus ; the singers in performing that, turning from the left hand to the right, contrary always to their motion in the *strophe*. The third stanza was called the *epode*, (it may be as being the after song) which they sung in the middle, neither turning to one hand nor the other." But Dr. West's † friend is of opinion, that the performers also danced one way while they were singing the *strophe*, and danced back as they sung the *antistrophe*, till they came to the same place again, and then standing still they sung the *epode*. He has translated a passage from the *Scholia on Hephaestion* in proof of his opinion, and observes that the dancing the *strophe* and *antistrophe* in the same space of ground, and we may suppose the same space of time also, shews why those two parts consisted of the same length and measure.

As the various measures of Pindar's odes have been the means of so far misleading some of our modern poets as to induce them to call compositions *Pindaric* odes, that were not wrote in the method of *Pindar*, it is necessary to be a little more particular on this head, and to give an example from that poet the more effectually to explain his manner ; which we shall take from the translation of Dr. West.

The eleventh NEMEAN ODE.

This ode is inscribed to *Aristagoras*, upon occasion of his entering on his office of president or governor of the island of *Tenedos* ; so that although it is placed among the Nemean odes, it has no sort of relation to those games, and is indeed properly an inauguration-ode, composed to be sung by a chorus at the sacrifices and the feasts made by *Aristagoras* and his colleagues, in the town-hall, at the time of their being invested with the magistracy, as is evident from many expressions in the first *strophe* and *antistrophe*.

A R G U M E N T.

Pindar opens this ode with an invocation to *Vesta* (the goddess who presided over the courts of justice, and whose statue and altar were for that reason placed in the town-

† See the Preface to his Translation of *Pindar*.

halls,

halls, or *Prytanæums*, as the Greeks called them) beseeching her to receive favourably *Aristagoras* and his colleagues, who were then coming to offer sacrifices to her, upon their entering on their office of *Prytans* or magistrates of *Tenedos*; which office continuing for a year, he begs the goddess to take *Aristagoras* under her protection during that time, and to conduct him to the end of it without trouble or disgrace. From *Aristagoras*, *Pindar* turns himself in the next place, to his father *Arceſtas*, whom he pronounces happy, as well upon account of his son's merit and honour, as upon his own great endowments, and good fortune; such as beauty, strength, courage, riches, and glory, resulting from his many victories in the games. But lest he should be too much puffed up with these praises, he reminds him at the same time of his mortality, and tells him that his cloathing of flesh is perishable, and that he must e'er long be cloathed with earth, the *end of all things*; and yet, continues he, it is but justice to praise and celebrate the worthy and deserving, who from good citizens ought to receive all kinds of honour and commendation; as *Aristagoras*, for instance, who hath rendered both himself and his country illustrious by the many victories he hath obtained, to the number of sixteen, over the neighbouring youth, in the games exhibited in and about his own country. From whence, says the poet, I conclude he would have come off victorious, even in the *Pythian* and *Olympic* games, had he not been restrained from engaging in those famous lifts by the too timid and cautious love of his parents: Upon which he falls into a moral reflection upon the vanity of men's hopes and fears, by the former of which they are oftentimes excited to attempts beyond their strength, which accordingly issue in their disgrace; as, on the other hand, they are frequenely restrained by unreason-able and ill-grounded fears, from enterprizes, in which they would, in all probability, have come off with honour. This reflection he applies to *Aristagoras*, by saying it was very easy to foresee what success he was like to meet with who both by father and mother was descended from a long train of great and valiant men. But here again, with a very artful turn of flattery to his father *Arceſtas*, whom he had before represented as strong and valiant, and famous for his victories in the games, he observes that every generation, even of a great and glorious family, is not equally illustrious, any more than the fields and trees are every

year equally fruitful ; that the gods had not given mortals any certain tokens, by which they might foreknow when the rich years of virtue should succeed ; whence it comes to pass, that men out of self-conceit and presumption, are perpetually laying schemes, and forming enterprizes, without previously consulting prudence or wisdom, whose dreams, says he, lie remote, and out of the common road. From all which he infers, that it is better to moderate our desires, and set bounds to our avarice and ambition ; with which moral precept he concludes the ode.

STROPHE I.

Daughter of *Rhea* ! thou, whose holy fire
Before the awful seat of justice flames !
Sister of heav'n's almighty fire !
Sister of *Juno*, who co-equal claims
With *Jove* to share the empire of the Gods !
O virgin *Vesta* ! to thy dread abodes,
Lo ! *Aristagoras* directs his pace !
Receive, and near thy sacred scepter place
Him, and his colleagues, who with honest zeal
O'er *Tenedos* preside, and guard the public weal.

ANTISTROPHE I.

And lo ! with frequent off'rings they adore
† Thee first invok'd in ev'ry solemn pray'r !
To thee unmix'd libations pour,
And fill with od'rous fumes the fragrant air.
Around in festive songs the hymning choir
Mix the melodious voice and sounding lyre.
While still, prolong'd with hospitable love,
Are solemniz'd the rites of genial *Jove* :
Then guard him, *Vesta*, through his long career,
And let him close in joy his ministerial year.

EPODE I.

But hail, *Arcefidas* ! all hail
To thee ! bless'd father of a son so great !
Thou whom on fortune's highest scale
The favourable hand of heav'n hath set,
Thy manly form with beauty hath refin'd,
And match'd that beauty with a valiant mind.

† It was usual in all solemn Sacrifices and Prayers to begin with invoking *Vesta*.

Yet

Yet let not man too much presume,
Tho' grac'd with beauty's fairest bloom;
Tho' for superior strength renown'd ;
Tho' with triumphal chaplets crown'd :
Let him remember, that in flesh array'd
Soon shall he see that mortal vestment fade ;
Till last imprison'd in the mould'ring urn
To earth, the end of all things, he return.

S T R O P H E II.

Yet should the worthy from the public tongue
Receive their recompence of virtuous praise ;
By ev'ry zealous patriot sung,
And deck'd with ev'ry flow'r of heav'nly lays.
Such retribution in return for fame,
Such, *Aristagoras*, thy virtues claim ;
Claim from thy country, on whose glorious brows
† The wrestler's chaplet still unfaded blows ;
Mix'd with the great *Pancratiaſtic* crown,
Which from the neighb'ring youth thy early valour won.

A N T I S T R O P H E II.

And (but his timid parents' cautious love,
Disturbing ever his too forward hand ;
Forbad their tender son to prove
The toils of *Pythia* or *Olympia*'s sand.)
Now by the Gods I swear, his val'rous might
Had 'scap'd victorious in each bloody fight ;
And from † *Castalia*, or where dark with shade
The mount of || *Saturn* rears its olive head,

† The wrestler's chaplet—Mix'd with the great Pancratiaſtic crown.]
By these words it appears that the two exercizes, in which *Aristagoras* had gained so many victories, were the *Pale*, or Wrestling, and the *Pancretium*. The first of these required great strength and agility of body ; the second not only strength and agility, but great courage also; for which reason we need not wonder at the parents of *Aristagoras*, for being unwilling to let him enter the lists at *Pythia* and *Olympia*; which being the most famous of the four *sacred* games, he was sore to meet there with antagonists, that would have put his strength and courage to the severest trial, and perhaps endangered his life. The compliment however, which *Pindar* here makes to him, by saying, that he could have answered for his success, could not but be very acceptable.

† Castalia was a river upon whose banks the Pythian games were exhibited.

|| The mount of *Saturn* was a small hill planted with olives that overlooked the *Stadium* at *Olympia*.

Great

Great and illustrious home had he return'd ;
While by his fame eclips'd his vanquish'd foes had mourn'd.

E P O D E II.

Then his triumphal tresses bound
With the dark verdure of th' *Olympic* grove
With joyous banquets had he crown'd
The great quinquennial festival of *Jove* ;
And cheer'd the solemn pomp with choral lays,
Sweet tribute, which the muse to virtue pays.

But, such is man's prepost'rous fate !
Now with o'er-weening pride elate,
Too far he aims his shaft to throw,
And straining bursts his feeble bow.
Now pusillanimous depress'd with fear,
He checks his virtue in the mid-career ;
And of his strength distrustful coward flies
The contest, tho' impow'r'd to gain the prize.

S T R O P H E III.

But who could err in prophesying good
Of him, whose undegenerating breast
Swells with a tide of *Spartan* blood,
From fire to fire in long succession trac'd
Up to *Pisander* ; who in days of yore
From old *Amyclæ* to the *Ljbian* shore
And *Tenedos*, collegu'd in high command
With great *Orestes*, led th' *Æolian* band ?
Nor was his Mother's race less strong and brave,
Sprung from a stock that grew on fair + *Ismenus'* wave.

A N T I S T R O P H E III.

Tho' for long intervals obscur'd, again
Oft-times the seeds of lineal worth appear.
For neither can the furrow'd plain
Full harvests yield with each returning year :
Nor in each period will the pregnant bloom
Invest the smiling tree with rich perfume.
So, barren often and inglorious pass
The generations of a noble race ;
While nature's vigour, working at the root,
In after-ages swells, and blossoms into fruit.

+ *Ismenus* was a river of *Bœotia*, of which country was *Melanippus*,
the ancestor of *Aristagoras*, by his mother's side.

E P O D E III.

Nor hath *Jove* giv'n us to foreknow
 When the rich years of virtue shall succeed ;
 Yet bold and daring on we go,
 Contriving schemes of many a mighty deed.
 While hope, fond inmate of the human mind,
 And self-opinion, active, rash, and blind,
 Hold up a false illusive ray,
 That leads our dazzled feet astray
 Far from the springs, where calm and slow
 The secret streams of wisdom flow.
 Hence should we learn our ardour to restrain :
 And limit to due bounds the thirst of gain.
 To rage and madness oft that passion turns,
 Which with forbidden flames despairing burns.

From the above specimen, and from what we have already said on this subject, the reader will perceive that these sort of odes are distinguished by the happy transitions and digressions, which they admit ; and the surprizing, yet natural returns to the subject. This requires great judgment and genius ; and the poet who would excel in this kind of writing should draw the plan of his poem, in manner of the argument we have above inserted, and mark out the places where those elegant and beautiful fallies and wanderings may be made, and where the returns will be easy and proper.

Pindar, it is universally allow'd, had a poetical and fertile imagination, a warm and enthusiastick genius, a bold and figurative expression, and a concise and sententious stile ; but it is generally supposed that many of those pieces which procured him such extravagant praises, and extraordinary testimonies of esteem from the ancients are lost ; and if they were not, it wou'd be perhaps impossible to convey them into our language ; for beauties of this kind, like plants of an odoriferous and delicate nature, are not to be transplanted into another clime without loosing much of their essence, or essential quality.

With regard to those compositions which are usually called *Pindaric* odes, (but which ought rather to be distinguished by the name of *irregular* odes) we have many in our language that deserve particular commendation ; and methinks the criticism Mr. *Congreve* has given us on the

subject

subject, has too much asperity, and too great latitude ; for if other writers have, by mistaking *Pindar's* measures, given their odes an improper title, 'tis a crime one wou'd think, not so dangerous to the commonwealth of letters as to deserve such severe reproof : Beside which, we may suppose that some of these writers did not deviate from *Pindar's* method through ignorance, but by choice, and that as their odes were not to be perform'd, with both singing and dancing, in the manner of *Pindar's*, it seem'd unnecessary to confine the first and second stanzas to the same exact numbers, as was done in his *strophes* and *antistrophes*. The poet therefore had a right to indulge himself with more liberty ; and we cannot help thinking that the ode which Mr. *Dryden* has given us, entitled *ALEXANDER's Feast*, or *the Power of Music*, is altogether as valuable in his loose and wild numbers, as it could have been if the stanzas were more regular, and written in the manner of *Pindar*. In this ode there is a wonderful sublimity of thought, a loftiness and sweetness of expression, and a most pleasing variety of numbers.

'Twas at the royal feast, for *Perisia* won,
By *Philip's* warlike son,
Aloft in awful state
The God-like hero sat
On his imperial throne :
His valiant peers were plac'd around ;
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound ;
(So should desert in arms be crown'd :)
The lovely *Thais* by his side
Sat like a blooming *eastern* bride,
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair !
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.
Chor. *Happy, happy, &c.*

Timotheus plac'd on high,
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre :
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heav'nly joys inspire.

The song began from *Jove*,
 Who left his blissful seats above,
 (Such is the pow'r of mighty love !)
 A dragon's fiery form bely'd the God :
 Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,
 When he to fair *Olympia* press'd :
 And while he sought her snowy breast :
 Then round her slender waist he curl'd,
 And stamp'd an image of himself, a sov'reign of the
 world.

The lift'ning crowd admire the lofty sound.

A present deity, they shout around :

A present deity the vaulted roofs rebound :

With ravish'd ears

The monarch hears,

Affumes the God,

Affects to nod,

And seems to shake the spheres.

Chor. *With ravish'd ears, &c.*

The praise of *Bacchus* then the sweet musician sung:
 Of *Bacchus* ever fair and ever young :

The jolly God in triumph comes ;

Sound the trumpets, beat the drums :

Flush'd with a purple grace

He shows his honest face ;

Now give the hautboys breath ; he comes, he comes
Bacchus, ever fair and young,

Drinking joys did first ordain :

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,

Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :

Rich the treasure,

Sweet the pleasure :

Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Chor. *Bacchus' Blessings, &c.*

Sooth'd with the sound the king grew vain,

Fought all his battles o'er again ;

And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he fled
 the slain.

The master saw the madness rise ;

His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;

And while he heav'n and earth defy'd,

Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.

He chose a mournful muse
 Soft pity to infuse :
 He sung *Darius* great and good,
 By too severe a fate,
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
 Fallen from his high estate,
 And welt'ring in his blood.
 Deserted at his utmost need,
 By those his former bounty fed,
 On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes.
 With down-cast looks the joyless victor fate,
 Revolving in his alter'd soul
 The various turns of chance below ;
 And, now and then, a sigh he stole ;
 And tears began to flow.

Chor. *Revolving, &c.*

The mighty master smil'd, to see
 That love was in the next degree :
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move ;
 For pity melts the mind to love.
 Softly sweet, in *Lydian* measures ;
 Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;
 Honour but an empty bubble.
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying,
 If the world be worth thy winning.
 Think, O think, it worth enjoying.
 Lovely *Thais* fits beside thee,
 Take the good the Gods provide thee.
 The many rend the skies, with loud applause :
 So love was crown'd, but music won the cause.
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gaz'd on the fair,
 Who caus'd his care,
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again :
 At length with love and wine at once oppress'd,
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Chor. *The Prince, &c.*

Now strike the golden lyre again ;
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,
 And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark, hark, the horrid sound
 Has rais'd up his head,
 As awak'd from the dead,
 And amaz'd, he stares round.
 Revenge, revenge, *Timotheus* cries,
 See the furies arise :
 See the snakes that they rear,
 How they hiss in their hair,
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes ;
 Behold a ghastly band,
 Each a torch in his hand !
 Those are *Grecian*, that in battle were slain,
 And unbury'd remain,
 Inglorious on the plain.
 Give the vengeance due
 To the valiant crew.
 Behold how they toss their torches on high,
 How they point to the *Persian* abodes,
 And glitt'ring temples of their hostile Gods.
 The princes applaud, with a furious joy ;
 And the king seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy.
Thais led the way
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another *Helen*, fir'd another *Troy*.
 Chor. *And the King seiz'd, &c.*

Thus long ago,
 Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
 While organs yet were mute ;
Timotheus to his breathing flute,
 And sounding lyre,
 Cou'd swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
 At last divine *Cecilia* came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame ;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.

Let old *Timotheus* yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown ;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies ;
She drew an angel down.

Grand Chor. *At last, &c.*

As Mr. *Pope* has employ'd his masterly pen upon the same subject, it would be doing him a sort of injustice not to let him appear with Mr. *Dryden*. Each of these odes, we may venture to say, are written with a spirit of poetry peculiar to the great genius of their respective authors; but which of them has succeeded best let the critics determine.

I.

Descend ye nine ! descend and sing ;
The breathing instruments inspire,
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre !
In a sadly-pleasing strain
Let the warbling lute complain :
Let the loud trumpet sound,
Till the roofs all around
The shrill echoes rebound :
While, in more lengthen'd notes and flow,
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
Hark ! the numbers soft and clear
Gently steal upon the ear ;
Now louder, and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading sounds the skies :
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats ;
Till, by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away,
In a dying, dying fall.

II.

By music minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft, assuasive voice applies ;
Or when the soul is press'd with cares,
Exalts her in enliv'ning airs.
Warriors she fires with animated sounds,
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds :

Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes.
Lift'ning envy drops her snakes ;
Intelvine war no more our passions wage,
And giddy factions hear away their rage.

III.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
How martial music ev'ry bosom warms !
So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
High on the stern the *Thracian* rais'd his strain,
While *Argo* saw her kindred trees
Descend from *Pelion* to the main.
Transported Demi-gods stood round,
And men grew heroes at the sound,
Enflam'd with glory's charms :
Each chief his seven fold shield display'd,
And half unsheathe'd the shining blade ;
And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound
To arms, to arms, to arms !

IV.

But when thro' all th' infernal bounds
Which flaming *Pblegeton* surrounds,
Love, strong as death the poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,
What sounds were heard,
What scenes appear'd
O'er all the dreary coasts !
Dreadful gleams,
Dismal screams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortur'd ghosts !
But hark ! he strikes the golden lyre,
And see, the tortur'd ghosts respire !
See shady forms advance !
Thy stone, O *Sisyphus*, stands still,
Ixion rests upon his wheel,
And the pale spectres dance !
The *Furies* sink upon their iron beds,
And snakes uncurl'd hang listning round their heads.

V.

By the streams that ever flow,
 By the fragrant winds that blow
 O'er the *Elysian* flow'rs ;
 By those happy souls who dwell
 In yellow meads of *Aphodel*,
 Or amaranthine bow'rs ;
 By the heroes armed shades,
 Glittering thro' the gloomy glades ;
 By the youths that dy'd for love,
 Wand'ring in the myrtle grove ;
 Restore, restore *Eurydice* to life :
 Oh take the husband, or return the wife !
 He sung, and hell consented.
 To hear the poet's pray'r ;
 Stern *Proserpine* relented,
 And gave him back the fair,
 Thus song could prevail
 O'er death and o'er hell,
 A conquest how hard and how glorious !
 Tho' fate had fast bound her
 With *Styx* nine times round her,
 Yet music and love were victorious.

VI.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes :
 Again she falls, again she dies, she dies !
 How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move ?
 No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love,
 Now under hanging mountains,
 Beside the fall of fountains,
 Or where *Hebrus* wanders,
 Rolling in *Mæanders*,
 All alone
 Unheard, unknown,
 He makes his moan ;
 And calls her ghost,
 For ever, ever, ever lost !
 Now with furies surrounded,
 Despairing, confounded,
 He trembles, he glows
 Amidst *Rhodope*'s snows :
 See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies !
 Hark ! *Hæmus* resounds with the Bacchanals cries—
 ————— Ah see, he dies !

Yet ev'n in death *Eurydice* he sung,
Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains rung.

VII.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm :
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please :
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.

This the divine CECILIA found,
And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
Th' immortal pow'r incline their ear ;
Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire,
And angels lean from heav'n to hear.
Of *Orpheus* now no more let poets tell,
To bright *Cecilia* greater pow'r is giv'n ;
His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,
Her's lift the soul to heav'n.

The following imitation of the 9th ode of the first book of *Horace*, by Mr. Congreve, is of the irregular kind, and has been much admired, as well for the beautiful description of the winter, as for his moral reflections.

I.

Bles me, 'tis cold ! how chill the air !
How naked does the world appear !
But see (big with the offspring of the north)
The teaming clouds bring forth :
A show'r of soft and fleecy rain
Falls, to new-clothe the earth again.
Behold the mountain tops, around,
As if with fur of ermins crown'd :
And lo ! how by degrees
The universal mantle hides the trees
In hoary flakes, which downward fly,
As if it were the autumn of the sky ;
Trembling the groves sustain the weight, and bow
Like aged limbs, which feebly go
Beneath a venerable head of snow.

II.

Diffusive cold does the whole earth invade,
Like a disease, through all its veins 'tis spread,
And each late living stream is numb'd and dead.
Let's melt the frozen hours, make warm the air ;
Let cheerful fires sol's feeble beams repair ;

Fill the large bowl with sparkling wine ;
Let's drink, 'till our own faces shine,
'Till we like suns appear,
To light and warm the hemisphere.

Wine can dispense to all both light and heat,
They are with wine incorporate :

That pow'rful juice, with which no cold dares mix,
Which still is fluid, and no frost can fix ;

Let that but in abundance flow,
And let it storm, and thunder, hail and snow,
'Tis heav'n's concern ; and let it be
The care of heaven still, for me.

Those winds, which rend the oaks and plough the sea,
Great Jove can, if he please,
With one commanding nod appease.

III.

Seek not to know to-morrow's doom ;
That is not ours, which is to come..

The present moment's all our store ;
The next, should heav'n allow.

Then this will be no more :
So all our life is but one instant now.

Look on each day you've past.
To be a mighty treasure won :

And lay each moment out in haste ;
We're sure to live too fast,

And cannot live too soon.

Youth does a thousand pleasures bring,
Which from decrepid age will fly ;

The flowers that flourish in the spring,
In winter's cold embraces die.

IV.

Now love, that everlasting *Boy*, invites
To revel, while you may, in soft delights :
Now the kind nymph yields all her charms,
Nor yields in vain to youthful arms..

Slowly she promises at night to meet,
But eagerly prevents the hour with swifter feet.

To gloomy groves and shades obscure she flies,
There veils the bright confession of her eyes.

Unwillingly she stays,
Would more unwillingly depart,
And in soft sighs conveys
The whispers of her heart.
Still she invites, and still denies,
And vow's she'll leave you if y're rude;
Then from her ravisher she flies,
But flies to be purfu'd:
If from his sight she does herself convey,
With a feign'd laugh she will herself betray,
And cunningly instruct him in the way.

Mr. Mason's ode on *Constancy*, which is also of the irregular kind, shews that these sort of odes are well adapted to subjects of an elevated and sublime nature, where much imagery is introduced.

Ode on CONSTANCY.

I.

Whence does this sudden lustre rise,
That gilds the grove? not like the noon-tide beam
Which sparkling dances on the trembling stream,
Nor the blue lightning's flash swift-shooting thro' the sky
But such a solemn steady light,
As o'er the cloudless azure steals,
When CYNTHIA riding on the brow of night,
Stops in their mid career her silver wheels.

II.

Whence can it rise, but from the sober pow'r
Of constancy? she, heav'n-born queen
Descends, and in this * woodbine-vested bower
Fixes her stedfast reign:
Stedfast, as when her high command
Gives to the starry band
Their radiant stations in heav'n's ample plain.
Stedfast, as when around this nether sphere,
She winds the purple year.
Tells what time the snow-drop cold
Its maiden whiteness may unfold,

* In which Eibelwohl and Elfrida had been just exchanging promises of their mutual fidelity.

When the golden harvest bend,
 Then bids pale winter wake to pour
 The pearly hail's translucent show'r,
 When the ruddy fruits descend,
 To cast his silv'ry mantle o'er the woods
 And bind in crystal chains the flumb'ring floods,

III.

The soul, which she inspires, has pow'r to climb
 To all the heights sublime
 Of virtue's tow'ring hill.
 That hill, at whose low foot weak-warb'ling strays
 The scanty stream of human praise,
 A shallow trickling rill.
 While on the summits hov'ring angels shed,
 From their blest pinions, the nectarious dews
 Of rich immortal fame : from these the muse
 Oft steals some precious drops, and blends with art
 With those the lower streams impart ;
 Then show'r's it all on some high-favour'd head.
 But thou, ELFIRA, claim'st the genuine dew ;
 Thy worth demands it all,
 Pure, and unmixt on thee the sacred drops shall fall.

We shall conclude this chapter, and these examples, with Dr. Akenside's ode on the subject we have been treating of. In this piece, which is an original of the kind, the measures are varied in imitation of those ancients who have excelled in lyric poetry. And it is but bare justice to the same author to add, that his incomparable ode to the earl of Huntingdon, is better calculated than any piece of this nature, to give the English reader a just idea of the spirit and manner of Pindar.

Ode on LYRIC POETRY. By Dr. AKENSIDE.

Once more I join the Thespian quire,
 And taste th' inspiring fount again :
 O parent of the Grecian lyre,
 Admit me to thy sacred strain —
 And let with ease my step invades
 The pathless vale and opening shades,
 Till now I spy her verdant seat ;
 And now at large I drink the sound,
 While these her offspring, list'n round,
 By turns her melody repeat.

I see *Anacreon* smile and sing,
 His silver tresses breathe perfume ;
 His cheek displays a second spring
 Of roses, taught by wine to bloom.
 Away, deceitful cares, away !
 And let me listen to his lay,
 While flow'ry dreams my soul employ ;
 While turtle-wing'd the laughing hours,
 Lead hand in hand the festal pow'rs,
 Lead youth and love, and harmless joy.
 Broke from the fetters of his native land,
 Devoting shame and vengeance to her lords,
 With louder impulse, and a threat'ning hand,
 The † *Lesbian* patriot smites the sounding chords :
 Ye wretches, ye perfidious train,
 Ye curs of gods and free-born men,
 Ye murd'lers of the laws,
 'Tho' now you glory in your lust,
 'Tho' now you tread the feeble neck in dust,
 Yet time and righteous Jove will judge your dreadful cause.
 But lo, to *Sappho*'s mournful airs
 Descends the radiant queen of love ;
 She smiles, and asks what fonder cares
 Her suppliant's plaintive measures move :
 Why is my faithful maid distract ?
 Who, *Sappho*, wounds thy tender breast ?
 Say, flies he ?—soon he shall pursue :
 Shuns he thy gifts ?—He too shall give :
 Slights he thy sorrows ?—He shall grieve,
 And bend him to thy haughty vow.
 But, O *Melpomene*, for whom
 Awakes thy golden shell again ?
 What mortal breath shall e'er presume
 To echo that unbounded strain ?
 Majestic in the frown of years,
 Behold, the † man of *Thebes* appears :

† *Alceus* of *Mitylene*, the capital of *Euboë*, who fled from his native city to escape the oppression of those who had enslav'd it, and wrote against them in his exile those noble invectives which are so much applauded by the ancient critics.

‡ *Pindar.*

For some there are, whose mighty frame
 The hand of Jove at birth indow'd
 With hopes that mock the gazing crow'd ;
 As eagles drink the noontide flame,
 While the dim raven beats his weary wings,
 And clamours far below.—Propitious muse,
 While I so late unlock thy hallow'd springs,
 And breathe whate'er thy ancient airs infuse,
 To polish Albion's warlike ear—
 This long-lost melody to hear,
 Thy sweetest arts employ ;
 As when the winds from shore to shore,
 Thro' Greece thy lyre's persuasive language bore
 Till towns, and isles, and seas return'd the vocal joy,
 But oft amid the Græcian throng,
 The loose-rob'd forms of wild desire
 With lawless notes intun'd thy song,
 To shameful steps dissolv'd thy quire.
 O fair, o chaste, be still with me,
 From such profaner discord free :
 While I frequent thy tuneful shade,
 No frantic shouts of Thracian dames.
 No satyrs fierce with savage flames
 Thy pleasing accents shall invade.
 Queen of the lyre, in thy retreat,
 The fairest flow'rs of Pindus glow ;
 The vine aspires to crown thy seat,
 And myrtles round thy laurel grow.
 Thy strings attune their varied strain,
 To every pleasure, every pain,
 Which mortal tribes were born to prove,
 And strait our passions rise or fall,
 As at the winds imperious call,
 The ocean swells, the billows move.
 When midnight listens o'er the slumb'ring earth,
 Let me, O muse, thy solemn whispers hear :
 When morning sends her fragrant breezes forth,
 With airy murmurs touch my opening ear.
 And ever watchful at thy side,
 Let wisdom's awful suffrage guide
 The tenor of thy lay :
 To her of old by Jove was giv'n
 To judge the various deeds of earth and heav'n;
 'Twas thine by gentle arts to win us to her sway.

Oft as from stricter hours resign'd,
 I quit the maze where science toils,
 Do thou refresh my yielding mind,
 With all thy gay, delusive spoils.
 But, O indulgent, come not nigh
 The busy steps, the jealous eye
 Of gainful care, and wealthy age,
 Whose barren souls thy joys disdain,
 And hold as foes to reason's reign,
 Whome'er thy lovely haunts engage.
 With me, when mirth's consenting band,
 Around fair friendship's genial board,
 Invite the heart-awakening hand,
 With me salute the *Teian* chord.
 Or if invok'd at softer hours,
 O seek with me the happy bow'r's
 That hear *Dione*'s gentle tongue ;
 To beauty link'd with virtue's train,
 To love devoid of jealous pain,
 There let the sapphic lute be strung.
 But when from envy and from death to claim,
 A hero bleeding for his native land ;
 Or when to nourish freedom's vestal flame,
 I hear my genius utter his command,
 Nor *Iheban* voice, nor *Lebian* lyre
 From thee, O muse, do I require,
 While my prophetic mind,
 Conscious of pow'r's she never knew,
 Astonish'd, grasps at things beyond her view,
 Nor by another's fate hath felt her own confin'd.

C H A P. XIX.

Of SATIRE.

MUCH time has been spent, and great pains taken to ascertain the derivation of the word *Satire*, and to trace out the first rise of this kind of poem : all which is beside our purpose, and indeed not within the compass of our design. It may be necessary to observe, however, that it is of very ancient date, and (if we believe *Horace*) was introduced, by way of interlude, by the Greek dramatists in their Tragedies, to relieve the audience, and take

off the force of those strokes which they thought too deep and affecting. In these satirical interludes the scene was laid in the country; and the persons were rural deities, faerys, country peasants, and other rustics.

The first Tragedians found that serious style
Too grave for their uncultivated age,
And so brought wild and naked Satires in,
(Whose motion, words, and shape, were all a farce)
As oft as decency wou'd give them leave;
Because the mad, ungovernable rout,
Full of confusion, and the fumes of wine,
Lov'd such variety, and antic tricks.

Roscommon's *Horace.*

The *Satire* we now have is generally allowed to be of *Roman* invention. It was first introduced without the decorations of Scenes and Action, but written in verses of different measures by *Ennius*, and afterwards moulded into the form we now have it by *Lucilius*, whom *Horace* has imitated, and mentions with esteem. This is the opinion of most of the critics, and particularly of *Boileau*, who says,

Lucilius led the way, and, bravely bold,
To *Roman* vices did the mirror hold;
Protected humble goodness from reproach,
Show'd worth on foot, and rascals in a coach:
Horace his pleasing wit to this did add,
That none, uncenfur'd, might be fools or mad;
And *Juvenal*, with rhetorician's rage,
Scourg'd the rank vices of a wicked age:
Tho' horrid truths thro' all his labours shine,
In what he writes there's something of divine.

Our *Satire*, therefore, may be distinguished into two kinds; the *Jocose*, or that which makes sport with vice and folly, and sets them up to ridicule; and the *Serious*, or that which deals in asperity, and is severe and acrimonious. *Horace* is a perfect master of the first, and *Juvenal* much admired for the last. The one is facetious, and smiles: the other is angry, and storms. The foibles of mankind are the object of one: but crimes of a deeper dye have engaged the other. They both agree, however,

in

in being pungent and biting : and from a due consideration of the writings of these authors, who are our masters in this art, we may define Satire to be a free (and often jocose) witty and sharp Poem, wherein the Follies and Vices of Men are lashed and ridiculed, in order to their Reformation. Its subject is whatever deserves our contempt or abhorrence (including every thing that is ridiculous and absurd, or scandalous and repugnant to the golden precepts of Religion and Virtue). Its Manner is Invective, and its End, Shame. So that Satire may be looked upon as the physician of a distempered mind, which it endeavours to cure by bitter and unsavoury, or by pleasant and salutary applications.

A good Satyrift ought to be a man of wit and address, sagacity and eloquence. He should also have a great deal of good-nature, as all the sentiments which are beautiful in this way of writing must proceed from that quality in the author. It is good-nature produces that disdain of all baseness, vice, and folly, which prompts the poet to express himself with such smartness against the errors of men, but without bitterness to their persons. It is this quality that keeps the mind even, and never lets an offence unseasonably throw the Satyrift out of his character.

In writing Satire care should be taken that it be true and general, that is, levelled at abuses in which numbers are concerned ; for the personal kind of Satire, or Lampoon, which exposes particular characters, and affects the reputation of those at whom it is pointed, is scarce to be distinguished from scandal and defamation. The poet also, whilst he is endeavouring to correct the guilty, must take care not to use such expressions as may corrupt the innocent : he must therefore avoid all obscene words, and images that tend to debase and mislead the mind. *Horace* and *Juvenal*, the chief Satyrits among the Romans, are faulty in this respect, and ought to be read with caution.

The style proper for Satire is sometimes grave and animated, inveighing against vice with warmth and earnestness ; but that which is pleasant, sportive, and, with becoming raillery, banters men out of their bad dispositions, has generally the best effect, as it seems only to play with their follies, tho' it omits no opportunity of making them feel the lash. The verses should be smooth and flowing, and the language manly, just, and decent.

Of well chose words some take not care enough,
And think they should be as the subject rough :
But Satire must be more exactly made,
And sharpest thoughts in smoothest words convey'd.

Duke of Bucks's ESSAYS.

Satires, either of the *jocose* or *serious* kind, may be written in the epistolary manner, or by way of dialogue. *Horace*, *Juvenal*, and *Persius*, have given us examples of both. Nay, some of *Horace's* Satires may, without incongruity, be called Epistles, and his Epistles, Satires. But this is obvious to every reader.

We shall here, according to the method we have hitherto observed, insert some Satires both of the *jocose* and *serious* kind, written in the manner of *Horace* and *Juvenal*. And first of the Facetious Satire ; of which take the following imitation of the Second Satire of the Second Book of *Horace*, by the late celebrated Mr. Pope ; inscribed,

To Mr. BETHEL.

What and how great the virtue and the art
To live on little with a cheerful heart ;
(A doctrine sage, but truly none of mine)
Let's talk, my friend, but talk before we dine.

Not when a gilt buffet's reflected pride
Turns you from sound philosophy aside ;
Not when from plate to plate your eyeballs roll,
And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.

Hear Bethel's sermon, one not vers'd in schools,
But strong in sense, and wise without the rules.
Go work, hunt, exercise ! (he thus began)
Then scorn a homely dinner if you can.
Your wine lock'd up, your butler stroll'd abroad,
Or fish deny'd, (the river yet unthaw'd)
If then plain bread and milk will do thefeat,
The pleasure lies in you, and not the meat.

Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men
Will chuse a pheasant still before a hen ;
Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
Except you eat the feathers green and gold.
Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,
(Tho' cut in pieces ere my lord can eat)

Yet

* Right, cries his Lordship, for a rogue in need.
 " To have a taste, is insolence indeed :
 " In me 'tis noble, suits my birth and state,
 " My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great.
 Then, like the sun, let bounty spread her ray,
 And shine that superfluity away.
 Oh impudence of wealth ! with all thy store,
 How dar'st thou let one worthy man be poor ?
 Shall half the new-built churches round thee fall ?
 Make keys, build bridges, or repair *Whitehall* ;
 Or to thy country let that heap be lent,
 As *M***o's* was, but not at five *per cent.*
 Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her mind,
 Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.
 And who stands safest ? tell me, Is it he
 That spreads and swells in puff'd prosperity ;
 Or blest with little, whose preventing care
 In peace provides fit arms against a war ?

Thus *Bethel* spoke, who always speaks his thought,
 And always thinks the very thing he ought :
 His equal mind I copy what I can,
 And as I love, would imitate the man.
 In South-sea days not happier, when surmis'd
 The lord of thousands, than if now excis'd ;
 In forest planted by a father's hand,
 Than in five acres now of rented land.
 Content with little I can piddle here
 On brocoli and mutton round the year ;
 But ancient friends (tho' poor, or out of play)
 That touch my bell, I cannot turn away.
 'Tis true, no turbots dignify my boards,
 But gudgeons, flounders, what my *Thames* affords :
 To *Hounslow* heath I point and *Bansted-down*,
 Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own :
 From yon old walnut tree a show'r shall fall ;
 And grapes, long-ling'ring on my only wall,
 And figs from standard and espalier join ;
 The devil's in you if you cannot dine :
 Then cheerful healths (your mistress shall have place)
 And, what's more rare, a poet shall say grace.
 Fortune not much of humbling me can boast :
 Tho' double tax'd, how little have I lost ?
 My life's amusements have been just the same,
 Before, and after standing armies came.

My lands are fold, my father's house is gone ;
 I'll hire another's; is not that my own,
 And yours, my friends? thro' whose free op'ning gate
 None comes too early, none departs too late ;
 (For I, who hold sage *Homer's* rule the best,
 Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.)
 "Pray heav'n it last! (cries *Swift*) as you go on;
 "I wish to God this house had been your own :
 "Pity to build without a son or wife!
 "Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life."
 Well, if the use be mine, can it concern one,
 Whether the name belong to *Pope* or *Vernon*?
 What's property, dear *Swift*? you see it alter
 From you to me, from me to *Peter Walter* ;
 Or, in a mortgage, prove a lawyer's share ;
 Or, in a jointer, vanish from the heir ;
 Or in pure equity (the case not clear)
 The chanc'ry takes your rents for twenty year.
 At best, it falls to some ungracious son,
 Who cries, " My father's damn'd, and all's my own!"
 Shades, that to *Bacon* could retreat afford,
 Become the portion of a booby lord ;
 And *Hemstey*, once proud *Buckingham's* delight,
 Slides to a scrivener, or a city-knight.
 May lands and houses have what lords they will,
 Let us be fix'd, and our own masters still.

The late ingenious Dr. *Swift* has, in a Satire of this kind, intitled, Verses on his own Death, dissected the human heart (if I may so express myself) and given us a picture not much to the advantage of mankind: yet it seems to be drawn from the life, and is, I am afraid, too much like the original.

Dr. SWIFT'S VERSES on his own DEATH,
 Occasioned by reading the following Maxim in *Rochfoucault*:

Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis nous trouvons toujours quelque chose, qui ne nous déplait pas.

As *Rochfoucault* his maxims drew
 From nature, I believe them true ;
 They argue no corrupted mind
 In him: the fault is in mankind.

This

This maxim, more than all the rest,
Is thought too base for human breast :
“ In all distresses of our friends
“ We first consult our private ends ;
“ While nature, kindly bent to ease us,
“ Points out some circumstance to please us.”
If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reason and experience prove.

We all behold with envious eyes
Our equal rais'd above our size.
I love my friend as well as you ;
But why should he obstruct my view ?
Then let me have the higher post,
Suppose it but an inch at most.
If in a battle you should find
One, whom you love of all mankind,
Had some heroic action done,
A champion kill'd, or trophy won ;
Rather than thus be over-topt,
Would you not wish his laurels cropt ?
Dear honest Ned is in the gout,
Lies rack'd with pain, and you without :
How patiently you hear him groan !
How glad the case is not your own !

What poet would not mourn to see
His brother write as well as he ?
But rather than they should excel,
He'd wish his rivals all in hell.

Her end when Emulation misses,
She turns to envy, flings and hisses :
The strongest friendship yields to pride,
Unless the odds be on our side.

Vain human kind ! fantastic race !
Thy various follies who can trace ?
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our hearts divide :
Give others riches, power, and station,
'Tis all on me an usurpation.
I have no title to aspire ;
Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher.
In Pope I cannot read a line,
But with a sigh I wish it mine ;
When he can in one couplet fix
More sense, than I can do in six,

It gives me such a jealous fit,
 I cry, Pox take him and his wit !
 I grieve to be outdone by *Gay*
 In my own humorous biting way.
Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
 Who dares to irony pretend ;
 Which I was born to introduce ;
 Refin'd it first, and shew'd its use.
St. John, as well as *Pultney*, knows
 That I had some repute for prose ;
 And, till they drove me out of date,
 Could maul a minister of state.
 If they have mortified my pride,
 And made me throw my pen aside ;
 If with such talents heav'n hath blest 'em,
 Have I not reason to detest 'em ?

To all my foes, dear Fortune, send
 Thy gifts, but never to my friend :
 I tamely can endure the first ;
 But this with envy makes me burst.

Thus much may serve by way of proem ;
 Proceed we therefore to our poem.

The time is not remote, when I
 Must by the course of nature die ;
 When I foresee, my special friends
 Will try to find their private ends :
 And tho' 'tis hardly understood,
 Which way my death can do them good ;
 Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak :
 See, how the dean begins to break !
 Poor gentleman ! he droops apace ;
 You plainly find it in his face.
 That old vertigo in his head
 Will never leave him, till he's dead.
 Besides, his memory decays :
 He recollects not what he says :
 He cannot call his friends to mind :
 Forgets the place where last he din'd :
 Plies you with stories o'er and o'er ;
 He told them fifty times before.
 How does he fancy we can sit
 To hear his out-of-fashion wit ?
 But he takes up with younger folks,
 Who, for his wine, will hear his jokes.

Faith he must make his stories shorter,
Or change his comrades once a quarter ;
In half the time he talks them round ;
There must another set be found.

For poetry, he's past his prime ;
He takes an hour to find a rhyme :
His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
His fancy funk, his muse a jade.
I'd have him throw away his pen ;
But there's no talking to some men !

And then, their tenderness appears,
By adding largely to my years :
He's older than he would be reckon'd,
And well remembers *Charles the Second*.
He hardly drinks a pint of wine ;
And that, I doubt, is no good sign.
His stomach too begins to fail :
Last year we thought him strong and hale ;
But now he's quite another thing ;
I wish he may hold out till Spring.
Then hug themselves, and reason thus :
It is not yet so bad with us.

In such a case they talk in tropes ;
And by their fears express their hopes.
Some great misfortune to portend,
No enemy can match a friend.
With all the kindness they profess
The merit of a lucky guess,
When daily how d'ye's come of course,
And servants answer, "Worse and worse,"
Wou'd please them better, than to tell,
That, God be prais'd, the dean is well.
Then he, who prophesied the best,
Approves the judgment to the rest :
" You know I always fear'd the worst,
" And often told you so at first."
He'd rather chuse that I should die,
Than his prediction prove a lie.
Not one foretels I shall recover ;
But all agree to give me over.

Yet, should some neighbour feel a pain
Just in the parts where I complain,
How many a message would he send !
What hearty prayers that I should mend !

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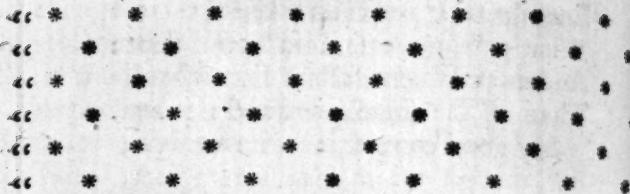
Enquire what regimen I kept ;
 What gave me ease, and how I slept :
 And more lament, when I was dead,
 Than all the snivelers round my bed.

My good companions, never fear ;
 For, though you may mistake a year,
 Though your prognostics run too fast,
 They must be verified at last.

Behold the fatal day arrive !
 How is the dean ? he's just alive.
 Now the departing prayer is read,
 He hardly breathes. The dean is dead.

Before the passing bell begun,
 The news through half the town has run.
 Oh ! may we all for death prepare !
 What has he left ? And who's his heir ?
 I know no more than what the news is,
 'Tis all bequeath'd to public uses.
 To public uses ! there's a whim ;
 What had the public done for him ?
 Mere envy, avarice, and pride ;
 He gave it all — but first he dy'd.
 And had the dean in all the nation
 No worthy friend, no poor relation ?
 So ready to do strangers good,
 Forgetting his own flesh and blood !

Now *Grubstreet* wits are all employ'd ;
 With elegies the town is cloy'd :
 Some paragraph in every paper
 To curse the *Dean*, or bless the *Drapier* ;
 The doctors, tender of their fame,
 Wisely on me lay all the blame.
 We must confess his case was nice ;
 But he would never take advice :
 Had he been rul'd, for ought appears,
 He might have liv'd these twenty years :
 For, when we open'd him, we found,
 That all his vital parts were sound.
 From *Dublin* soon to *London* spread,
 'Tis told at court, the Dean is dead.
 And Lady S — in the spleen
 Runs laughing up to tell * * *.
 * * so gracious, mild, and good,
 Cries, " Is he gone, 'tis time he shou'd."



Now *Chartres*, at — *Levee*,
Tells with a sneer the tidings heavy :
Why, if he died without his shooes,
(Cries —) I'm sorry for the news.
Oh, were the wretch but living still,
And in his place my good friend *Will!*
Or had a mitre on his head,
Provided *Bolingbroke* were dead !

Now *Curl* his shop from rubbish drains,
Three genuine tomes of *Swift's* remains !
And then, to make them pass the glibber,
Revis'd by *Tibbalds*, *Moore*, and *Citter*.
He'll treat me as he does my betters,
Publish my will, my life, my letters ;
Revive the libels born to die ;
Which *Pope* must bear, as well as I.

Here shift the scene, to represent
How those I love my death lament.
Poor *Pope* will grieve a month, and *Gay*
A week, and *Arbutnott* a day.
St. John himself will scarce forbear
To bite his pen, and drop a tear.
The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
“ I'm sorry—but we all must die ! ”
Indiff'rence, clad in wisdom's guise,
All fortitude of mind supplies ;
For how can stony bowels melt
In those who never pity felt ?
When we are lash'd, they kiss the rod,
Resigning to the will of God.

The fools, my juniors by a year,
Are tortur'd with suspense and fear ;
Who wisely thought my age a screen,
When death approach'd, to stand between ;
The screen remov'd, their hearts are trembling,
They mourn for me without dissembling.

My female friends, whose tender hearts
Have better learn'd to act their parts,

Receive the news in doleful dumps :

“ The Dean is dead (pray what is trumps ?)

“ Then, Lord have mercy on his soul !

(“ Ladies, Ill venture for the vole)

“ Six Deans, they say, must bear the pall,

(“ I wish I knew what king to call.)

“ Madam, your husband will attend

“ The funeral of so good a friend.

“ No, Madam, 'tis a shocking sight,

“ And he's engag'd to morrow night :

“ My *Lady Club* will take it ill,

“ If he should fail her at quadrille.

“ He lov'd the Dean (I lead a heart)

“ But dearest friends, they say, must part.

“ His time was come, he ran his race ;

“ We hope he's in a better place.”

Why do we grieve that friends should die ?

No loss more easy to supply.

One year is past, a different scene !

No farther mention of the Dean ;

Who now, alas ! no more is miss'd

Than if he never did exist.

Where's now the favourite of *Apollo* ?

Departed :—and his works must follow :

Must undergo the common fate ;

His kind of wit is out of date.

Some country squire to *Lintot* goes,

Enquires for *Swift* in verse and prose :

Says *Lintot*, “ I have heard the name ;

“ He dy'd a year ago,” the same.

He searches all the shop in vain,

“ Sir, you may find them in *Duck-lane*.

“ I sent them, with a load of books,

“ Last Monday to the pastry-cook's.

“ To fancy they could live a year !

“ I find you're but a stranger here.

“ The Dean was famous in his time,

“ And had a kind of knack at rhyme :

“ His way of writing now is past ;

“ The town has got a better taste.

“ I keep no antiquated stuff,

“ But spick and span I have enough.

“ Pray, do but give me leave to show 'em :

“ Here's *Colley Cibber*'s birth-day poem.

" This ode you never yet have seen,
 " By Stephen Duck, upon the Queen.
 " Then here's a letter finely penn'd
 " Against the *Craftsman* and his friend.
 " It clearly shews, that all reflexion
 " On ministers, is disaffection.
 " Next here's Sir Robert's vindication,
 " And Mr. Hen'y's last oration :
 " The hawkers have not got them yet:
 " Your honour please to buy a set?"
 Suppose me dead, and then suppose
 A club assembled at the *Rose* ;
 Where from discourse of this and that,
 I grow the subject of their chat.
 The Dean, if we believe report,
 Was never ill receiv'd at court.
 Although ironically grave,
 He sham'd the fool, and lash'd the knave.
 " Sir, I have heard another story ;
 " He was a most confounded tory ;
 " And grew, or he is much bely'd,
 " Extremely dull before he dy'd."
 Can we the *Drapier* e'er forget ?
 Is not our nation in his debt ?
 'Twas he that writ the *Drapier's Letters* !
 " He should have left them for his betters :
 " We had a hundred abler men,
 " Nor need depend upon his pen—
 " Say what you will about his reading,
 " You never can defend his breeding ;
 " Who, in his Satires running riot,
 " Could never leave the world in quiet ;
 " Attacking, when he took the whim,
 " Court, city, camp, all one to him—.
 " But why would he, except he slobber'd,
 " Offend our patriot, great Sir R— ?
 " Whose counsels aid the sovereign pow'r
 " To save the nation every hour.
 " What scenes of evil he unravels
 " In *Satires, Libels, lying travails* !
 " Not sparing his own clergy cloth,
 " But eats into it like a moth—!"
 Perhaps I may allow, the Dean
 Had too much Satire in his vein ;

And seem'd determin'd not to starve it,
 Because no age could more deserve it.
 Vice, if it e'er can be abash'd,
 Must be or *ridicul'd*, or *lash'd*.
 If you resent it, who's to blame ?
 He neither knew *you*, nor your *name*.
 Should vice expect to 'scape rebuke,
 Because its owner is a duke ?
 His friendships, still to few confin'd,
 Were always of the middling kind :
 No fools of rank, or mongrel breed,
 Who fain would pass for lord indeed,
 Where titles give no right to power,
 And peerage is a wither'd flower.
 He would have deem'd it a disgrace,
 If such a wretch had known his face.
 He never thought an honour done him,
 Because a peer was proud to own him ;
 Would rather slip aside, and chuse
 To talk with wits in dirty shoes ;
 And scorn the fools with stars and garters,
 So often seen carefing *Charters*.
 He kept with Princes due decorum,
 Yet never stood in awe before 'em.
 He follow'd *Dav d's* lessons just,
 In *Princes* never put his trust :
 And, would you make him truly sour,
 Provoke him with a slave in power.
 " Alas, poor *Dean* ! his only scope
 " Was to be held a *misanthrope*.
 " This into general *odium* drew him,
 " Which if he lik'd, much good may do him !
 " His *zeal* was not to lash our *crimes*,
 " But, *discontent* against the times ;
 " For, had we made him *timely* offers
 " To raise his *post*, or fill his *coffers*,
 " Perhaps he might have truckled down,
 " Like other *brethren* of his *gown* :
 " For party he would scarce have bled — ;
 " I say no more — because he's dead — .
 " What *writings* has he left behind — ?"
 I hear they're of a different kind :
 A few in *verse* ; but most in *prose* — .
 Some *high-flown pamphlets*, I suppose :

" All scribbled in the *worſt of times,*
 " To palliate his friend *Oxford's crimes,*
 " To praise Queen *Anne*, nay more defend her,
 " As never fav'ring the *Pretender*—:
 " Or *libels* yet conceal'd from light,
 " Against the *court* to shew his *s spite*;
 " Perhaps his *travels, part the third,*
 " A *lye* at every *second word* :
 " Offensive to a *loyal ear* :
 " But—not one *sermon, you may swear.*—"

As for his works, in verse or prose,
 I own myself no judge of those :
 Nor can I tell what critics thought 'em ;
 But this I know, all people bought 'em,
 As with a moral view design'd,
 To please, and to reform mankind ;
 And, if he often miss'd his aim,
 The world must own it to their *ſhame*,
 The *praise* is *his*, and *theirs* the *blame*.
 He gave the little wealth he had,
 To build a house for fools and mad ;
 To shew by one satiric touch,
 No nation wanted it so much :
 And ſince you dread no farther lаſhes,
 Methinks you may forgive his ashes.

We come now to those Satires of the serious kind, for which *Juvenal* is ſo much diſtinguished. As the characteristic properties of these Satires are, Morality, Dignity, and Severity, a better example cannot be given than a poem intituled *London*, written in imitation of the Third Satire of *Juvenal*, by Mr. Samuel Johnson, who has kept up to the ſpirit and force of the original.

L O N D O N : A P O E M .

————— *quis ineſtæ*
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus ut teneat ſc.

JUV.

THO' grief and fondness in my breast rebel,
 When injur'd THALES bids the town farewell,
 Yet ſtill my calmer thoughts his choice commend,
 I praise the hermit, but regret the friend,

Who

Who now resolves, from vice and LONDON far,
To breathe in distant fields a purer air,
And, fix'd on Cambria's solitary shore,
Give to St. David one true Briton more.

For who would leave, unbrib'd, Hibernia's land,
Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand?
There none are swept by sudden fate away,
But all, whom hunger spares, with age decay :
Here malice, rapine, accident, conspire,
And now a rabble rages, now a fire ;
Their ambush here relentless ruffians lay,
And here the fell attorney prowls for prey ;
Here falling houses thunder on your head,
And here a female atheist talks you dead.

While THALES waits the wherry that contains
Of dissipated wealth the small remains,
On Thames's banks, in silent thought, we stood,
Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver flood :
Struck with the seat that gave * Eliza birth,
We kneel, and kiss the consecrated earth ;
In pleasing dreams the blissful age renew,
And call Britannia's glories back to view ;
Behold her cross triumphant on the main,
The guard of commerce, and the dread of Spain,
Ere masquerades debauch'd, excise oppress'd,
Or English honour grew a standing jest.

A transient calm the happy scenes bestow,
And for a moment lull the sense of woe.
At length, awaking with contemptuous frown,
Indignant THALES eyes the neigb'ring town.

Since worth, he cries, in these degenerate days
Wants ev'n the cheap reward of empty praise ;
In those curst walls devote to vice and gain,
Since unrewarded science toils in vain ;
Since hope but sooths to double my distress,
And ev'ry moment leaves my little less ;
While yet my stiddy steps no staff sustains,
And life still vig'rous revels in my veins,
Grant me, kind heav'n, to find some happier place,
Where honesty and sense are no disgrace ;
Some pleasing bank where verdant osiers play,
Some peaceful vale with nature's painting gay ;

* Queen Elizabeth born at Greenwich.

Where once the harrafs'd *Briton* found repose,
And, safe in poverty, defy'd his foes ;
Some secret cell, ye pow'rs, indulgent give.

Let — live here, for — has learn'd to live.
Here let those reign, whom pensions can incite
To vote a patriot black, a courtier white ;
Explain their country's dear-bought rights away,
And plead for pirates in the face of day ;
With flavish tenets taint our poison'd youth
And lend a lye the confidence of truth.

Let such raise palaces, and manors buy,
Collect a tax, or farm a lottery,
With warbling eunuchs fill a licens'd stage,
And lull to servitude a thoughtless age.

Heroes, proceed ! what bounds your pride shall hold ?
What check restrain your thirst of pow'r and gold ?
Behold rebellious virtue quite o'erthrown,
Behold our fame, our wealth, our lives your own.
To such, a groaning nation's spoils are giv'n,
When public crimes inflame the wrath of heav'n.

But what, my friend, what hopes remains for me,
Who start at theft, and blush at perjury ?
Who scarce forbear, tho' BRITAIN'S court he sing,
To pluck a titled poet's borrow'd wing ;
A statesman's logic unconvinc'd can hear,
And dare to slumber o'er the Gazetteer ;
Despise a fool in half his pension dreft,
And strive in vain to laugh at H——y's jest.

Others with softer smiles, and subtler art,
Can sap the principles, or taint the heart ;
With more address a lover's note convey,
Or bribe a virgin's innocence away.
Well may they rise, while I, whose rustic tongue
Ne'er knew to puzzle right, or varnish wrong,
Spurn'd as a beggar, dreaded as a spy,
Live unregarded, unlamented die.

For what but social guilt the friend endears ?
Who shares Orgilio's crimes, his fortune shares ;
But thou, should tempting villainy present
All Marlborough hoarded, or all Villiers spent,
Turn from the glitt'ring bribe thy scornful eye,
Nor sell for gold, what gold could never buy,
The peaceful slumber, self-approving day,
Unfullied fame, and conscience ever gay.

The cheated nation's happy fav'rites see !
 Mark whom the great carefs, whom frown on me ?
 LONDON ! the needy villain's gen'ral home,
 The common shore of *Paris* and of *Rome* ;
 With eager thirst, by folly or by fate,
 Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state.
 Forgive my transports on a theme like this,
 I cannot bear a *French* metropolis.

Illustrious EDWARD ! from the realms of day
 The land of heroes and of saints survey ;
 Nor hope the *British* lineaments to trace,
 The rustic grandeur, or the surly grace,
 But lost in thoughtleſs ease, and empty show,
 Behold the warrior dwindled to a beau ;
 Sense, freedom, piety, refin'd away,
 Of *France* the mimic, and of *Spain* the prey.

All that at home no more can beg or steal,
 Or like a gibbet better than a wheel ;
 Hiss'd from the stage, or houted from the court,
 Their air, their dress, their politics import ;
 Obsequious, artful, voluble and gay,
 On *Britain's* fond credulity they prey.
 No gainful trade their industry can 'scape,
 They sing, they dance, clean shoes, or cure a clap ;
 All sciences a fasting Monsieur knows,
 And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes.

Ah ! what avails it, that, from flav'ry far,
 Idrew the breath of life in *English* air ;
 Was early taught a *Briton's* right to prize,
 And lisp the tales of HEN R Y's victories ;
 If the gull'd conqueror receives the chain,
 And flattery subdues when arms are vain ?

Studious to please, and ready to submit,
 The supple *Gaul* was born a parasite :
 Still to his int'rest true, where'er he goes,
 Wit, brav'ry, worth, his lavish tongue bestows ;
 In ev'ry face a thousand graces shine,
 From ev'ry tongue flows harmony divine.

These arts in vain our rugged natives try,
 Strain out with fault'ring diffidence a lye,
 And gain a kick for awkward flattery.

Besides, with justice this discerning age
 Admires their wond'rous talents for the stage :

Well may they venture on the mimic's art,
 Who play from morn to night a borrow'd part ;
 Practis'd their master's notions to embrace,
 Repeat his maxims, and reflect his face ;
 With ev'ry wild absurdity comply,
 And view each object with another's eye ;
 To shake with laughter ere the jest they hear,
 To pour at will the counterfeited tear,
 And as their patron hints the cold or heat,
 To shake in dog-days, in *December* sweat.

How, when competitors like these contend,
 Can surly virtue hope to fix a friend ?
 Slaves that with serious impudence beguile,
 And lye without a blush, without a smile ;
 Exalt each trifle, ev'ry vice adore,
 Your taste in snuff, your judgment in a whore ;
 Can *Balbo*'s eloquence applaud, and swear
 He gropes his breeches with a monarch's air.

For arts like these prefer'd, admir'd, caref's'd,
 They first invade your table, then your breast ;
 Explore your secrets with infidious art,
 Watch the weak hour, and ransack all the heart ;
 Then soon your ill-plac'd confidence repay,
 Commence your lords, and govern or betray.

By numbers here from shame or censure free,
 All crimes are safe, but hated poverty.
 This, only this, the rigid law pursues,
 This, only this, provokes the snarling muse.
 The sober trader at a tatter'd cloak,
 Wakes from his dream, and labours for a joke ;
 With brisker air the silken courtiers gaze,
 And turn the varied taunt a thousand ways.

Of all the griefs that harrasf the distrel's'd,
 Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest :
 Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous heart,
 Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.

Has heav'n reserv'd, in pity to the poor,
 No pathless waste, or undiscover'd shore ?
 No secret island on the boundless main ?
 No peaceful desart yet unclaim'd by Spain ?
 Quick let us rise, the happy seats explore,
 And bear oppression's insolence no more.

This mournful truth is ev'ry where confess'd,
 SLOW RISES WORTH, BY POVERTY DEPRESS'D :

But

But here more slow, where all are slaves to gold,
Where looks are merchandize, and smiles are sold ;
Where won by bribes, by flatteries implor'd,
The groom retails the favours of his lord.

But hark ! th' affrighted crowd's tumultuous cries
Roll through the streets, and thunder to the skies :
Rais'd from some pleasing dream of wealth and pow'r,
Some pompous palace, or some blissful bow'r,
Aghast you start, and scarce with aching sight
Sustain th' approaching fire's tremendous light ;
Swift from pursuing horrors take your way,
And leave your little ALL to flames a prey ;

Then thro' the world a wretched vagrant roam,
For where can starving merit, find a home ?
In vain your mournful narrative disclose,
While all neglect, and most insult your woes.

Should heaven's just bolts *Orgilio*'s wealth confound,
And spread his flaming palace on the ground,
Swift o'er the land the dismal rumour flies,
And public mournings pacify the skies ;
The laureate tribe in servile verse relate
How virtue wars with persecuting fate.

With well-reign'd gratitude the pension'd band ~
Refund the plunder of the beggar'd land.
See ! while he builds, the gaudy vassals come,
And crowd with sudden wealth the rising dome ;
The price of boroughs and of souls restore,
And raise his treasures higher than before :
Now bles'd with all the baubles of the great,
The polish'd marble, and the shining plate,
Orgilio sees the golden pile aspire,
And hopes from angry heav'n another fire.

Could'st thou resign the park and play content,
For the fair banks of *Severn* or of *Trent*,
There might'st thou find some elegant retreat,
Some hireling senator's deserted seat ;
And stretch thy prospects o'er the smiling land,
For less than rent the dungeons of the *Strand* ;
There prune thy walks, support thy drooping flow'rs,
Direst thy rivulets, and twine thy bow'r's ;
And, while thy beds a cheap repast afford,
Despise the dainties of a venal lord ;
There ev'ry bush with nature's music rings,
There ev'ry breeze bears health upon its wings ;

On all thy hours security shall smile,
And bless thy evening walk and morning toil.

Prepare for death, if here at night you roam,
And sign your will before you sup from home.

Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,
Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man ;
Some frolic drunkard, reeling from a feast,
Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest.

Yet ev'n these heroes, mischievously gay,
Lords of the street, and terrors of the way ;
Flush'd as they are with folly, youth and wine,
Their prudent insults to the poor confine ;
Afar they mark the flambeau's bright approach,
And shun the shining train, and golden coach.

In vain, these dangers past, your doors you close,
And hope the balmy blessings of repose ;
Cruel with guilt, and daring with despair,
The midnight murd'rer bursts the faithless bar ;
Invades the sacred hour of silent rest,
And plants, unseen, a dagger in your breast.

Scarce can our fields, such crowds at *Tyburn* die,
With hemp the gallows and the fleet supply.
Propose your schemes, ye senatorian band,
Whose ways and means support the sinking land ;
Lest ropes be wanting in the tempting spring
To rig another convoy for the K—g.

A single jail, in *ALFRED*'s golden reign,
Could half the nation's criminals contain ;
Fair justice then, without constraint ador'd,
Held high the steady scale, but deep'd the sword ;
No spies were paid, no special juries known,
Blest age ! but ah ! how diff'rent from our own !

Much could I add—but see the boat at hand,
The tide retiring calls me from the land :
Farewel ; — When youth, and health, and fortune spent,
Thou fly'st for refuge to the wilds of *Kent* ;
And tir'd, like me, with follies and with crimes,
In angry numbers warn't succeeding times ;
Then shall thy friend, nor thou refuse his aid,
Still foe to vice, forsake his *Cambrian* shade ;
In virtue's cause once more exert his rage,
Thy Satire point, and animate thy page.

The Reader may think these examples sufficient to illustrate the rules we have laid down; but we cannot quit this subject without presenting him with one of Dr. Young's, which we have taken from his book intitled, *Love of Fame the Universal Passion*. In this work there is a Unity of Design, and the Author has endeavoured to prove the position in his title, viz. that *Love of Fame is the Universal Passion*, in seven Satires; which, tho' characteristical, abound with morality and good sense. The Characters are well selected, the Ridicule is high, and the Satire well pointed, and to the purpose.

LOVE of FAME.

SATIRE II.

My Muse, proceed, and reach thy destin'd end,
Tho' toil and danger the bold task attend.
Heroes and Gods make other poems fine,
Plain Satire calls for sense in ev'ry line;
Then, to what swarms thy faults I dare expose?
All friends to vice and folly are thy foes;
When such the foe, a war eternal wage,
'Tis most ill-nature to repress thy rage;
And if these strains some nobler Muse excite,
I'll glory in the verse I did not write.

So weak are human kind by nature made,
Or to such weakness by their vice betray'd,
Almighty Vanity! to thee they owe
Their zest of pleasure, and their balm of woe.
Thou, like the sun, all colours dost contain,
Varying, like rays of light, on drops of rain;
For ev'ry soul finds reasons to be proud,
Tho' his'd and hooted by the pointing crowd.

Warm in pursuit of foxes and renown,
* Hippolytus demands the sylvan crown;
But Florio's fame, the product of a shower,
Grows in his garden, an illustrious flower!
Why teems the earth? why melt the vernal skies?
Why shines the sun? to make † Paul Diack rise.
From morn to noon has Florio gazing stood,
And wonder'd how the Gods could be so good.

* This refers to the First Satire. † The name of a tulip.

What

What shape? What hue? Was ever nymph so fair?
He dotes! he dies! he too is rooted there.

O solid bliss! which nothing can destroy
Except a cat, bird, snail, or idle boy.

In fame's full bloom lies *Florio* down at night,
And wakes next day a most inglorious wight;
The tulip's dead! see thy fair sister's fate,
O C—! and be kind ere 'tis too late.

Nor are those enemies I mention'd all;
Beware, O florist, thy ambition's fall.
A friend of mine indulg'd this noble flame;
A quaker serv'd him, *Adam* was his name.
To one lov'd tulip oft the master went,
Hung o'er it, and whole days in rapture spent;
But came and miss'd it one ill-fated hour:
He rag'd! he roar'd! "What *dæmon* cropt my flow'r!"
Serene, quoth *Adam*, "lo! 'twas crush'd by me;
"Fall'n is the *Baal* to which thou bow'dst thy knee."

"But all men want amusement, and what crime
"In such a paradise to fool their time?"
None; but why proud of this? to fame they soar;
We grant they're idle, if they'll ask no more.

We smile at florists, we despise their joy,
And think their hearts enamour'd of a toy:
But are those wiser whom we most admire,
Survey with envy, and pursue with fire?
What's he who sighs for wealth, or fame, or power?
Another *Florio* doting on a flower,
A short liv'd flower, and which has often sprung
From sordid arts, as *Florio*'s out of dung.

With what, O *Codrus*! is thy fancy smit?
The flower of learning, and the bloom of wit.
Thy gaudy shelves with crimson bindings glow,
And *Epiætetus* is a perfect beau.
How fit for thee bound up in crimson too,
Gilt, and, like them, devoted to the view?
Thy books are furniture. Methinks 'tis hard
That science should be purchas'd by the yard,
And *T—n*, turn'd upholsterer, send home
The gilded leather to fit up thy room.

If not to some peculiar end assign'd,
Study's the specious trifling of the mind;
Or is a best a secondary aim,
A chace for sport alone, and not for game:

If so, sure they who the mere *volume* prize,
But love the thicket where the *quarry* lies.

On buying books *Lorenzo* long was bent,
But found at length, that it reduc'd his rent,
His farms were flown ; when lo ! a sale comes on,
A choice collection ! what is to be done ?
He sells his *last* ; for he the whole will buy ;
Sells ev'n his house ; nay wants whereon to lie ;
So high the gen'rous ardor of the man
For *Romans*, *Greeks*, and *Orientals* ran.

When terms were drawn, and brought him by the clerk,
Lorenzo sign'd the bargain—with his *mark*.
Unlearned men of books assume the care,
As eunuchs are the guardians of the fair.

Not in his authors' *liveries* alone
Is *Codrus*' erudite ambition shewn ?
Editions various, at high prices bought,
Inform the world what *Codrus* would be *thought* ;
And, to his cost, another must succeed ;
To pay a sage, who *says* that he can read,
Who *titles* knows, and *indexes* has seen,
But leaves to —————— what lies between,
Of pompous books who shuns the proud expence,
And humbly is contented with their *sense*.

O ——————, whose accomplishments make good
The *promise* of a long-illustrious blood,
In *arts* and *manners* eminently grac'd,
The strictest honour ! and the finest taste !
Accept this verse ; if Satire can agree
With so consummate an *humanity*.

By your example would *Hilario* mend,
How would it grace the talents of my friend,
Who, with the charms of his own genius smit,
Conceives all virtues are compriz'd in wit ?
But time his fervent petulance may cool,
For tho' he is a *wit*, he is no *fool*.
In time he'll learn to *use*, not *waste* his *sense*,
Nor make a *frailty* of an *excellence*.
His brisk attack on *blockheads* we should prize,
Were not his jest as flippant with the *wife*.
He spares nor friend, nor foe ; but calls to mind,
Like *Dooms-day*, all the faults of all mankind.
What tho' *wit* tickles ? tickling is unsafe,
If still 'tis *painful* while it makes us *laugh*.

Who,

Who, for the poor renown of being *smart*,
Would leave a sting within a brother's heart?

Parts may be prais'd, *good-nature* is ador'd ;
Then draw your *wit* as seldom as your *sword*,
And never on the *weak* ; or you'll appear,
As there no hero, no great *genius* *here*.
As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
So wit is by *politeness* sharpest fet,
Their want of edge from their *offence* is seen ;
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.
The same men give is for the *joy* they find ;
Dull is the jester when the joke's *unkind*.

Since *Marcus*, doubtless, thinks himself a *wit*,
To pay my compliment what place so fit ?
His most facetious * letters came to hand,
Which my first Satire sweetly reprimand.
If that a *just* offence to *Marcus* gave,
Say, Marcus, which art thou, a *fool*, or *knav*e ?
For all but such with caution I forbore ;
That thou wast either, I ne'er knew before.
I know thee now, both *what* thou art, and *who* ;
No mask so good, but *Marcus* must shine through ;
False names are vain, thy lines their author tell,
Thy best concealment had been writing *well* ;
But thou a brave neglect of *fame* hast shown,
Of *others'* *fame*, great *genius*, and thy *own*.
Write on unheeded, and this maxim know,
The man who *pardons*, *disappoints* his foe.

In malice to *proud wits*, some proudly lull
Their *peevish* reason, *vain* of being dull ;
When some home joke has stung their *solemn* souls,
In vengeance they determine——to be *fools* ;
Thro' spleen, that *little* nature gave, make *less*,
Quite zealous in the ways of *heaviness* ;
To *lumps* inanimate a fondness take,
And disinherit sons that are *awake*.
These, when their utmost venom they would spit,
Most barbarously tell you——“ *he's a wit*.”
Poor *negroes* thus, to shew their burning spite,
To *cacodæmons* say, they're *dew' iſſo white*.

Lamp iſſins, from the bottom of his breast,
Sighs o'er one child, but triumphs in the rest.

* Letters sent to the Author, signed *Martus*.

How just his *grief*? one carries in his head
 A less proportion of his father's lead ;
 And is in danger, without special grace,
 To rise above a justice of the peace.
 The *dungbill-breed* of Men a *diamond* scorn,
 And feel a passion for a *grain of corn*,
 Some stupid, plodding, money-loving wight,
 Who wins their hearts by knowing black from white,
 Who with much pains exerting all his sense,
 Can range aright his shillings, pounds, and pence.
 The booby-father craves a booby-son,
 And by heav'n's *blessing* thinks himself *undone*.

Wants of all kinds are made to fame a plea ;
 One learns to *lip*, another *not to see* ;
 Miss D—— tottering catches at your hand,
 Was ever thing so pretty born to stand ?
 Whilst these what nature gave disown thro' pride,
 Others affect what nature has deny'd,
 What nature has deny'd fools will pursue,
 As *apes* are ever walking upon *two*.

Craffus, a grateful sage, our awe and sport !
 Supports grave forms, for forms the sage support,
 He hems, and cries with an important air,
 " If yonder clouds withdraw, it will be fair :"
 Then quotes the *Stagyrise* to prove it true,
 And adds, " The learn'd delight in something *new*."
 Is't not enough the blockhead scarce can read,
 But must he *wisely* look, and *gravely* plead ?
 As far a *formalist* from *wisdom* fits
 In judging eyes, as *libertines* from *wits*.

Yet subtile wights (so blind are mortal men,
 Tho' Satire *couch* them with her keenest pen)
 For ever will hang out a solemn face,
 To put off *nonsense* with the better grace ;
 As pedlars with some hero's head make bold,
 Illustrious mark ! where *pins* are to be sold.

What's the bent brow, or neck in thought reclin'd ?
 The booby's wisdom to conceal the mind.
 A man of sense can *artifice* disdain,
 As men of wealth may venture to go *plain*
 And be this truth eternal ne'er forgot,
Solemnity's a cover for a *sot*.
 I find the *fool* when I behold the *skreen* ;
 For 'tis the wise-man's interest to be *seen*.

Hence

Hence, ——, that openness of heart,
And just disdain for that poor *mimic art* ;
Hence (manly praise !) that manner nobly free,
Which all admire, and I applaud in thee.

With generous scorn how oft hast thou survey'd
Of *court* and *town* the noon-tide masquerade,
Where swarms of *knaves* the vizor quite disgrace,
And hide secure behind a *naked face* ?
Where *ture's* end of language is declin'd,
And men talk only to *conceal* the mind ;
Where generous hearts the greatest hazard run,
And he who trusts a *brother* is undone ?

These all their care expend on outward show
For wealth and fame ; for fame alone the *beau*.
Of late at *White's* was young *Fiorello* seen,
How blank his look ? how discompos'd his mien ?
So hard it proves in grief sincere to feign !
Sunk were his spirits ; for his coat was *plain*.

Next day his breast regain'd its wonted peace,
His health was mended with a *silver lace*.
A curious artist, long injur'd to toils
Of gentler sort, with combs, and fragrant oils,
Whether by chance, or by some God inspir'd,
So touch'd his *curls*, his mighty soul was fir'd.
The well-swoln ties an equal homage claim,
And either shoulder has its share of fame ;
His sumptuous *watch-case*, tho' conceal'd it lies,
Like a good *conscience*, solid joy supplies.
He only thinks himself, so far from vain,
St-pe in wit, in breeding *D-l-ne*.
Whene'er by seeming chance he throws his eye
On mirrors flushing with his *Tyrian* dye,
With how sublime a transport leaps his heart ?
But fate ordains that dearest friends must part.
In active measures, brought from *France*, he wheels,
And triumphs conscious of his learned *heels*.

So have I seen on some bright summer's day
A calf of genius debonair and gay,
Dance on the bank, as if inspir'd by fame,
Fond of the pretty *fellow* in the stream.

Moroſe is sunk with shame, whene'er surpriz'd
In linnen clean, or peruke undisguis'd.
No sublunary chance his vestments fear,
Valu'd, like leopard's, as their *spots* appear.

A fam'd sur-tout he wears, which once was blue,
 And his foot swims in a capacious shoe.
 One day his wife (for who can wives reclaim?)
 Levell'd her barbarous needle at his fame :
 But open force was vain ; by night she went,
 And, while he slept, surpriz'd the darling rent ;
 Where yawn'd the frize is now become a doubt,
And glory at one entrance quite shut out. *

He scorns Florello, and Florello him,
 This hates the fi'thy creature, that the prim ;
 Thus in each other both these fools despise
 Their own dear selves, with undiscerning eyes :
 Their methods various, but alike their aim ;
 The sloven and the fopling are the same.

Ye whigs and tories ! thus it fares with you,
 When party rage too warmly you pursue ;
 Then both club nonsense and impetuous pride,
 And folly joins whom sentiments divide.
 You vent your spleen as monkeys, when they pass,
 Scratch at the mimic-monkey in the glas,
 While both are one ; and henceforth be it known,
 Fool of both sides shall stand for fools alone.

" But who art thou ? " methinks Florello cries,
 " Of all thy species art thou only wise ? "
 Since smallest things can give our fins a twitch,
 As crossing straws retard a passing witch,
 Florello, thou my monitor shalt be ;
 I'll conjure thus some profit out of thee.

O thou myself ! abroad our counsels roam,
 And, like ill husbands, take no care at home.
 Thou too art wounded with the common dart,
 And love of fame lies throbbing at thy heart ;
 And what wise means to gain it hast thou chose ?
 Know, fame and fortune both are made of prose.
 Is thy ambition sweating for a rhyme,
 Thou unambitious fool, at this late time ?
 While I a moment name, a moment's past,
 I'm nearer death in this verse than the last ;
 What then is to be done ? Be wise with speed :
 A fool at forty is a fool indeed.

And what so foolish as the chace of fame ?
 How vain the prize ? how impotent our aim ?

* Milton.

For

For what are men who grasp at praise sublime,
But bubbles on the rapid stream of time,
That rise and fall, that swell, and are no more,
Born, and forgot, ten thousand in an hour?

We have already observed, that Personal Satire approaches too near Defamation, to deserve any countenance or encouragement; for, however good in its composition, it must be bad in its tendency, since it is setting a man in a ridiculous point of light, and punishing him (as it were in a pillory) without any form of trial, or hearing the evidence in his behalf. Such satyrists, therefore, are not unlike arbitrary tyrants who acknowledge no law but what is founded in their own will, and gratify their passions at the expence of public justice.

We have in our Language a Satire written by Mr. Dryden, which would be an excellent example, if it was not personal: As the persons, however, are dead who were the objects of his wrath and ridicule, we may here insert it without offence.

MACK FLECKNOE.

All human things are subject to decay,
And, when fate summons, monarchs must obey.
This Flecknoe found, who, like *Augustus*, young
Was call'd to empire, and had govern'd long;
In prose and verse, was own'd, without dispute,
Through all the realms of *nonsense*, absolute.
This aged prince, now flourishing in peace,
And blest with issue of a large increase;
Worn out with bus'ness, did at length debate
To settle the succession of the state:
And pond'ring, which of all his sons was fit
To reign, and wage eternal war with wit,
Cry'd, 'Tis resolv'd; for nature pleads that he
Should only rule, who most resembles me.
Sb—alone my perfect image bears,
Mature in dullness from his tender years:
Sb—alone, of all my sons is he
Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity.
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But *Sb*—never deviates into sense.

Some

Some beams of wit on others souls may fall,
 Strike through, and make a lucid interval ;
 But *Sb*—'s genuine night admits no ray,
 His rising fogs prevail upon the day.
 Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye,
 And seems design'd for thoughtless majesty ;
 Thoughtless as monarch oaks that shade the plain,
 And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.
Heywood and *Shirley* were but types of thee,
 Thou last great prophet of tautology.
 Even I, a dunce of more renown than they,
 Was sent before but to prepare thy way ;
 And, coarsely clad in *Nor-wich* drugget, came
 To teach the nations in thy greater name.
 My warbling lute, the lute I whilome strung,
 When to King *John of Portugal* I sung,
 Was but the prelude to that glorious day
 When thou on silver *Thames* didst cut thy way,
 With well-tim'd oars before the royal barge,
 Swell'd with the pride of thy celestial charge :
 And big with hymn, commander of an host,
 The like was ne'er in *Epsom* blankets tost.
 Methinks I see the new *Arion* sail,
 The lute still trembling underneath thy nail.
 At thy well sharpen'd thumb, from shore to shore,
 The trebles squeak for fear, the bases roar :
 Echoes from *Pissing-alley* *Sb*— call,
 Ah *Sb*— they resound from *Aston-Hall*.
 About thy boat the little fishes throng
 As at the morning toast that floats along.
 Sometimes as prince of thy harmonious band,
 Thou wield'it thy papers in thy threshing hand.
 St. *André's* feet ne'er kept more equal time,
 Not even the feet of thy own *Psyche's* rhyme :
 So they in number, as in sense, excel ;
 So just, so like tautology, they fell,
 That, pale with envy, *Singleton* forswore
 The lute and sword which he in triumph bore
 And vow'd he ne'er would act *Villerius* more.

3

Here stopp'd the good old *Sire*, and wept for joy
 In silent raptures of the hopeful boy.
 All arguments, but most his plays persuade,
 That for anointed dullness he was made.

Close to the walls which fair *Augusta* bind
 (The fair *Augusta* much to fear inclin'd)
 An ancient fabric rais'd t' inform the sight,
 There stood of yore, and *Barbican* it hight :
 A watch-tower once; but now, so fate ordains,
 Of all the pile an empty name remains ;
 From its old ruins brothel-houses rise,
 Scenes of lewd loves, and of polluted joys,
 Where their vast courts the mother-strumpets keep,
 And, undisturb'd by watch, in silence sleep *.
 Near these a nursery erects its head,
 Where queens are form'd, and future heroes bred ;
 Where unfledg'd actors learn to laugh and cry,
 Where infant punks their tender voices try †,
 And little *Maximins* the Gods defy.
 Great *Fletcher* never treads in buskins here,
 Nor greater *Johnson* dares in socks appear ;
 But gentle *Simpkin* just reception finds
 Amidst this monument of vanish'd minds :
 Pure clinches the suburban muse affords,
 And *Panton* waging harmless war with words.
 Here *Flecknoe*, as a place to fame well known,
 Ambitiously design'd his *Sb*—'s throne.
 For antient *Decker* prophesied long fince,
 That in this pile should reign a mighty prince,
 Born for a scourge of wit, and flail of sense :
 To whom true dullness shou'd some *Psyches* owe,
 But worlds of *misers* from his pen should flow ;
Humourists and *hypocrites* it shou'd produce,
 Whole *Raymond* families, and tribes of *Bruce*.
 Now Empress *Fame* had publish'd the renown
 Of *Sb*—'s coronation through the town.
 Rous'd by report of fame, the nations meet,
 From near *Bunhill*, and distant *Watling-street*.
 No *Persian* carpets spread th' imperial way,
 But scatter'd limbs of mangled poets lay :
 From dusty shops neglected authors come,
 Martyrs of pies, and reliques of the bum.

* Parodies on these lines of *Cowley*, (*Davideis*, Book 1.)
Where their vast courts, the mother-waters keep,
And undisturb'd by moons, in silence sleep.

† Parodies on these lines of *Cowley's*, (*Davideis*, Book 1.)
—where unfledg'd tempests lie,
And infant winds their tender voices try.

Much *Heywood*, *Sbirley*, *Ogleby*, there lay,
 But loads of *Sb*— almost choak'd the way.
 Bilk'd stationers for yeomen stood prepar'd,
 And *H*— *n* was captain of the guard.
 The hoary prince in majesty appear'd,
 High on a throne of his own labours rear'd.
 At his right hand our young *Ascanius* late,
Rome's other hope, and pillar of the state.
 His brows thick fogs, instead of glories, grace,
 And lambent dullness play'd around his face.
 As *Hannibal* did to the altars come,
 Swore by his fire a mortal foe to *Rome* ;
 So *Sb* — swore, nor should his vow be vain,
 That he to death true dullness would maintain ;
 And in his father's right, and realm's defence,
 Ne'er to have peace with wit, nor truce with sense.
 The King himself the sacred unction made,
 As king by office, and as priest by trade.
 In his finister hand, instead of ball,
 He plac'd a mighty mug of potent ale ;
 Love's kingdom to his right he did convey,
 At once his sceptre, and his rule of sway,
 Whose righteous lore the Prince had practis'd young,
 And from whose loins recorded *Psyche* sprung :
 His temples, last, with poppies were o'erspread,
 That nodding seem'd to consecrate his head.
 Just at the point of time, if fame not lie,
 On his left hand twelve reverend *owls* did fly.
 So *Romulus*, 'tis fung, by *Tyber's* brook,
 Presage of sway from twice six vultures took.
 Th' admiring throng loud acclamations make,
 And omens of his future empire take.
 The Sire then shook the honours of his head,
 And from his brows damps of oblivion shed
 Full on the filial dullness : long he stood,
 Repelling from his breast the raging God,
 At length burst out in this prophetic mood :
 Heav'ns bless my son ! From *Ireland* let him reign
 To far *Barbadoes*, or the western main ;
 Of this dominion may no end be known,
 And greater than his father's be his throne ;
 Beyond Love's kingdom let him stretch his pen !
 He paus'd, and all the people cry'd *Amen.*

Then

Then thus continued he : My son, advance
 Still in new impudence, new ignorance.
 Success let others teach ; learn thou from me
 Pangs without birth, and fruitless industry.
 Let *virtuosos* in five years be writ ;
 Yet not one thought accuse thy toil of wit.
 Let gentle *George* in triumph tread the stage,
 Make *Dorimant* betray, and *Loveit* rage ;
 Let *Cully*, *Cockwood*, *Fopling*, charm the pit,
 And in their folly shew the writer's wit.
 Yet still thy tools shall stand in thy defence,
 And justify their author's want of sense.
 Let them be all by thy own model made
 Of dullness, and desire no foreign aid ;
 That they to future ages may be known,
 Not copies drawn, but issues of thy own.
 Nay, let thy men of wit too be the same,
 All full of thee, and differing but in name.
 But let no alien *S—dl—y* interpose
 To lard with wit thy hungry *Epsom* prose.
 And when false flow'rs of *rhetoric* thou would'st pull,
 Trust nature, do not labour to be dull ;
 But write thy best, and top ; and in each line,
 Sir *Formal*'s oratory will be thine,
 Sir *Formal*, though unsought, attends thy quill,
 And does by *northern dedications* fill.
 Nor let false friends seduce thy mind to fame,
 By arrogating *Johnson*'s hostile name.
 Let Father *Flecknoe* fire thy mind with praise,
 And Uncle *Ogleby* thy envy raise.
 Thou art my blood, where *Johnson* has no part :
 What share have we in nature or in art ?
 Where did his wit or learning fix a brand,
 And rail at arts he did not understand ?
 Where made he love in Prince *Nicander*'s vein,
 Or swept the dust in *Psyche*'s humble strain ;
 Where sold he bargains, sweep-stitch, kiss my arse,
 Promis'd a play, and dwindled to a farce ?
 When did his muse from *Fletcher* scenes purloin,
 As thou whole *Etb'ridge* dost transfuse to thine ?
 But so trans fus'd, as oil and waters flow,
 His always floats above, thine sinks below.
 This is thy province, this thy wond'rous way,
 New humours to invent for each new play :

This is that boasted bias of the mind,
 By which, one way, to dullness 'tis inclin'd ;
 Which makes thy writings lean on one side still,
 And, in all changes, that way bends thy will.
 Nor let thy mountain-belly make pretence
 Of likeness ; thine's a tympany of sense.
 A ton of man in thy large bulk is writ,
 But sure thou'rt but a kilderkin of wit.
 Like mine, thy gentle numbers feebly creep ;
 Thy Tragic Muse gives smiles, thy Comic, sleep.
 With whate'er gall thou set'st thyself to write,
 Thy inoffensive Satires never bite.
 In thy felonious heart tho' venom lies,
 It does but touch thy pointless pen, and dies.
 Thy genius calls thee not to purchase fame
 In keen iambics, but mild anagram.
 Leave writing plays, and chuse for thy command
 Some peaceful province in acrostic land.
 There thou may'st wings display, and altars raise,
 And torture one poor word ten thousand ways.
 Or if thou would'st thy diff'rent talents suit,
 Set thy own songs, and sing them to thy lute.

He said ; but his last words were scarcely heard,
 For *Bruce* and *Longwil* had a trap prepar'd,
 And down they sent the yet-declaiming bard.
 Sinking he left his drugget robe behind,
 Born upwards by a subterranean wind.
 The mantle fell to the young prophet's part,
 With double portion of his father's art.

We have dwelt the longer on this subject, because there is reason to apprehend, that the benefits arising from well-conducted Satire have not been sufficiently considered. A Satire may often do more service to the cause of religion and virtue, than a sermon ; since it gives pleasure, at the same time that it creates fear or indignation, and conveys its sentiments in a manner the most likely to captivate the mind.

Of all the ways that wisest men could find,
 To mend the age, and mortify mankind,
 Satire well writ has most successful prov'd,
 And cures, because the remedy is lov'd.

Duke of Bucks's ESSAY.

VOL. I.

T

But

But to produce the desired effect, it must be Jocose, Free, and Impartial, tho' Severe. The Satyrift should always preserve good-humour, and, however keen he cuts, should cut with kindness. When he loses temper, his weapons will be inverted, and the ridicule he threw at others will retort with contempt on himself; for the Reader will perceive that he is angry and hurt, and consider his Satire as the effect of malice, not of judgment, and that it is intended rather to wound persons than reform manners.

Rage you must hide, and prejudice lay down :
A Satire's smile is sharper than his frown.

The best, and indeed the only method to expose vice and folly effectually, is to turn them to ridicule, and hold them up for public contempt; and as it most offends these objects of Satire, so it least hurts ourselves. One passion frequently drives out another; and as we cannot look with indifference on the bad actions of men (for they must excite either our wrath or contempt) it is prudent to give way to that which most offends vice and folly, and least affects ourselves; and to sneer and laugh, rather than be angry and scold.

We might here take notice of those Satyriſts who have written in prose, which indeed are many; for every thing that has appeared in praise of wisdom and virtue may be considered as a latent Satire on folly and vice. Among those who have written professedly as Satyriſts, Cervantes ought to be mentioned with great esteem, and many of our English novels that have been written in what is called the life-taking manner, deserve particular commendation: But these are only to be admired which have been written with delicacy, and with a view to encourage virtue, and promote the happiness of mankind. When wit wants delicacy, it can never succeed; for it then grows obnoxious to human reason, and becomes itself the object of Satire. An author who writes with indecency, gives evidence against himself, and proves to the whole world, that he has either a bad heart, or a depraved mind. Besides this, he shows that he is in love with his own opinion, and has a contempt for that of mankind in general; qualities that can never procure approbation and success.

Before we leave this subject, it may not be amiss to say something of the *Burlesque* kind of poetry, which is chiefly used

* Ale-

used by way of drollery and ridicule ; and therefore I know not where I can more properly speak of it than under the head of *Satire*. An excellent example of this kind is a poem in blank verse, intitled *The Splendid Shilling*, written by Mr. John Philips, which, in the opinion of one of the best judges of the age, is the finest Burlesque in the English language. In this poem the author has handled a low subject in the lofty stile and numbers of *Milton* ; in which way of writing Mr. Philips has been imitated by several, but none have come up to the humour and happy turn of the original. When we read it, we are betrayed into a pleasure that we could not expect ; tho', at the same time, the sublimity of the stile, and gravity of the phrase, seem to chastise that laughter which they provoke. The Poet's Invocation to his Muse is prefixed to his poem by way of motto.

The SPLENDID SHILLING. By Mr. PHILIPS.

—Sing, beau'ly Muse,
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme,
A Shilling, Breeches, and Chimeras dire.

Happy the man who, void of care and strife,
In filken or in leatherne purse retains
A SPLENDID SHILLING : He nor hears with pain
New oysters cry'd, nor sighs for chearful ale ;
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
To Jun'per's, Mag-pye, or Town-hall * repairs ;
Where, mindful of the nymph, whose wanton eye
Transfix'd his soul, and kindled am'rous flames,
CHLOE or PHILLIS, he each circling glass
Wishes her health, and joy, and equal love.
Mean while he smoaks, and laughs at merry tales,
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.
But I, whom griping penury surrounds,
And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
With scanty offals, and small acid tiff,
(Wretched repast !) my meagre corps sustain ;
Then solitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile, or with a warming puff
Regale chill'd fingers, or from tube as black

* Ale-houses of note in Oxford, when the Author wrote this poem.

As winter-chimney, or well-polish'd jet,
 Exhale *mundungus*, ill perfuming scent.
 Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,
 Smoaks *Cambro-Briton* (vers'd in pedigree
 Sprung from *Cadwaladar* and *Arthur*, kings
 Full famous in romantic tale) when he
 O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
 Upon a cargo of fam'd *Cestrian* cheese
 High over-shadowing rides, with a design
 To vend his wares, or at th' *Arvonian* mart,
 Or *Maridunum*, or the antient town
Yclep'd Brechinia, or where *Vaga's* stream
 Encircles *Ariconium*, fruitful soil !
 Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
 With *Massic*, *Setin*, or renown'd *Falern*.
 Thus, while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
 With looks demure and silent pace, a *dun*,
 Horrible monster ! hated by gods and men,
 To my aerial citadel ascends ;
 With vocal heel thrice thund'ring at my gate,
 With hideous accent thrice he calls ; I know
 The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
 What should I do ? or whither turn ? Amaz'd,
 Confounded, to the dark recefs I fly
 Of wood-hole ; strait my bristling hairs erect
 Through sudden fear ; a chilly sweat bedews
 My shudd'ring limbs, and (wonderful to tell !)
 My tongue forgets her faculty of speech ;
 So horrible he seems ! his faded brow
 Entrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
 And spreading band, admir'd by modern saints,
 Difast'rous acts forebode ; in his right-hand
 Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
 With characters and figures dire inscrib'd,
 Grievous to mortal eyes ; (ye gods, avert
 Such plagues from righteous men) Behind him stalks
 Another monster, not unlike himself,
 Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd
 A *Catchpole*, whose polluted hands the Gods
 With force incredible and magic charms
 Erst have endued ; if he his ample palm
 Should haply on ill-fated shoulders lay
 Of debtor, strait his body to the touch
 Obsequious (as whilom knights were wont)

To some enchanted castle is convey'd,
Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains,
In durance strict detain him, till, in form
Of money, PALLAS sets the captive free.

Beware, ye debtors, when ye walk, beware,
Be circumspect; oft with infidious ken
This caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
With his unhallow'd touch. So (poets sing)
Grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn
An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly-brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Protending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
Sure ruin. So her disembowel'd web
Arachne in a hall or kitchen spreads,
Obvious to vagrant flies: she secret stands
Within her woven cell; the humming prey,
Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
Inextricable, nor will ought avail
Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue.
The wasp infidious, and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly, proud of expanded wings
Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,
Useless resistance make. With eager strides
She tow'ring flies to her expected spoils;
Then with envenom'd jaws the vital blood
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcases triumphant drags.

So pass my days: but when nocturnal shades
This world envelop, and th' inclement air
Persuades men to repel benumming frosts
With pleasant wines and crackling blaze of wood,
Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimm'ring light
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friend, delights; distress'd, forlorn,
Amidst the horrors of the tedious night
Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
My anxious mind; or sometimes mournful verse
Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
Or desp'rate lady near a purling stream,
Or lover pendent on a willow-tree.
Mean while I labour with eternal drought,
And restless wish and rave; my parched throat

Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose :
 But if a slumber haply does invade
 My weary limbs, my fancy's still awake,
 Thoughtful of drink, and eager in a dream
 Tipples imaginary pots of ale,
 In vain; awake I find the settled thirst
 Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.

Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debarr'd,
 Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays
 Mature, *john-apple*, nor the downy *peach*,
 Nor *walnut* in rough furrow'd coat secure,
 Nor *medlar*, fruit delicious in decay :
 Afflictions great ! yet greater still remain ;
 My *galligaskins*, that have long withheld
 The winter's fury, and encroaching frosts,
 By time subdued (what will not time subdue !)
 An horrid chasm disclose, with orifice
 Wide, discontinuous ; at which the winds,
Eurus and *Auster*, and the dreadful force
 Of *Boreas*, that congeals the *Cronian* waves,
 Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blasts,
 Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ship
 Long sail'd secure, or thro' th' *Ægean* deep,
 Or the *Ionian*, till, cruising near
 The *Lilybæan* shore, with hideous crush
 On *Scylla* or *Charybdis* (dang'rous rocks !)
 She strikes rebounding, whence the shatter'd oak,
 So fierce a shock unable to withstand,
 Admits the sea ; in at the gaping side
 The crowding waves gush with impetuous rage,
 Resistless, overwhelming ; horrors seize
 The mariners, death in their eyes appears,
 They stare, they lave, they pump, they pray !
 (Vain efforts !) still the batt'ring waves rush in,
 Implacable, till, delug'd by the foam,
 The ship sinks found'ring in the vast abyss.

This poem, as we have hinted already, is looked upon as a master-piece in its kind ; but there is another sort of verse and style, which is most frequently made use of in treating any subject in a ludicrous manner, I mean that which is generally called *Hudibrastic*, from an admirable poem, intitled *Hudibras*, written by the ingenious Mr. Samuel Butler. Almost every one knows, that this poem

is a Satire upon the authors of our civil dissensions, in the reign of King *Charles I.* wherein the poet has, with abundance of wit and humour, exposed and ridiculed the hypocrisy or blind zeal of those unhappy times. In short, it is a kind of *Burlesque Epic Poem*, which, for the oddity of the rhymes, the quaintness of the similes, the novelty of the thoughts, and that fine raillery which runs through the whole performance, is not to be paralleled. But a few passages, selected from this work, will give the Reader the best idea of this sort of poetry: And, first, I shall take part of the character of Sir *Hudibras*, the hero of the poem, whose qualifications the Author thus pleasantly describes:

We grant, altho' he had much wit,
 H' was very shy of using it,
 As being loth to wear it out,
 And therefore bore it not about,
 Unless on holidays, or so,
 As men their best apparel do.
 Besides, 'tis known, he could speak *Greek*
 As naturally as pigs squeak ;
 That *Latin* was no more difficult,
 Than to a black-bird 'tis to whistle :
 B'ing rich in both, he never scanted
 His bounty unto such as wanted ;
 But much of either would afford
 To many that had not one word.
 For *Hebrew* roots, altho' they're found
 To flourish most in barren ground,
 He had such plenty as suffic'd
 To make some think him circumcis'd.
 And truly so he was, perhaps,
 Not as a proselyte, but for claps.

He was in *logic* a great critic,
 Profoundly skill'd in analytic :
 He could distinguish and divide
 A hair 'twixt *south* and *south-west* side ;
 On either which he would dispute,
 Confute, change hands, and still confute ;
 He'd undertake to prove, by force
 Of argument, a man's no horse ;
 He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
 And that a *lord* may be an *owl*,

A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
And rooks committee-men and trustees.
He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination :
All this by syllogism, true
In mood and figure, he would do.

For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope ;
And when he happen'd to break off
I'th' middle of his speech, or cough,
H' had hard words ready to shew why,
And tell what rules he did it by :
Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other folk :
For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.
But when he pleas'd to shew't, his speech
In loftiness of sound was rich ;
A Babylonish dialect,
Which learned pedants much affect :
It was a party colour'd dress
Of patch'd and pye-ball'd languages ;
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fustian heretofore on sattin.
It had an odd promiscuous tone,
As if he talk'd three parts in one ;
Which made some think, when he did gabble,
They heard three labourers of Babel,
Or Cerberus himself pronounce
A leath of languages at once.
This he as volubly wou'd vent
As if his stock wou'd ne'er be spent ;
And truly to support that charge,
He had supplies as vast and large ;
For he could coin or counterfeit
New words with little or no wit ;
Words so debas'd and hard, no stome
Was hard enough to touch them on :
And when with halff noise he spoke 'em,
The ignorant for current took 'em ;
That, had the orator, who once
Did fill his mouth with pebble-stones,
When he harangu'd, but known his phrase,
He wou'd have us'd no other ways.

In mathematics he was greater,
 Than Tycho Brabe, or Erra Pater ;
 For he, by geometric scale,
 Could take the size of pots of ale ;
 Resolve by fines and tangents freight,
 If bread or butter wanted weight ;
 And wisely tell what hour o'th' day
 The clock does strike, by algebra.
 Besides, he was a shrewd philosopher,
 And had read ev'ry text and gloss over ;
 Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath
 He understood b' implicit faith ;
 Whatever sceptic could inquire for
 For ev'ry *why* he had a *wherfore* ;
 Knew more than forty of 'em do :
 As far as words and terms could go :
 All which he understood by rote,
 And, as occasion serv'd, would quote ;
 No matter whether right or wrong,
 They might be either said or sung.
 His notions fitted things so well,
 That which was which he could not tell ;
 But oftentimes mistook the one
 For th' other, as great clerks have done.
 He could reduce all things to acts,
 And knew their natures by abstracts ;
 Where entity and quiddity,
 The ghosts of defunct bodies fly ;
 Where truth in person does appear,
 Like words congeal'd in northern air.
 He knew *what's what*, and that's as high
 As metaphysic wit can fly.

Then, as to *School Divinity*, the Poet compares his knight to the most famous doctors, and tells us, that he was

Profound in all the nominal
 And real ways beyond them all ;
 For he a rope of sand could twist
 As tough as learned Sorbonist,
 And weave fine cobwebs, fit for skull
 That's empty when the moon is full ;

Such as take lodgings in a head
 That's to be let unfurnished.
 He could raise scruples dark and nice,
 And, after, solve 'em in a trice ;
 As if divinity had catch'd
 The itch on purpose to be scratch'd ;
 Or, like a mountebank, did wound
 And stab herself with doubts profound,
 Only to shew with how small pain
 The sores of faith are cur'd again ;
 Altho' by woful proof we find
 They always leave a scar behind.
 He knew the seat of paradise,
 Could tell in what degree it lies ;
 And, as he was dispos'd, could prove it
 Below the moon, or else above it.
 What *Adam* dream'd of when his bride
 Came from her closet in his fide ;
 Whether the Devil tempted her
 By a *High-dutch* interpreter ;
 If either of them had a navel ;
 Who first made music malleable ;
 Whether the serpent, at the fall,
 Had cloven feet, or none at all :
 All this, without a gloss or comment,
 He could unriddle in a moment,
 In proper terms, such as men smatter
 When they throw out, and miss the matter.

Soon after this, when the Poet comes to give us an account of the knight's companion in his adventures, he has a pretty sneer upon the use of *rhymes* in poetry, to which good sense is too frequently forced to submit.

A squire he had, whose name was *Ralpb*,
 That in th'adventure went his half ;
 Tho' writers, for more stately tone,
 Do call him *Ralpho*, 'tis all one :
 And when we can with metre safe,
 We'll call him so ; if not, plain *Raph* :
 (For rhyme the rudder is of verses
 With which, like ships, they steer their courses.)

When

When Sir *Hudibras* and *Ralph* are made prisoners, and set in the stocks, it is pleasant to observe with what philosophical reflexions the knight endeavours to comfort himself and the squire under their afflictions : that tho' the body may be confined, the soul is incapable of restraint : that our liberty depends upon keeping our passions in subjection ; and that *Diogenes*, contented within the narrow limits of a tub, was more happy than *Alexander*, who is said to have wept because he had not another world to conquer.

But *Hudibras*, who scorn'd to stoop
To fortune, or be said to droop,
Chear'd up himself with ends of verse,
And sayings of philosophers.

Quoth he, th' one half of man, his mind,
Is sui juris, unconfin'd,
And cannot be laid by the heels,
Whate'er the other moiety feels.
'Tis not restraint or liberty
That makes men prisoners or free,
But perturbations that possess
The mind or equanimities.
The whole world was not half so wide
To *Alexander*, when he cry'd
Because he had but one to subdue,
As was a narrow paltry tub to
Diogenes; who is not said
(For ought that ever I could read)
To whine, put finger i'th' eye, and sob,
Because h' had ne'er another tub.

The reflexion that they had fought bravely, and gained honour by the action, tho' they had the misfortune to be beaten, is another alleviation of his distress.

He that is valiant, and dares fight,
Tho' drubb'd, can lose no honour by't.
Honour's a lease for lives to come,
And cannot be extended from
The legal tenant; 'tis a chattel
Not to be forfeited in battle.
If he that is in battle slain
Be in the bed of honour lain,

He that is beaten may be said
 To lie in honour's truckle-bed.
 For as we see th' eclipsed sun
 By mortals is more gaz'd upon,
 Than, when adorn'd with all his light,
 He shines in serene sky most bright ;
 So valour in a low estate
 Is most admir'd and wonder'd at.

These lines put me in mind of another passage in this poem, where the seat of honour is very humorously supposed to be in the *breech*, because a kick on that part is looked upon as one of the greatest indignities that can be offered, and creates an immediate and strong resentment in the person who receives it.

—Honour in the breech is lodg'd,
 As wise philosophers have judg'd,
 Because a kick in *that part* more
 Hurts honour, than deep wounds before.

Who can forbear smiling at that sound and salutary reasoning, whereby Squire Ralph demonstrates the prudence and advantages of a timely flight, rather than staying to be slain in battle ? It is generally allowed, that a well conducted retreat is almost as honourable as a victory ; but perhaps the wisdom of running away from an enemy was never proved by such arguments as are contained in the following lines :

—I with reason chose
 This stratagem t' amuse our foes,
 To make an hon'able retreat,
 And wave a total sure defeat :
 For he who fights and runs away
 May live to fight another day ;
 But he who is in battle slain
 Can never rise and fight again,
 Hence timely running's no mean part,
 Of conduct in the martial art ;
 By which some glorious feats achieve,
 As citizens by breaking thrive,
 And cannons conquer armies, while
 They seem to draw off, and recoil.

'Tis held the gallant st' course and bravest,
 To great exploits, as well as safest,
 That spares th' expence of time and pains,
 And dang'rous beating out of brains ;
 And in the end prevails as certain
 As those that never trust to fortune,
 To make their fear do execution
 Beyond the stoutest resolution ;
 As earthquakes kill without a blow,
 And, only trembling, overthrow.
 If th' antient crown'd their bravest men
 That only sav'd a citizen,
 What victory could e'er be won,
 If ev'ry one would save but one ?
 Or fight endanger'd to be lost,
 Where all resolve to save the most ?
 By this means, when a battle's won,
 The war's as far from being done ;
 For those that save themselves, and fly,
 Go halves at least i' th' victory ;
 And sometimes, when the loss is small,
 And danger great, they challenge all ;
 Print new additions to their feats,
 And emendations in gazettes ;
 And when, for furious haste to run,
 They durst not stay to fire a gun,
 Have don't with bon-fires, and at home
 Made squibs and crackers overcome ;
 To set the rabble on a flame,
 And keep their governors from blame,
 Disperse the news the pulpit tells
 Confirm'd with fire-works and with bells :
 And, tho' reduc'd to that extreme
 They have been forc'd to sing *Te Deum*,
 Yet with religious blasphemy,
 By flatt'ring heaven with a lie,
 And for their beating giving thanks,
 They've rais'd recruits, and fill'd their banks :
 For those who run from th' enemy
 Engage them equally to fly ;
 And when the fight becomes a chace,
 Those won the day that won the race.

But it is time to have done ; for to select all the beautiful passages of this inimitable poem, we should be obliged to transcribe almost the whole.

C H A P. XX.

Of the DRAMA in general, and its USE.

IF we except Religion and Politics, there is no subject, perhaps, that has occasioned so much debate as the Drama, or that has been debated with so much virulence and acrimony : and these disputes have caused various vicissitudes to the Stage, which seems to have been favoured or discouraged, raised or depressed, in proportion as liberty and good sense, or slavery and superstition, gained the ascendant.

That the Stage has been often licentious, and its managers eccentric, is beyond all doubt ; but this is no argument against its usefulness, or any just cause for its suppression. The Pulpit, as well as the Stage, has, by bad men, been sometimes employed to bad purposes ; yet no one exclaims against that method of instruction : nor is there any just occasion for it here. The power is placed in the legislator, who should carefully superintend and encourage an institution so well calculated for forming proper principles and manners in our youth, and discard whatever is personal or indecent, whatever tends to inflame the populace, or corrupt the hearts of individuals.

As the Church is the School for Religion and Piety, so would the Theatre, under due encouragement, and proper management, become a School for Morality and Virtue. Here we should learn, and learn in the most lively and affecting manner, the tendency and force of our affections and passions, and the great use of reason in their conduct and regulation ; we should see the mischiefs and horrors that result from vice ; and the happiness and blessings that crown a regular course of virtue. The sight of a hero bleeding in the cause of his country would inspire us with courage, and, what is more, the misfortunes of the brave, the virtuous, and the innocent, would learn us to feel and to weep ; and to society it is of no small consequence to humanize the mind of man, and render the heart tender and

and susceptible of these impressions ; since it would be a mighty curb to wild ambition and lawless power, and prevent the effusion of much human blood.

Nor are these all the advantages that might result from a well-regulated Drama ; for in the Theatre our youth would learn an elegant taste, a just and graceful deportment and behaviour, and a proper and forcible elocution and pronunciation, which are no where, that I know of, so well cultivated as on the Stage.

But to fire youth with the love of virtue, to infuse into them noble sentiments, and lead them on in the road to honour and to happiness, proper examples should not only be set before them, but these examples should be enforced by proper persons. A lecture on charity by a miser, on economy from an extravagant, on virtue from a debauchee, or on chastity from a prostitute, however well enforced by elocution and pronunciation, is not sufficiently feit, because we perceive the deception.

If an orator would affect his audience, says *Cicero*, he must really be affected himself, which rule concerns the player as well as the orator, and points out the reason why, in some cases, we are so little moved by the most masterly imitators ; namely, because we know that the character put on is a counterfeit, and that the passion assumed has not possession of the breast. Propriety of character is therefore of infinite consequence on the Stage, as well as in the Pulpit. He who would teach men to live well, should learn to live well himself ; for there is no other way to recommend virtue forcibly and effectually. And this might be brought about, and an entire reformation made both in the Pulpit and on the Stage, by conveying to both more dignity and honour, and promoting and encouraging none but persons of sense and virtue.

But the benefit of instructing by example (which is the business of the Stage) seems to have been little attended to in any respect ; and yet the force of example is so obvious and striking, that every one gives it the preference to precept.

I remember a gentleman, who endeavoured to educate his own children, complained to me, that he could never teach his daughter the rules of arithmetic ; and yet she had capacity enough to play extremely well at piquet, quadrille, and other games at cards. I told him, that I thought any lady might sooner, and with more ease, learn

the first four rules in arithmetic, than the game at crib-bidge or quadrille, but that some method should be found to fix her attention. In short, I undertook to instruct her, and in a very few days she was able to solve any common question in the rudiments of that science; but then she was taught as much as possible by sensible objects; proper applications were continually made, and the use of the rules applied to the purposes of life. By this means, the *severity* and *dryness* of the precepts were abated by the examples, which, at the same time that they relieved the mind, fixed the rules in the memory. Give a boy the dimensions of a piece of land, or a supposed room, laid down on paper for him to find the contents, and he will work it as directed, without being a bit the wiser; for as the operation is dry and disagreeable, the first pleasing object he meets will obliterate, as it were, all traces in the memory: but let the same boy actually measure a real room, or a piece of land, with a chain, and he will never forget it. This method of instruction sets the precept, as it were, at a distance, and turns what was before a task into a diversion; which is the case with the stage. We go to the Theatre to be diverted, and we return instructed. In Tragedy, at the same time that we weep at the misfortunes of others, we perceive by what means those misfortunes arose, and by this example are taught to guard against similar accidents: And in Comedy, when we see our own vices, or foibles, ridiculed in others, though we laugh we are stung, and go home and endeavour to correct and conceal them, lest we should be pointed out as the objects of that ridicule. Thus the Dramatic Poet, whether serious or jocose, makes our pleasures conduce to our profit, awakens the heart to a sense of its duty, and gives us lessons that are permanent and lasting; for the mind treasures up whatever is conveyed in this pleasing, striking manner, and with wonderful facility calls forth the ideas occasionally to its aid.

That the antients, and especially the *Grecians*, paid the greatest regard to their Theatres, will appear from a review of the history of the rise and progress of their Drama; which at first indeed was very rude and simple, and most probably had its rise from their harvest and vintage-feasts; when, after singing hymns in honour of their gods and heroes, they usually diverted themselves with singing jocose and satyrical songs, and reciting or acting characters that were either vicious or full of foible, in order to render those

whom

whom they suited ridiculous and contemptible. The poets, who were the philosophers and divines of that age, perceiving that this way of punishing a man, as it were by substitution, had more effect on the people than their serious admonitions, soon took up this method of instruction which they saw was well calculated, not only to ridicule folly and discountenance vice, but to raise in their youth a noble emulation, and inspire them with the love of liberty, honour and glory; besides which, they found, we may suppose, the people solicitous of instructions delivered in this manner; they saw those crowding to the Theatre who but little frequented the other schools; and therefore, like prudent physicians, they gilt their medicines, or converted them into cordials, when they found their patients were too delicate or too obstinate to receive them in any other manner. Thus the remedy was swallowed, because it was beloved; the precept, at the same time that it was enforced, was also covered by the example; the most useful lessons were learned without the trouble or appearance of study, and the minds of men humanized and polished without the pain of reproof.

The good effects produced by this method of instruction raised the Theatres to such estimation in *Athens*, that the poets were at one time considered as the most useful members of the common-wealth, their actors were also persons of birth and education, and, if we may believe *Cornelius Nepos*, their poets, their orators, and even kings themselves, did not disdain the sock and buskin, but frequently trod the stage. In *Rome* indeed they were never so much caressed as in *Athens*; yet even there those actors who were men of probity and virtue, and excellent in their profession, were held in much esteem. In proof of this, I shall refer the reader to what has been said of *Roscius*, who had the honour to instruct that prodigy of eloquence, *Cicero*, in the art of oratory, and was so nobly gratified by the people, that, we are told, he left an estate to his son of the value of Two hundred thousand pounds sterling. And it is worthy of remark, that the ever to be admired *Demosthenes* was partly indebted for his amazing success in oratory to the instruction he received from *Satyrus* the player.

But he who considers what immense sums the antients laid out in constructing Theatres (august monuments of which remain to this day) will no longer doubt the usefulness

fulness of the Stage. The *Athenians* erected a Theatre of stone capable of holding twenty thousand people ; and the *Romans*, partly from this *Greek* model, constructed one which would contain near thirty thousand. This, by the way, is a proof of their fondness for theatrical entertainments, and in some measure an evidence of their usefulness, but is, at the same time, a proof, that their entertainments were not so perfect, so natural, and expressive, as ours ; for it must be impossible for the words to be articulated distinctly at so great a distance without the means of some art to convey the sound, which would abate of the sweetness of the voice ; and, as the players wore masks, all expression from the muscles of the face, and especially the eyes, which are as it were the windows of the soul, must be lost. Yet, even with these disadvantages, the Stage was capable of conveying lessons so forcibly, that we are told *Alexander*, the tyrant of *Phœreæ*, was so affected at the representation of the *Hecuba* of *Euripides*, that he left the Theatre before the play was half finished, saying that he was ashamed to weep at the misfortunes of *Hecuba* and *Polyxena*, when he daily embrued his hands in the blood of his own citizens ; and therefore flew from the Theatre, for fear of being converted from his wicked purposes : for the crimes he daily committed, and even without reflexion, appeared so detestable in others, that his own actions would probably have been hateful to himself, had he stayed much longer :—so prevalent and powerful is precept thus delivered by example, and so striking and forcible are the lessons received from the Stage.

But the use, and even necessity of a well-regulated Drama, is too obvious to be longer insisted on. Should any one doubt the superior influence of the Stage over our passions and affections, let him read certain portions of the history of his own country, and then go and see them exhibited at the Theatre in the manner in which they are described by *Shakespear*. He will probably read those facts with little emotion, and with a mind undisturbed ; but he will see them, ay, and probably feel them, with tears in his eyes, and with a heart big with manly indignation, and generous compassion. His soul will be agitated, and that violently, all the tenderness of the heart will be awakened, and every virtue in the breast roused and stimulated to a detestation of the vices and their consequences thus represented.

But

But it is to be observed, likewise, that the Stage, when properly conducted, has not only been an enemy to vice, and a friend to virtue, but has even powerfully promoted liberty and good sense, in opposition to tyranny and superstition. During the freedom and prosperity of *Greece* and *Rome* the Stage was for this reason held in great estimation, but, under their tyrants, it was generally depressed; and when the *Roman* empire was over-run by the barbarous and uncultivated nations of the North, polite literature gave way to *Gothic* ignorance and superstition; and our youth, instead of receiving elegant lessons of life, and having their taste and manners formed or refined by the Stage, were entertained with absurd and unmeaning tales of giants, champions, enchanted knights, witches, goblins, and such other monstrous fictions and reveries as could only proceed from the grossest ignorance, or a distempered brain. These, however, gave way, occasionally, to religious and moral entertainments of the dramatic kind, which were often of such a nature, and so absurd, as to offend both reason and decency; for the virtues and vices, and even divine beings, were personified and brought on the Stage *. But in the golden days of *Elizabeth* reason began to dawn. Then arose *Shakespear* and *Johnson*, and the Theatre, tho' void of proper scenes and decorations, was honoured with the protection and encouragement of her Majesty, who dignified the players with the title of her *Majesty's Servants* and *Sworn Comedians*. In the gloomy and superstitious days of *Cromwell*, the Stage was again darkened and depressed; and we are sorry to observe, that in the reign of *Charles the Second* it grew licentious and profane; but it is no wonder that a court, destitute of every virtue, should run from one extreme to the other, from fanaticism to licentiousness, and be able to corrupt and poison all fountains of instruction.

* What sort of compositions these were, may be seen by those who are pleased to read *Adamo*, a celebrated *Florentine* play, dedicated to *Mary de Medicis Queen of France*, which has for its subject the *Fall of Man*; and the actors are God, the Angels, the Devils, *Adam*, *Eve*, the Serpent, Death, and the Seven Mortal Sins. The scene opens with a Chorus of Angels, and a Cherubim thus speaks: "Let the rain-bow be the fiddle-stick of the heavens, let the planets be the notes of our music, let time beat carefully the measure, and the winds make the sharps," &c.

Before we proceed to Tragedy and Comedy, the only Species of Dramatic Poetry worthy our particular attention, it may be necessary to observe, that many of the rules laid down by the antients and other critics for the conduct of the Drama, are absurd or trifling, and seem intended rather to curb and embarrass the poet, than to lead and assist him.

Of this sort is that rule (tho' in Tragedy approved by *Vossius*) which forbids an actor to go off the Stage more than five times; for there can be no reason assigned why he may not absent himself oftner, if the busines he is engaged in requires it. The confining the persons of the Drama to any particular number seems altogether as absurd. *Vossius*, I think, allows fourteen, which, exclusive of attendants, are indeed more than are generally concerned in works of this natnre; but if an author can employ fifteen or sixteen, or a greater number, to the pleasure and improvement of the audience, no wise man will complain of the innovation. Nor has that rule, which permits only three to speak in one scene, any shew of truth or reason to support it, tho' confirmed by *Horace* himself.

" And in one scene no more than three should speak."

Roscommon.

For it would seem absurd always to confine a conversation within that number; if more are necessary, they are to be introduced, and, when upon the Stage, are to speak and act the parts assigned them.

It is difficult to read the works of the great authors of antiquity, without being prejudiced in favour of their opinions. Great abilities often sanctify and recommend, as it were, foibles and errors; and many a man has left truth and nature to follow *Aristotle* and *Horace*, without considering (what indeed was probably the case) that these great critics founded their laws not on nature, but on the practice of their best Dramatic Writers. Had truth and nature been consulted, a conversation on the Stage would never have been confined to three persons, or their plays precisely to five acts; since, in the first case, there is no impropriety in bringing in a larger number, and, in the last, a different distribution may have been altogether as elegant, and sometimes perhaps more convenient—But we shall quit these trifles, to consider the more essential parts of the Drama.

A Play,

A Play, according to Mr. Dryden, is "a just and lively image of human nature, representing its passions and humours, and the changes of fortune to which it is subject, for the delight and instruction of mankind." If this definition be perfect, and I don't know where we can find a better, nature must be our principal guide, and many of the rules insisted on by the critics will fall to the ground. The Unities, indeed, of Action, Time, and Place, are to be regarded as much as possible, because they are correspondent with nature, and, the more they are observed, the more perfect will be the Play. It is the business of the Drama so to deceive the mind that the Spectator may forget the representation, and consider the action as real. If the mind by its fixt attention was not misled or biassed in this manner, we should seldom weep at Tragedy, or feel the satirical strokes of Comedy, and, in order to raise and support this deception, the three Unities we have mentioned, must be attended to with care.

If the Action was more than one, it would perplex the audience; it would appear confused and improbable, and therefore not sustain the mind in the state of deception before-mentioned. We have indeed in many of our best Plays an Under-plot, which often seems like another Action, but is not so in reality: it has its source from the principal Action, is dependant on it, and at last resolved into it again.

The Unity of Time is also to be observed for the reason above-mentioned. The critics, I think, have confined this to twenty-four hours; but their determination has no adequate reason to support it. As we are here guided by nature, and the audience are supposed to be so far misled as to consider the Action as real, and imagine themselves in company with the characters personated by the players, it should, if possible, coincide with the time taken up in the representation. This coincidence, however, is not to be expected, much less insisted on; all that we would infer, therefore, from this observation, is, that the Poet should keep as much as may be within the bounds of probability, and not make the portrait he draws from nature so much larger than the life as to appear monstrous and distorted. If a man can so far deceive himself as to suppose twenty-four hours included in three, he may, I think, extend his conceptions a little farther without offering much greater violence to his understanding; and many of our Plays, though

though they take up a larger space of time than is allowed by the critics, are truly valuable.

The Unity of *Place* seems to be of more consequence than that of *Time*, not only because no man can so far impose on his understanding as to conceive that he has travelled from *London* to *Bath*, and from *Bath* to *London*, while he sat still on the same bench, but because these supposed journeys, taking up several days, would break in upon the Unity of *Time* itself. The Critics, therefore, have very wisely fixed the Unity of *Place* to one town or city, which is the utmost stretch the imagination can be supposed to bear.

From what has been said, the young student will perceive that great attention must be paid to the Unities of the Drama, and, tho' he cannot always come up to the truth, should endeavour to keep as near it as possible, that no manifest incongruity may appear to make the audience laugh where he would wish to excite a different sensation.

And indeed the same care is to be taken thro' the whole Fable or Plot; for the contrivance, like a piece of elegant music, should be such, that all the parts, however multiplied and divided, may harmonize and become members of the same body. No episodes or incidents are to be introduced, however beautiful in themselves, unless they are subservient to the Action, and contribute to the main design.

With regard to the characters, they are to be uniform in themselves, that is, each person is to have the manners, sentiments, and diction, suitable to his station in life and disposition of mind: and when they are borrowed from history, the poet should take care not to contradict the historian by giving his personages dispositions different from what we are told nature had allotted them, because this would destroy probability.

The *Exits* and *Entrances* of persons of the Drama are likewise to be regarded, and, that all the parts may cohere together, every man should be seen in pursuit of his own business, not that of the Poet. To make these easy and natural, some reason should appear to the audience why each person goes out and comes in: and as the success of a Play depends much upon the business transacted on the Stage, one part should succeed another briskly and naturally. No broken scenes should be suffered, nor the Stage

ever

ever left vacant during the whole act ; because this discovers the fiction, and removes all appearance of reality.

The same effect also have Soliloquies, especially when too frequent or too long, or when brought in to relate something to the audience, than which there cannot be a greater absurdity ; since this is introducing a man *solus* in company with a thousand. The information usually given the audience in this manner ought to be conveyed by a conversation on the Stage, or it will be unnatural, and offend spectators of taste and judgment. Soliloquies appear with more propriety in Tragedy than Comedy, because a person elated with joy, or depressed with grief, fired with anger, or languishing in love, may be supposed to converse with himself ; and Soliloquies of the deliberative kind when excited by any momentous affair, are sometimes natural and have a good effect ; but they ought all to be short, and in Comedy, tho' ever so concise, they are rarely to be admitted ; for even the sive whisper, so much affected by some of the Comic Poets, very often appears unnatural and impertinent.

The division which has been generally made of the Drama into the *Protasis*, *Epitasis*, *Catastasis*, and *Catastrophe*, may be natural enough ; yet they ought not to be confined to any particular acts of the Play, but left to the Poet's discretion. The *Catastrophe* indeed must be confined to the last act, and even to the close of it ; for it is the very end of the Action, the point to which every thing was directed, and which, by removing all difficulties, winds up the plot, and discloses the event. This part of the Drama requires great attention and judgment ; for it should be so contrived, that every other part may run into it as it were spontaneously, in order that the close may appear natural and easy, at the same time that it strikes the spectators with surprize ; and to produce this effect, the *Catastrophe* must be so carefully concealed, that not a clue may be found, which apparently tends to lead us towards the discovery. On this depends the greatest part of the pleasure we receive from a well-written Play ; for the spectator, like a traveller, after being led through a wilderness, and embarrassed with tracts which cross and intersect each other, finds a double pleasure in seeing all the difficulties thus unexpectedly and surprizingly removed.

To this part of the Plot all the incidents, or little events, (which start up and give so much pleasure in the course of the

the Drama) should turn, but so turn as not to disclose any part of the main design : and in the *Catastrophe* care must be taken to enforce an useful moral or lesson in life, which, at the close or winding up of the event, should be impressed on the minds of the audience by a precept delivered in a few elegant lines.

Here it may be proper to say something of the decorations of the Stage, about which our managers have been at great expence ; and it must be owned, that the Sister Arts of Poetry, Painting, and Music, have in general been well employed ; but a sufficient use, or at least a proper use, has not been always made of Music, especially in Tragedy ; where we often find a solemn and affecting scene introduced by an air from a pantomime entertainment. These performances would, I apprehend, be more perfect and more pleasing, if new music was particularly adapted to every Tragedy, and never played on any other occasion. This, however, must be submitted to the patentees, as also must the management of their dances ; which are often not only ungraceful, and without meaning, but too frequently ill-timed, or misplaced (not to say, immodest) ; for a Comic Dance between acts, intended to excite terror and pity, is an insufferable absurdity.

C H A P. XXI.

Of C O M E D Y.

Comedy and Tragedy are both directed to the same useful end : they seize our passions and affections, to lead us to virtue, and convey instructions to the mind masked under the mode of pleasure. But the Poet is to consider, that he has now left the borders of fairy land, and is got into real life, where his imagination must be always bounded by nature. He has now to do with the passions and affections, the intrigues, business, and misfortunes of mankind, and the characters he brings on the Stage must ever correspond with the originals, and be such as are seen in life.

Comedy is one of the great parts of *Dramatic Poetry*, representing the *actions, humours, and customs* of common life. The design of Comedy is to make vice and folly appear ridiculous, and to recommend virtue, not so much by

Description

Description as *personal Action*, being represented by persons on a Stage, that the spectators may see and be ashamed of those failings in others, which they are too apt to overlook or excuse in themselves. In a word, Comedy is intended at once to *delight* and *instruct* mankind.

Comedies were formerly written in verse, but our English writers have now laid aside that practice; for as the characters in Comedy are taken from ordinary and private life, it seems unnatural to make such persons speak in verse.

The things essential to Comedy are, the *Fable*, the *Manners*, the *Sentiments*, and the *Diction*. The *Fable* is the Subject-matter of the Poem, the foundation of the whole composition, or what we usually call the *Plot*. As this is the chief thing in a Play, the Poet's first and principal care ought to be employed in the contrivance of it; that it be not seen through all at once, but open itself gradually, till it ends in a happy discovery; and that the several *Incidents*, or particular actions, may seem naturally to produce each other, and be all subservient to, and promote the main design.

The *Manners* in Comedy, or other poetry, denote the *Temper*, *Genius*, and *Humour* which the Poet gives to his Persons, and whereby he distinguishes his Characters. The *Manners* are said to be *good* when they are well expressed, that is, when the discourse of the persons plainly discover their inclinations, and what resolutions they will certainly pursue. In Characters taken from history, the Poet must preserve a Likeness of Manners, that is, he must not give a Person any quality contrary to those which history has given him. And in the Characters he draws from life, he must take care not to fix upon any person of his acquaintance who has any particular foible or affection by which he may be distinguished from the rest of mankind; for it is the business of the Comic Poet to spread the load equally, and to form his Characters from follies and vices, that are general, in order that many may be instructed, and all diverted by his performance. A particular character can hit only a particular person, and is therefore of no use to any one else; nay, it is rather personal abuse than comic humour: but when the Poet makes up his characters of follies and absurdities that are general, and holds up the glass for every man to see himself, the lesson becomes universal, and therefore truly

valuable. It is also required, that the *Manners* be suitable to the age, sex, rank, climate, and condition of the person to whom they are attributed. And they must be *equal*, that is, constant or consistent through the whole character: the *fearful* must never be *brave*, the *avaritious* must never be *liberal*, nor on the contrary.

In this respect *Shakespear's* Manners are admirable, and ought to be carefully studied. Add to this, that the *Manners* should be *necessary*, that is, no vicious quality or inclination should be given to any person in a Play, unless it be requisite to the carrying on of the Action. Upon the whole, the Poet must look into nature, must study mankind, and from thence draw the proprieties of Characters or *Manners*.

Horace, in his *Art of Poetry*, has so justly described the *Manners* that are suitable to the several stages of life, that a Poet should always have them in his view. The passage is such a beautiful picture of human nature, that I cannot forbear giving the Reader a copy of it from the Earl of Roscommon's excellent translation.

One that has newly learn'd to speak and go
Loves *childish* plays, is soon provok'd and pleas'd,
And changes ev'ry hour his wav'ring mind.
A youth, that first casts off his tutor's yoke,
Loves horses, hounds, and sports, and exercise;
Prone to all vice, impatient of reproof,
Proud, careless, fond, inconstant and profuse.
Gain and ambition rule our *riper years*,
And make us slaves to interest and pow'r.
Old men are only walking hospitals,
Where all defects and all diseases crowd,
With restless pain, and more tormenting fear;
Lazy, morose, full of delays and hopes,
Oppress'd with riches which they dare not use;
Ill-natur'd censors of the present age,
And fond of all the follies of the past.
'Thus all the treasure of our flowing years
Our ebb of life for ever takes away.
Boys must not have th' ambitious cares of *men*,
Nor *men* the weak anxieties of *age*.

As to what we call *Humour*, it is usually looked on as peculiar to the *English* Drama; at least our Comic Poets have

have excelled therein, and carried it beyond those of any other nation. By *Humour* is meant some extravagant habit, *passion*, or *affection*, by the oddness whereof a person is distinguished from the rest of men; which, being represented in a lively and natural manner, most frequently begets that pleasure in the audience which is testified by laughter. The critics consider *Humour* as a subordinate or weaker passion, chiefly found among the lower sort of people, whose characters are therefore fittest for *Comedy*, in which *Humour* is reckoned the truest *Wit*. The Duke of *Buckinghamshire*, a very good judge of these matters, makes *Humour* to be all in all. *Wit*, according to him, should never be used but to add an agreeableness to some just and proper sentiment, which, for want of such a turn, might pass without its effect.

That silly thing men call *Sheer-wit*, avoid,
With which our age so nauseously is cloy'd :
Humour is all ; *Wit* should be only brought
To turn agreeably some proper thought.

With regard to the Sentiments in Dramatic Writings, the Poet must take care that they agree with the *Manners* of his Characters. In order to this, he must not be content to look into his own mind, to see what he himself would think in any conjuncture or circumstance; but he must consider the temper, the quality, the prevailing passion of the person whose character he is to draw: he himself must assume, as it were, the *Manners* of that person, and then make him think and speak as, it is probable, such a one would really do on the same subject or occasion. This requires a thorough knowledge of nature, a strong imagination, and a great genius.

The Stile of Comedy should be *pure* and *neat*, but *simple* and *familiar*; neither above the reach of ordinary capacities, nor sullied with base and vulgar expressions. In all Dramatic Writings the *Language* should naturally express the Sentiments, and be agreeable to the *Character* of the speaker, as *Horace* has well observed :

You must take care, and use quite diff'rent words
When *Servants* speak, or their commanding *Lords*,
When grave old men, or headstrong youths discourse,
When stately *matrons*, or a busy *nurse*,

A cheating tradesman, or a lab'ring clown,
A Greek or Asian, bred at court or town.

The parts of a Comedy are four: *viz.* 1. The *Protaasis*, or Entrance, which proceeds very little into the Action, but shews us the characters of the persons. 2. The *Epitaasis*, or *Working-up of the Plot*, wherein the Play grows warmer, the Design or Action draws on and thickens, and we see something promising. 3. The *Catastasis*, or *Full-growth* of the Plot, which is now brought to its greatest height; but here the Play takes what we may call a *Counter-turn*, our expectation is destroyed, and the Action embroiled in new difficulties. 4. The *Catastrophe*, which we call the *Discovery* or *Unravelling* of the Plot, wherein we see all things settling again upon their first foundations, and terminating in an unexpected happy issue.

A Comedy is divided into five parts called *Acts*; and every Play that has more or less than five is reckoned irregular. This was a dramatic law in *Horace's* time, and stands unrepealed to this day; tho' it seems to draw its force from the authority of antiquity, rather than that of reason or nature. However, some pretend, that every just Action consists of five distinct parts, and accordingly assign one to each Act in a Play. The first, say they, propo'ses the Matter or Argument of the Fable, and shews the principal Characters. The second proceeds into the Affair or Business. The third furnishes Obstacles and Difficulties. The fourth either removes those Difficulties, or finds new ones in the Attempt. The fifth puts an end to all by a fortunate Discovery. This division of a Play into several *Acts* is contrived to give a respite or breathing-time both to the actors and spectators; for in the interval between the *Acts*, the Stage remains empty, and without any visible Action, tho' it is supposed all the while there is one carrying on out of sight. This division, however, is not made purely for the sake of the respite, but to give things a greater degree of probability, and render the intrigue more affecting. Add to this, that authors contrive to have the most dry and difficult parts of the Drama transacted between the *Acts*, as well to preserve the Unity of Time, as that the spectators may have no notion of these but what their fancy presents them with at a distance, and that nothing may appear on the Stage but what is natural and entertaining. The *Acts* of a Play are divided into

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The Reader may perhaps expect, from the method we have hitherto observed, that we should now give him a specimen of this sort of Dramatic Poetry ; but as pieces written for the Stage are much too long for the compass of our present undertaking, we can only refer him to the works of *Shakespear*, that great master of nature ; to those of *Ben Johnson*, who was a careful observer of the laws of the *Drama* ; and to the Comedies of *Congreve*, *Steele*, *Vanburgh*, *Cibber*, and other modern Poets, who have distinguished themselves in this species of the Drama.—We now proceed to Tragedy.

C H A P. XXII.

Of TRAGEDY.

Tragedy is a *Dramatic Poem* representing some *signal Action* performed by *illustrious persons*, and which has frequently a fatal issue : Or (if you like Aristotle's definition of it better) it is the *imitation* of one *grave and intire Action*, of a just length, and which, without the assistance of *Narration*, raises in us *pity and terror*, and refines and purges the passions. By refining the passions is meant the reducing them to proper bounds ; for Tragedy, by shewing the miseries that attend the subjection to them, teaches us to watch them more narrowly ; and, by seeing the great misfortunes of others, the sense of our own is lessened. Writings of this kind tend to cherish and cultivate

A cheating tradesman, or a lab'ring clown,
A Greek or Asian, bred at court or town.

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vate that humanity which is the ornament of our nature ; they soften insolence, sooth affliction, and subdue the mind to the dispensations of providence.

Our Tragedies are generally written in *blank verse*, which is a due medium between *prose* and *rhyme*, and seems wonderfully adapted to this kind of Drama. But the Poet frequently ends his Play, or perhaps every Act of it, with two or three couplets, which have an agreeable effect, and gives the Actor a graceful *exit*.

In Tragedy, as well as Comedy, the essential parts are the *Fable*, *Manners*, *Sentiments*, and *Diction*.

The *Fable* is of Tragedy the end,
To which the *grand design* does wholly tend.
The Poet here employs his care and art
To move the passions, and incline the heart :
But if, in labour'd Acts, the pleasing rage
Cannot by turns our *hopes* and *fears* engage,
Nor in our minds a *feeling pity* raise,
In vain with learned Scenes he fills his Plays.

As the Fable, or Main-plot, consists of many Incidents or Scenes, the Poet should make a draught of these before he begins to write, wherein he should mark all the fine touches of the passions, and the admirable turns that produce them : and having thus the whole plan before him, he will the better discover and correct its faults before he proceeds to the execution of it. This is a rule laid down by the Duke of *Buckinghamshire*, who says,

Beside the *main Design* compos'd with art,
Each *moving Scene* must have a *Plot* apart.
Contrive each little turn, mark ev'ry place,
As painters first chalk out the future face :
Yet be not fondly your own slave for this,
But change hereafter what appears amiss.

Such *Incidents* as are most productive of *terror* and *compassion*, are the most proper for *Tragedy*. These are such as happen among friends and relations ; as when a *brother* kills, or is going to kill a *brother*, a *father* or *mother* their *son*, or the *son* his *father* or *mother*, and the like. We may distinguish these Incidents into three kinds : The first, when a person has a perfect knowledge of what he does, or intends to do : the second, when the actor does not know the heinousness of his action till after it is done ; and the third,

third, when one person is going to kill another that is unknown to him, and is prevented by a discovery of their relation and friendship. Incidents of this last sort are the most beautiful. The first have something too *horrible*; but the second are agreeable enough; for the crime being committed through *ignorance*, there is nothing in it flagitious or inhuman, and the discovery is extremely affecting. This naturally leads me to observe, that all Incidents are not to be represented on the Stage. Those that are shocking are best transacted behind the Scenes, as that of *Medea's* murdering her children, and such like barbarities, which have too much *horror* in them to be viewed by an audience that does not delight in cruelty and bloodshed. Add to this, that in all the *Incidents*, as well as in the *main Fable*, the Poet should always keep within the bounds of probability. In the *Plot* great care must be taken to make every part, or under-action, contribute to the main Action, and aid the general design; for whatever can be left out of the Plot without prejudice to the principal Action has no business in the Play: And the Incidents must produce each other in a manner unexpected by the audience, and so as to occasion surprize, or they will fail of their intended effect both in Tragedy and Comedy.

As to the *Manners of Tragedy*, it is sufficient to refer to what has been said upon that subject under the head of *Comedy*. What I have there observed with regard to the Sentiments, should likewise be attended to; the substance of which is well expressed in the following lines :

The Poet still must look within to find
The secret turns of nature in the mind.
He must be sad, be proud, and in a storm,
And to each character his mind conform :
The *Proteus* must all shapes, all passions wear,
If he would have just Sentiments appear.

With respect to the *Diction*, it must be adapted to the *Sentiments* and *Characters*; and therefore the Stile of Tragedy should not always be equal and *uniform*, but judiciously diversified. Care must be taken to make every *passion* speak a language suitable to its nature. *Anger* is proud, and utters haughty expressions, but talks in words less fierce and fiery as it abates: *Grief* is more humble, and uses a language like itself, *dejected, plain, and sorrowful*.

Wise nature by variety does please,
 And diff'ring passions wear a diff'ring dress.
 Bold anger in rough haughty words appears ;
 Sorrow is humble, and dissolves in tears.
 Make not your *Hecuba* with fury rage,
 And shew a ranting grief upon the Stage.
 In sorrow you must softer methods keep,
 And, to excite our tears, yourself must weep.
 Those bombast words, with which bad Plays abound,
 Come not from hearts that are in sadness drown'd.

The critics require three *Unities* to be observed in every regular Play, *viz.* those of *Action*, *Time*, and *Place*; which, notwithstanding they are explained in our Chapter of the Drama in general, it may be necessary to take some notice of here.

By the *Unity of Action* they mean, that one great Action is to be carried on throughout the Play, on which all the under Actions must depend, and which they must all have a tendency to promote. For, say they, if two Actions be equally laboured and driven on by the Poet, the Unity of the Piece will be destroyed, and it will no longer be one Play, but two. The Action must also have a *Beginning*, *Middle*, and *End*; which *F. Boffu*, a celebrated French critic, thus explains: The causes and designs of undertaking an Action, are the *Beginning*; the effects of those causes, and the difficulties met with in the execution of it, are the *Middle*; and the unravelling and removing these difficulties, is the *End*.

By *Unity of Time* (strictly speaking) is meant, that all the transactions represented in a Play may naturally be supposed to have passed in as little time as is taken up in the representation. This rule indeed is very seldom observed by Dramatic Poets; and the critics are not agreed about the matter, some allowing twenty-four hours, others twelve, and others but four or five, for the time of the Action. But as every Play ought to be a *just imitation of nature*, the greater the *likeness* in this particular, as well as others, the more perfect the Piece must be esteemed.

What is meant by *Unity of Place*, is that the Scene should never be shifted throughout the Play, but remain in the same place where it was laid at the beginning. This indeed would be to keep close to nature and probability; for what is presented on the same *Stage*, which is never moved,

moved, should be supposed to have passed in the same house, and the same apartment. But as this restraint would cramp the Poet too much, and would suit very ill with abundance of subjects, the *Unity of Place* is allowed to be sufficiently observed, if the Action is confined to the same town or city : The Scene, however, ought never to be changed in the middle of an Act. In general, the *French*, (in imitation of the antients) observe this law more strictly than the *English*; but the more judicious and accurate of our writers take care not to deviate too far from probability, by shifting the Scene between the Acts much farther than the persons concerned may be supposed to have gone in the interval, and therefore seldom carry it out of the same town. Others have no regard at all to *Unity of Place*; and most of our great *Shakespear's Plays* are faulty in this respect. The *Characters* most proper for *Tragedy* are those which are neither *consummately virtuous* and *innocent*, nor *scandalously wicked*. To make a perfectly good man unhappy excites *horror*, not *terror* nor *compassion*. To punish a notorious criminal gives us a sort of satisfaction, but neither creates *fear* nor *pity*, which is the business of *Tragedy*. The Poets should not make a person draw his misfortunes on himself by *superlative wickedness*, but by some *involuntary fault* either committed thro' *ignorance*, or the transport of a *violent passion*. Hear what the Duke of *Buckinghamshire* says upon this subject :

Reje&t that vulgar error, which appears
So fond of making *perfect Characters* :
There's no such thing in nature, and you'll draw
A *faultless monster*, which the world ne'er saw.
Some faults must be, which his misfortunes drew,
But such as may deserve compassion too.

Tragedy is not always to end with the misfortunes of some principal person ; for sometimes it may have a happy *Catastrophe*, and sometimes a double one ; that is, happy for the *good*, and unhappy for the *guilty* ; but the *single* and *unfortunate Catastrophe* is reckoned the best, as it is most likely to produce *terror* and *compassion*.—It is a dispute indeed among the critics, whether *virtue* should *always* be rewarded, and *vice* punished in the *Catastrophe* of a *Tragedy* ; but the reasons on the negative side seem the strongest.

The Plot or *Fable* of a Play is generally unravelled by some accidental *discovery* of the name, fortune, quality, or other circumstances of a principal person before unknown. Those *discoveries*, which are immediately followed by a change of the fortune or condition of some chief character, are the most beautiful, and have the best effect upon the audience. There are several sorts of *discoveries*: First, by certain marks in the body, either natural or accidental: such as that of *Ulysses*, who, having received a wound in his thigh by a boar before the *Trojan* war, is discovered by the old nurse, upon washing his legs after his return home *incognito*. Secondly, by *Tokens*; as the casket of things, which the priest found with *Ion* when he was exposed, discovers *Creusa*, whom he was going to kill, to be his mother. Thirdly, by *Remembrance*; that is, when the sight or hearing of any thing occasions us to recollect our misfortunes: Thus, when *Ulysses* heard *Demodocus* sing his actions at the siege of *Troy*, the memory of them so affected him that he could not refrain from tears, which discovered him to *Alcinous*: but the finest *Discoveries* are those which arise from the Subject, or *Incidents* of the *Fable*; as that of *Oedipus* from his excessive curiosity, or that of *Orestes* when he discovers *Iphigenia* by a letter sent by *Pylades*, which it was natural for her to send on that occasion.

Thus we have laid down the chief rules and observations relating to the *Drama*, as they have been delivered to us by the greatest critics antient and modern: but the Reader will excuse our not giving him an example of *Tragedy*, for the reason mentioned at the conclusion of the foregoing chapter. We know, indeed, that one good example is, in a work of this nature, worth a thousand precepts, and, to those who would thoroughly understand the nature of this part of Dramatic Poesy, we must recommend the constant and careful study of *Shakespear*, *Oway*, *Roxe*, and other Tragic Writers of established reputation.—We now proceed to other Dramatic or Stage Entertainments, which it may be proper to take some notice of, though they are not conformable to the rules of the Drama laid down by the best critics.

C H A P. XXIII.

Of FARCE, MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENTS,
OPERA, and PANTOMIME.

After Comedy and Tragedy, it may be necessary to say something of the other Entertainments that are brought upon the Stage, and those, I think, are all included in the preceding title; for we don't consider Oratorios as within our province, because they are performed without what is properly called Action upon the Stage, and therefore are subject to none of the rules of the Drama.

A FARCE is an Entertainment of the comic kind, but 'tis Comedy, (if I may so express myself) beyond the reach of reason, it being founded on improbable and often monstrous chimæras, and made up of characters and incidents drawn out of nature; so that the events are forced and absurd, and the humour too frequently childish and extravagant. It addresses the fancy, which has some pleasure in seeing improbabilities so artfully linked together as not to disgust the mind, and, like Comedy, it makes us laugh, tho' often upon different principles.

Of these we have very few that deserve our notice, except Mr. Garrick's LETHE, which indeed is too good to be classed with these performances; since it abounds with natural and well supported characters, and affords a great deal of entertainment and useful instruction.

The FARCE seems in a great measure displaced by a new kind of Entertainment, which, I think, should be called Little Comedies, since they are within the bounds of nature and probability, are made up of characters drawn from life, and have every other essential property of the Comedy. And of these we have lately been presented with some that are truly valuable by Mr. Garrick, Mr. Murphy, and others.

By MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENTS, I mean those which have a Plot like the Farce, or Little Comedy, and where there is speaking and acting intermixed with songs, and sometimes with recitative. Of these we have many set to music by gentlemen of distinguished taste and judgment; but those that have no recitative are, I think, the best, be-

cause that is a species of music, that can seldom be admitted without doing violence to nature and reason.

The OPERA is a Dramatic Entertainment, which the performers sing to musical instruments. The instrumental music and the voices are often excellent, and the dresses, scenes, and machinery very grand and surprising; but the conduct of the Drama is, I think, an insult upon the understanding. Who can bear to hear affairs of state debated in recitative, or to see *Cyrus*, *Alexander*, and *Cæsar*, those mighty conquerors of the world, warbling out orders to their generals in the voice of a woman responsive to the soft airs of a fiddle and flute? What can be more preposterous than to hear a réprimand, or a common message, quavered to a servant? Or what more absurd than to see a person stop, even when on business of the utmost consequence, to sing a song?—Which last Mr. *Gay* has very judiciously ridiculed in the Second Act of his *Beggar's Opera*; where, at a time when *Lucy* has just contrived the means of *Macheath's* escape, and is intent on getting him off undiscovered, she stops him to hear her sing this song.

I like the fox shall grieve,
Whose mate hath left her side,
Whom hounds from morn to eve
Chace o'er the country wide.
Where can my lover hide?
Where cheat the wary pack?
If love be not his guide,
He never will come back.

Yet, notwithstanding these and other absurdities with which most of the Operas abound, it is beyond the power of persuasion, and indeed of ridicule, to prevent their being frequently exhibited and applauded: for here we are led away by sight and by sound, which, as it were, seem united against reason and common sense; and the eye and the ear are feasted without any regard to the understanding. It must be acknowledged, indeed, that some of these performances have great merit both as to the poetry, the contrivance, and other essentials of the Drama, and would prove rational entertainments to persons of the most refined taste and judgment, were they not rendered unnatural and offensive by a perpetual recitative, and made still more absurd by their method of transacting the most important affairs with a fiddle,

The

The PANTOMIME had its rise probably from the ancient mimes, a sort of actors who had the art (it is said) of conveying their ideas, sentiments, and passions to the spectators, of whatever nation, with amazing dexterity ; and that by dumb show or action only. If this be true, we are sorry the art is lost, because it must, in some degree, have answered the end of an universal language ; besides which, it must be pleasant to see a tale thus told in the language of the limbs.

Our Pantomime, or *Harlequin* Entertainments, as they are now called, are of a different nature, and are made pleasing rather by scenes, music, machinery, and antic tricks, than by any expressive gesture in the performers, or instruction conveyed by the piece ; for, if I mistake not, they are altogether deficient both with regard to Plot and Moral, and can produce no other effect on the spectators, than that of making them stare and laugh. Besides which (and there cannot be a greater absurdity) all these Pieces have the same sort of Plan or Design, and are made up of the same Characters ; which are *Harlequin*, *Colombine*, *Pantaloone*, *Pierrot*, and a Squire. *Harlequin*, who is supposed to deal with the infernal powers by means of a necromancer, is in love with *Colombine*, and she with him, but they are crossed in their affections by *Pantaloone* her father, *Pierrot* his man, and a Squire who is also an admirer of Miss *Colombine* ; which occasions a great deal of bustle and confusion, and gives *Harlequin* an opportunity of working wonders with his wooden sword, in which his wit as well as his power seems chiefly to consist. After many amazing transformations, and other absurd tricks, in which *Pantaloone* the father is with the rest entrapt and punished, to the gratification of his pious daughter and her gallant, some powerful being steps forth, and puts *Pantaloone* in a good humour ; who thereupon makes *Harlequin* a present of his dutiful daughter, and thus the hodge-podge ends with a wedding, to the great joy of the critics in the upper gallery.

If the contrivers of these Entertainments, who distribute magic so profusely to others, were any conjurers themselves, they might not only introduce new characters, but form plots of a moral tendency that would leave some useful lesson in the minds of the audience, and the moral might be conveyed more forcibly, and perhaps more agreeably, by interspersing occasional songs that are short and instructive ;

structive; for we are ever to consider that those pieces, which do not instruct as well as divert, have no business upon the Stage; which was originally intended to ridicule folly and vice, to correct abuse, to fire the breast with noble passions, and to present such characters as tend to inspire the soul with the love of virtuous and great actions, and which are therefore worthy of our imitation.

C H A P. XXIV.

Of PROLOGUES, and EPILOGUES.

OF a piece with the Drama are the Prologue and Epilogue; since most Dramatic Performances, and especially Tragedy and Comedy, are preceded by the one, and followed by the other. These little poems are of such ancient date, and so many and various in their turn and manner, that a history of them would be no disagreeable present to the public, especially of the Prologues, in which the audience have occasionally been solicited, implored, cajoled, and even bullied and abused.

Dr. den wrote numbers of them for his cotemporary authors, at the usual price of four guineas; and these Prologues, as Dr. *Warburton* * observes, “we now look up, “on with the same admiration, that the virtuosi do on the “apothecary’s pots painted by *Raphael*.” For this great Poet never drew his pen without leaving behind him evident strokes of the master.

We have many modern compositions of this kind that are truly excellent, but none perhaps that exceed the following Prologue written by Mr. *Samuel Johnson*, and spoken by Mr. *Garrick* at the opening of the Theatre in *Drury-lane*, in the year 1747.

When learning’s triumph o’er her barb’rous foes
First rear’d the Stage, immortal SHAKESPEAR rose;
Each change of many-colour’d life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin’d new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting time toil’d after him in vain:
His pow’rful strokes presiding Truth impress’d,
And unresisted passion storm’d the breast.

* See Note to *Pope’s Works*.

Then JOHNSON came instructed from the school,
To please in method, and invent by rule ;
His studious patience, and laborious art,
By regular approach essay'd the heart ;
Cold approbation gave the ling'ring bays,
For those who durst not censure, scarce cou'd praise.
A mortal born, he met the gen'ral doom,
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.

The wits of CHARLES found easier ways to fame,
Nor wish'd for JOHNSON's art, or SHAKESPEAR's flame ;
Themselves they studied, as they felt they writ,
Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.
Vice always found a sympathetic friend ;
They pleas'd their age, and did not aim to mend.
Yet bards like these aspir'd to lasting praise,
And proudly hop'd to pimp in future days :
Their cause was gen'ral, their supports were strong,
Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long ;
Till shame regain'd the post that sense betray'd,
And virtue call'd oblivion to her aid.

Then crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as refin'd,
For years the pow'r of Tragedy declin'd ;
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
Till declamation roar'd, while passion slept.
Yet still did virtue deign the Stage to tread,
Philosophy remain'd, though nature fled.
But forc'd at length her ancient reign to quit,
She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of wit :
Exulting folly hail'd the joyful day,
And Pantomime and Song confirm'd her Sway.

But who the coming changes can presage,
And mark the future periods of the Stage ?
Perhaps if skill could distant times explore,
New Bebns, new Durfeys yet remain in store.
Perhaps where Lear has rav'd, and Hamlet dy'd,
On flying cars new sorcerers may ride.
Perhaps (for who can guess th' effects of chance ?)
Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance.

Hard is his lot, that here by fortune plac'd,
Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste ;
With every meteor of caprice must play,
And chace the new blown bubbles of the day.
Ah ! let not censure term our fate our choice,
The Stage but echoes back the public voice,

The Drama's laws the Drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please must please to live.

Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die ;
'Tis yours this night to bid the reign commence
Of rescu'd nature and reviving sense ;
To chace the charms of sound, the pomp of show,
For useful mirth and salutary woe ;
Bid Scenic Virtue form the rising age,
And Truth diffuse her radiance from the Stage.

Prologues are of more use than Epilogues, and in some cases necessary, because, like a preface to a book, they prepare the mind for what is to follow ; and while they have this propriety, they have a good effect ; but if they betray any part of the Plot, or recommend an action that deserves our contempt, or excite in the audience too high an opinion of the Play, they are not to be endured. Mr. Garrick's Prologue to the Farce called *Taste*, tho' otherwise an excellent performance, is faulty in this last respect, and becomes bad by being too good ; for it not only anticipated in some measure the design of the Farce, but, by the humour it contained, raised an expectation in the audience which that Performance could not satisfy, though in itself not unworthy of public attention.

Mr. Pope's Prologue to the Tragedy of *Cato*, though admired as a fine piece of writing, is in my opinion far from being a good Prologue ; because it recommends suicide, and raises a man to the skies, who evidently wanted fortitude, and was guilty of an action that nature abhors. To this it may be objected, that self murder was, in some cases, esteemed greatness of soul among the *Romans*, and was therefore customary, as it is too much with us ; but we are to consider, that the practice and customs of any particular nation, or indeed of all nations united, can never sanctify an action so repugnant to nature and reason.— Those lines printed in *Italic* characters are, I think, particularly exceptionable.

PROLOGUE TO CATO by MR. POPE. Spoken by MR. WILKS.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart,
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold :

For

For this the Tragic Muse first trod the Stage,
 Commanding tears to stream thro' every age ;
 Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
 And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
 Our Author shuns by vulgar springs to move
 The hero's glory, or the virgin's love ;
 In pitying love we but our weakness show,
 And wild ambition well deserves its woe.
 Here tears shall flow from a more generous cause,
 Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws :
 He bids your breasts with ancient ardor rise,
 And calls forth *Roman* drops from *British* eyes :
 Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
What Plato thought, and god-like Cato was :
No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure hear'n it self surveys ;
 A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.
 While *Cato* gives his little senate laws,
 What bosom beats not in his country's cause ?
Who sees him act, but envies every deed ?
Who bears him groan, and does not wish to bleed ?
 Even when proud *Cæsar* 'midst triumphal cars,
 The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
 Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
 Show'd *Rome* her *Cato*'s figure drawn in state,
 As her dead father's rev'rend image past,
 The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast;
 The triumph ceas'd—Tears gush'd from ev'ry eye,
 The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by ;
 Her last good man dejected *Rome* ador'd,
 And honour'd *Cæsar*'s less than *Cato*'s sword.
 Britons, attend : be worth like this approv'd,
 And show you have the virtue to be mov'd.
 With honest scorn the first-fam'd *Cato* view'd
*Rome learning arts * from Greece, whom she subdu'd.*
 Our scene precariously subsists too long
 On French translation, and Italian song :

* It can be no crime to learn arts even from the most abject nations, and especially in our time when kings send their subjects out to steal them. See the life of Sir Thomas Loombe.

Dare to have sense yourselves ; assert the Stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage.
Such Plays alone should please a *British* ear,
As Cato's self would not disdain to hear.

Epilogues, as well as Prologues are always faulty when they want propriety, and Dr. Garth's to the Play above-mentioned is, I think, particularly so ; for, instead of ridiculing the *Romans* for those acts of suicide, and giving us an antidote to self-murder, which an Epilogue to this Play ought to have done, he dwells upon the Love Episode only, and takes no notice of the principal Action.

E P I O G U E to C A T O by Dr. G A R T H. Spoken by
Mrs. Porter.

What odd fantastic things we women do !
Who would not listen when young lovers woo ?
But die a maid, yet have the choice of two ! }
Ladies are often cruel to their cost ;
To give you pain, themselves they punish most.
Vows of virginity should well be weigh'd ;
Too oft they're cancel'd tho' in convents made.
Would you revenge such rash resolves — you may : }
Be spiteful ! — and believe the things we say ; }
We hate you when you're easily said nay.
How needless, if you knew us, were your fears ?
Let love have eyes, and beauty will have ears.
Our hearts are form'd as you yourselves would chuse,
Too proud to ask, too humble to refuse :
We give to merit, and to wealth we sell ;
He sighs with most success that settles well.
The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix ;
'Tis best repenting in a coach and six.
Blame not our conduct, since we but pursue
Those lively lessons we have learn'd from you :
Your breast no more the fire of beauty warms,
But wicked wealth usurps the power of charms ;
What pains to get the gaudy thing you hate !
To swell in show, and be a wretch in state !
At plays you ogle, at the ring you bow ;
Even churches are no sanctuaries now :
There golden idols all your vows receive,
She is no goddess that has nought to give.

Oh,

Oh, may once more the happy age appear,
When words were artless, and the thoughts sincere;
When gold and grandeur were unenvy'd things,
And courts less coveted than groves and springs.
Love then shall only mourn when truth complains,
And constancy feels transport in its chains;
Sighs with success their own soft anguish tell,
And eyes shall utter what the lips conceal;
Virtue again to its bright station climb,
And beauty fear no enemy but time;
The fair shall listen to desert alone,
And every *Lucia* find a *Cato's* son.

In this country, where suicide is more frequent than in any other part of the world, self-murder ought not to be applauded on the Stage, or even admitted there, unless the force of the impression is removed by a judicious Epilogue, which indeed is the only way of making these compositions useful; for the applying of them at the end of a grave and good lesson, as they usually are, merely to make people laugh, seems to me impertinent. For why the Moral, which the play was intended to enforce, should be burlesqued and ridiculed, and the impression made on us dissipated, I cannot conceive. We have already observed, that the Stage ought to be made a succedaneum to the Pulpit, since it is brought in aid of it to recommend virtue, and discountenance vice. Now, granting this affinity, suppose, that after a clergyman has made a serious and affecting discourse, the clerk should impertinently start up, and with an antic gesture endeavour to dissipate and destroy the good impression his sermon had made, would you not think him mad or stupid? Yet this is pretty much our conduct with respect to Epilogues; for the greatest part of them either counteract the Play they succeed, or are destitute of that propriety which is necessary to render them of any value.

C H A P. XXV.

Of the EPIC or HEROIC POEM.

AN Epic or Heroic Poem is a Discourse formed upon a Story partly real and partly feigned, representing some glorious and fortunate Action, that is distinguished by

by a variety of wonderful, yet probable and pleasing Events, and delivered in verse by way of Narration, in a sublime and flowing Stile, to form the Manners, and inflame the Mind with the Love of Virtue.

What distinguishes an *Epic* from a *Dramatic Poem*, is its being a *Narration* that comes immediately from the Poet, and is not represented, as in Tragedy, by persons introduced for that purpose.

The chief things to be considered in an *Epic Poem*, are, first, the Fable, that is, the *Form*, and artful Representation of the *Action*, which is the *Matter* of the Poem; and as the Action is more or less perfect, so is the Fable. The Action in an *Epic Poem*, as well as in Tragedy, must be *one*, not all the Actions of a Person's life; because the mind is better satisfied with the contemplation of a single object that is easily understood, than when it is perplexed with a variety, and lost in confusion: And on this principal Action must all the *Episodes* or *Under-actions* so depend, as to become different yet useful members of the same body, and contribute to its support. It must likewise be *entire*, that is, complete in all its parts, or, as Aristotle describes it, have a *Beginning*, a *Middle*, and an *End*. Nothing should go before, be intermixed with, or follow after this main action, but what is related to it; nor should any single step be omitted in that just and regular process, which it must be supposed to take from its origin to its *consummation*. The *Epic Action* ought also to be *great*, that it may strike us with awe, and be suitable to the dignity of *Princes*, *Heroes*, and *illustrious Persons*, who are supposed to be speaking and acting in the Poem. It should likewise be *interesting*, that it may engage our passions and affections; and *entire*, that the mind may be wholly satisfied. As to its duration, it is not circumscribed within any limited time; but the warmer and more violent the Action is, the shorter must be its continuance: Thus the *Iliad*, whose subject is the anger of *Achilles*, contains only forty seven days; but the *Æneid*, whose Hero is of a quite different character, takes up almost seven years.

The *Manners and Sentiments* fall under the same rule as those of Tragedy *: And as to the *Diction*, it ought to be *perspicuous*, but, at the same time *figurative*, *noble*, and *sublime*.

* See Chap. XXII. on Tragedy.

See Boileau's thoughts upon Epic Poetry in the following verses.

Would you your reader never should be tir'd ?
 Chuse some great *Hero* fit to be admir'd,
 In courage signal, and in virtue bright ;
 Let ev'n his imperfections give delight :
 Let his great actions our attention bind :
 Like *Cæsar*, or like *Scipio*, frame his mind ;
 And not like *Oedipus*'s perjur'd race ;
 A common conqueror is a theme too base.

Be your beginning plain, and take good heed
 Too soon you mount not on the airy steed ;
 Nor tell your reader, in a thund'ring verse,
I sing the Conqueror of the Universe.
 What can an author after this produce,
The lab'ring mountain must bring forth a mouse.

Chuse not your *Tale of Incidents* too full ;
 Too much variety may make it dull.
 Achilles' rage alone, when wrought with skill,
 Abundantly does a whole *Iliad* fill.

Be your Narrations lively, short, and smart ;
 In your Descriptions shew your noblest art ;
 'Tis there your Poetry may be employ'd ;
 But ev'ry trivial circumstance avoid.
 Let no mean objects stay the curious sight ;
 Allow your work a just and noble flight.

With figures numberless your story grace,
 And ev'ry thing in beauteous colours trace :
 At once you may be *pleasing* and *sublime*,
 And scorn a heavy melancholy rhyme.

Thus Homer's works vast treasures do unfold,
 And whatsoe'er he touches turns to gold.
 All in his hands new beauty does acquire ;
 He always pleases, and can never tire.
 A happy warmth he ev'ry where may boast,
 Nor is he in too long Digressions lost.
 His verses without rule a method find,
 And of themselves appear in order join'd.
 All without trouble answers his intent,
 Each syllable still tending to th' Event.
 Let his example your endeavours raise ;
 To love his writings is a kind of praise.

These are the rules laid down by the critics for the Epic Poem, which, we may suppose, were originally drawn from the *Iliad* and *Odysssey*, and afterwards accommodated to the *Aeneid*; for, as Mr. *Voltaire* justly observes, "the *Iliad* and *Odysssey* of *Homer* being of a different nature, and the *Aeneid* of *Virgil* partaking of both, the critics were obliged to establish different rules, to make *Homer* consistent with himself, and were afterwards under a necessity of forming new rules to reconcile *Virgil* with *Homer*," imitating in this respect those artists who are obliged to vary their manners and dimensions, as fashion or custom changes the dress. This similitude may appear ridiculous; but if so, it is of a piece with what has been often advanced by the critics on this head; for it must seem very absurd and unreasonable to refuse a Poem the title of *Heroic* or *Epic*, merely because it is not written exactly in the manner of *Homer* and *Virgil*. Every Poem should be estimated by its merit, and if the Action be great, interesting, and entire, if the Fable be so contrived, that the Episodes and Incidents may arise out of it in a probable, yet surprising manner, and appear in the end to aid, and be of a piece with the main Action; if the Characters are suitable to the dignity of the Design, and various, yet consistent with themselves; if the Sentiments are natural yet noble, and suitable to the Characters; if the Diction be in verse that is truly sublime, and if the whole convey a Moral Lesson of great importance to mankind, and that related in a delightful manner; we may venture to call it an Epic Poem.

Our veneration for the antients would become mere enthusiasm and superstition, should we suffer ourselves to be so misled by it, as to overlook an author's merit who does not appear in a *Grecian* or *Roman* dress. A modern commander may be a great hero, though he fights not with the same arms as *Hector* or *Achilles*.

But to those who consider how seldom attempts are made in this manner of writing, and how very few have succeeded, this stricture on criticism will perhaps be thought useless.

The only authors that have so distinguished themselves as to obtain the name of Epic Poets, are (if I mistake not) *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Milton*, and *Tasso*, though many others have deserved well of the public, notwithstanding their compositions are inferior to the great names above mentioned. Among those of the inferior class, I think, *Fenelon*, *Voltaire*, and

and *Glover*, ought to be mentioned with respect ; and especially the first ; for though his *Telemachus* is written in prose, and therefore cannot so properly be called a Poem, yet it has every other essential quality of the Epic, and contains a Moral noble in itself, and capable of conveying much useful instruction.

Homer had such a comprehensive genius, such a fertile fancy, and was so well acquainted with persons and things, and especially with the passions and humours of mankind, that the antients esteemed him as the great *High Priest* of Nature, who was admitted into her inmost choir, and instructed in her most solemn *Mysteries*. The Characters of his Persons, though very numerous, are drawn with so much judgment, with such a surprising variety, and so distinguished by their Manners and Sentiments, that every one has something peculiar to himself, by which he is discovered even in his speeches from all the rest.

The distinctions he has observed in the different degrees of virtues and vices are extremely exact ; and the single quality of courage, which he has given to most of his heroes, is so wonderfully diversified, that it appears different in each. Thus, in a fine Piece of Painting, where some particular Passion is represented, every face appears affected ; but the attitude and turn of the features shew, that each is affected in a different manner, or in a different degree.

If we may credit *Strabo* the Historian and Geographer, Homer has been as exact in his descriptions of countries and cities, as in that of his persons : but what more particularly recommends him to readers of taste and genius, is his amazing imagination, his fertility of invention, which is indeed the very fountain of all Poetry, and discovers itself in a miraculous manner, not only in his Fable, Allegories, Machinery and Characters, but even in his Descriptions, Images and Similies, which are ever bold and animated. Every thing is alive in Homer. There is little of Narration ; for the Persons appear, as it were, before you, and speak for themselves. He has, as *Aristotle* observes, found out living words, and, by daring tropes and figures, conveys his sentiments in an unusual and surprising manner.

In him a weapon *thirsts* to drink the blood of an enemy ; an arrow is impatient to be on the wing ; his Heroes are cloathed with courage and with fortitude. Even his Epithets

thets discover his strength of invention, and in many cases answer the end of elaborate descriptions, especially when compounded in his manner, as the *cloud-compelling thunderer*, the *far-darting Phœbus*, &c. Nor is the force of his invention much less obvious in the structure of his verse, and the dignity and harmony of his numbers; which flow from *Homer* with so much ease, says Mr. *Pope*, that one would "imagine he had no other care than to transcribe as fast as the *Muses* dictated; and at the same time with so much force and inspiring vigour, that they awaken and raise us like the sound of a trumpet. They roll along as a plentiful river, always in motion, and always full; while we are borne away by a tide of verse the most rapid, and yet the most smooth imaginable."

"Thus, on whatever side we contemplate *Homer*, what principally strikes us is his *Invention*. It is that which forms the character of each part of his work; and accordingly we find it to have made his Fable more *extensive* and *copious* than any other, his Manners more *lively* and *strongly marked*, his Speeches more *affecting* and *transported*, his Sentiments more *warm* and *sublime*, his Images and Descriptions more *full* and *animated*, his Expression more *raised* and *daring*, and his Numbers more *rapid* and *various*."

"What he writes is of the most animated nature imaginable; every thing moves, every thing lives, and is put in action. If a council be called, or a battle fought, you are not coldly informed of what was said or done as from a third person; the Reader is hurried out of himself by the force of the Poet's imagination, and turns in one place to a hearer, in another to a spectator. The course of his verses resembles that of the army he describes. *They pour along like a fire that sweeps the whole earth before it.* 'Tis, however, remarkable, that his fancy, which is every where vigorous, is not discovered immediately at the beginning of his Poem in its fullest splendor. It grows, in the progresfs, both upon himself and others, and becomes on fire like a chariot-wheel, by its own rapidity. Exact Disposition, just Thought, correct Elocution, polished Numbers, may have been found in a thousand; but this Poetical Fire, this *vivida vis animi*, in a very few. Even in works where all those are imperfect or neglected, this can overpower criticism, and make us admire even while we disapprove. Nay, where this appears, tho' attended with absurdities,

absurdities, it brightens all the rubbish about it, till we see nothing but its own splendor. This *Fire* is discerned in *Virgil*, but discerned as in a glass, reflected from *Homer*, more shining than fierce, but every where equal and constant. In *Lucan* and *Statius*, it bursts out in sudden, short, and interrupted flashes: In *Milton*, it glows like a furnace kept up to an uncommon ardor by the force of art: In *Shakespear*, it strikes before we are aware, like an accidental fire from heaven: But in *Homer*, and in him only, it burns every where clearly, and every where irresistibly."

" This strong and ruling faculty was like a powerful star, which, in the violence of its course, drew all things within its vortex. It seemed not enough to have taken in the whole circle of arts, and the whole compass of nature; all the inward passions and affections of mankind, to supply his Characters; and all the outward forms and images of things for his Descriptions; but wanting yet an ampler sphere to expatiate in, he opened a new and boundless walk for his imagination, and created a world for himself in the Invention of Fable; for that which *Aristotle* calls the *Soul of Poetry*, was first breathed into it by *Homer*."

Yet this great genius had some human failings which will not escape the eyes of the judicious. *Homer* interests us for none of his Heroes; their Characters, tho' in other respects well drawn, and nicely distinguished, have not virtues sufficient to engage our affection. *Achilles* is too furious and over-bearing, to excite our concern for him: the pride of *Agamemnon* is insufferable; and especially in a Prince that has so little conduct: *Ulysses*, with all his art, does not command much of our esteem: *Menelaus*, on whose account the expedition was undertaken, is far from being an exalted Character: and the fair *Helen*, who occasioned a ten-years war, in which so many Princes lives were endangered, or lost, seems to be very indifferent about the matter, and little solicitous to which of her two husbands she is to be consigned. In short, when we read the *Iliad*, we are under very little concern for the *Greeks*, tho' they are the Heroes of the Poem; and the misfortunes of *Priam*, and of *Hector*, but especially those of the latter, affect us more than any other part of the work, and not without reason, since he is by much the best Character. *Hector* is a pious, humane, yet a courageous Prince; and tho' concerned in the wrong cause, as he has more virtue,

he engages our affections more than those who are in the right.

Another complaint usually brought against *Homer*, is, that the battles take up by far the greatest part of the *Iliad*, and that these frequent, and almost continual encounters must tire the reader as well as the warrior; not but that they are sometimes seasonably relieved by Episodes, where the passions are often touched with exquisite art. That wherein *Hector*, before he engages, takes leave of his wife *Andromache*, and embraces his young son *Alyanax*, is one of the most beautiful and pathetic in the whole *Iliad*, the Poet having there assembled all that *Love*, *Grief*, and *Compassion*, could inspire, and shewn that his genius was no less capable of touching the heart with tenderness, than of firing it with glory. *Hector*, not finding *Andromache* at home, is hastening to the field, and accidentally meets her at one of the gates of the city.

Hector, this heard, return'd without delay ;
 Swift through the town he trod his former way,
 Through streets of palaces, and walks of state,
 And met the mourner at the *Scæan* gate.
 With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair,
 His blameless wife, *Aëtion*'s wealthy heir :
 The nurse stood near, in whose embraces prest
 His only hope hung smiling at her breast,
 Whom each soft charm and early grace adorn,
 Fair as the new-born star that gilds the morn.
 Silent the warrior smil'd, and pleas'd resign'd
 To tender passions all his mighty mind :
 His beauteous Princess cast a mournful look,
 Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke ;
 Her bosom labour'd with a boding sigh,
 And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.

Too daring Prince ! ah, whither dost thou run ?
 Ah, too forgetful of thy wife and son !
 And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,
 A widow I, an helpless orphan he !
 For sure such courage length of life denies,
 And thou must fall thy virtue's sacrifice.
Greece in her single Heroes strove in vain ;
 Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain !
 Oh, grant me, Gods ! ere *Hector* meets his doom,
 All I can ask of Heav'n, an early tomb !

So shall my days in one sad tenor run,
And end with sorrows as they first begun.
No parent now remains my grief to share,
No father's aid, no mother's tender care.

After having made a pretty long digression upon the greatness of her past calamities in the loss of her parents and seven brothers, she thus proceeds :

Yet while my *Hector* still survives, I see
My father, mother, brethren, all in thee.
Alas ! my parents, brothers, kindred, all,
Once more will perish if my *Hector* fall.
Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share :
Oh, prove a husband's and a father's care !
Let others in the field their arms employ,
But stay my *Hector* here, and guard his *Troy*.

Hector, having answered *Andromache* in a manner equally noble and affectionate,

— Th' illustrious Chief of *Troy*
Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scar'd at the dazzling helm, and nodding crest.
With secret pleasure each fond parent smil'd,
And *Hector* hasten'd to relieve his child,
The glitt'ring terrors from his brows unbound,
And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground ;
Then kiss'd the child, and lifting high in air,
Thus to the Gods prefer'd a father's pray'r :

O thou whose glory fills th' æthereal throne,
And all ye deathless pow'rs, protect my son !
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
To guard the *Trojans*, to defend the crown,
Against his country's foe, the war to wage,
And rise the *Hector* of the future age !
So when, triumphant from successful toils,
Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,
While hosts may hail him with deserv'd acclaim,
And say, This Chief transcends his father's fame ;
While, pleas'd amidst the general shouts of *Troy*,
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy.

He spoke ; and fondly gazing on her charms,
Restor'd the pleasing burden to her arms :

Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd.
The troubled pleasure soon chastis'd by fear,
She mingled with the smile a tender tear.

Never (as the excellent Translator observes) was a finer piece of painting than this. *Hector* extends his arms to embrace his child, who, affrighted at the glittering of his helmet and the nodding of the plume, shrinks back into the bosom of his nurse. The Chief unbrates his helmet, lays it on the ground, takes the infant in his arms, lifts him towards heaven, and offers a prayer for him to the Gods, then returns him to his mother *Andromache*, who receives him with a smile of pleasure; but at the same time her fears for her husband make her burst into tears. After another short speech, wherein *Hector* endeavours to allay his wife's affliction, and advises her to mind her domestic employments, while he obeys the call of honour, and acts in the proper character of a Hero.

— The glorious Chief resumes
His tow'ry helmet black with shading plumes ;
His Princess parts with a prophetic sigh,
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye,
That stream'd at every look ; then, moving slow,
Sought her own palace, and indulg'd her woe.

Before we quit *Homer*, we are to remark, what by the way is no new observation, that the books of the *Iliad* are so far from arising naturally one out of the other, that they seem in a manner detached, and are so independent, that many of them may be transposed without much affecting the principal Action, and were probably for that reason called Rhapsodies. When we consider these blemishes, we are the more amazed at the greatness of his Invention, which was so copious and vast as to throw in beauties sufficient to hide his imperfections, and to command the esteem and admiration of all ages.

VIRGIL, in his Heroic Poem, has in some places copied *Homer*, but not perhaps so often as has been imagined. As *Homer*, in all probability, founded his two poems upon the tradition of the *Trojan* war, and the return of *Ulysses*, so *Virgil* formed his, we may suppose, out of the fables which in his time were current, and credited, concerning the settlement of *Aeneas*, the *Trojan* Hero, in *Italy*; by which means, in his *Aeneid*, he was obliged to take in the whole

whole compass of the *Iliad* and part of the *Odyssy* of *Homer*, and consequently to treat of the affairs of *Troy*, and the persons concerned in its reduction ; as well as of the Gods that *Homer* had interested in the contest : for indeed this could not be otherwise ; since the *Grecian* Gods were likewise the Gods of the *Romans* : so that *Virgil* has been unjustly blamed on this account.

Virgil, if I mistake not, is as much admired for his Judgment, as *Homer* was for his Invention ; and wherever he copies or imitates the *Grecian* Poet, it is not to the Reader's disadvantage, or for any other reason, we may suppose, but that of finding him most excellent and worthy of imitation ; for that *Virgil*, besides his accurate judgment (which stands unparalleled) had a most comprehensive genius, will appear to every one who reads and attentively considers his Poem ; which will be read and admired as long as the *Roman* language is known, and perhaps to the end of time.

He has been peculiarly happy in the choice of an Hero, for whom he all along engages our affections, and whom we never lose sight of through the whole Poem ; whereas *Achilles*, the Hero of the *Iliad*, is absent during more than half the Action, and is for that reason treated by the Reader, as he treated the *Grecian* Princes, with neglect. *Virgil's* Plan is regular and well-concerted, his Conduct is in general prudent, and his Characters properly supported : yet there are passages which are void of probability, and too exceptionable to bear the test of criticism. One of these, I mean the ships being metamorphosed into nymphs, *Virgil* has endeavoured to justify by telling us it was an antient tradition ; but traditions of this kind are, if we mistake not, too absurd for an Epic Poem.

The *Æneid* is to be admired for the propriety and sublimity of the Thoughts, the manly elegance and majestic conciseness of the Expression, and the pleasing variety and harmony of the Numbers ; as well as for the surprising Incidents, the noble Images, Descriptions, and other ornaments with which it abounds. Among other beauties, the Description of a Storm, raised by *Æolus* at the request of *Juno* to destroy the fleet of *Æneas*, is, I think, much to be admired.

That God, having pierced with his spear the mountain where the winds were kept in confinement, they rush out with the utmost impetuosity.

The winds embattled, as the mountain rent,
Flew all at once impetuous thro' the vent :
Earth in their course with giddy whirls they sweep,
Rush to the seas, and bare the bosom of the deep :
East, West, and South, all black with tempests, roar,
And roll vast billows to the trembling shore.

The cordage cracks ; with unavailing cries
The Trojans mourn, while sudden clouds arise,
And ravish from their sight the splendor of the skies.
Night hovers o'er the floods ; the day retires ;
The heav'ns flash thick with momentary fires ;
Loud thunders shake the poles ; from ev'ry place
Grim death appear'd, and glar'd in ev'ry face.

The account of *Neptune's* appeasing the Storm, and the Simile introduced by the Poet on that occasion, are likewise extremely beautiful.

He spoke, and speaking chas'd the clouds away,
Hush'd the loud billows, and restor'd the day.
With his huge trident the majestic God
Clear'd the wild *Syrtes*, and compos'd the flood :
Then mounted on his radiant car he rides,
And wheels along the level of the tides.
As when sedition fires th' ignoble crowd,
And the wild rabble storms, and thirsts for blood ;
Of stones and brands a mingled tempest flies,
With all the sudden arms that rage supplies :
If some grave Sire appears amid the strife,
In morals strict, and innocent of life,
All stand attentive, while the Sage controuls,
Their wrath, and calms the tumult of their souls.
So did the roaring deep their rage compose,
When the great Father of the Floods arose.
Rapt by his steeds he flies in open day,
Throws up the reins, and skims the wat'ry way.

Virgil's Description of the Silence of the Night, in the fourth book of the *Aeneid*, is deservedly admired, being one of the most elegant and natural of the whole Poem.

'Twas night ; and weary with the toils of day,
In soft repose the whole creation lay.
The murmurs of the groves and surges die,
The stars rove solemn thro' the glowing sky ;
Wide o'er the fields a brooding silence reigns,
The flocks lie stretch'd along the flow'ry plains ;

The

The furious savages that haunt the woods,
The painted birds, the fishes of the floods ;
All, all, beneath the gen'ral darkness share
In sleep a sweet forgetfulness of care.

We shall close our observations on *Virgil* with that beautiful Simile which he copied from *Homer*; but which is so copied, that it greatly exceeds the original.

Then fell proud *Ilion*'s bulwarks, tow'rs, and spires ;
Then *Troy*, though rais'd by *Neptune*, sunk in fires.
So when an aged ash, whose honours rise
From some steep mountain tow'ring to the skies,
With many an ax by shouting swains is ply'd,
Fierce they repeat the strokes from every side ;
The tall tree trembling, as the blows go round,
Bows the high head, and nods to every wound :
At last, quite vanquish'd, with a dreadful peal,
In one loud groan rolls crashing down the vale,
Headlong with half the shatter'd mountain flies,
And stretch'd out huge in length th' unmeasur'd rain lies.

TASSO was born with a genius suitable to the most exalted species of Poetry, and would have succeeded amazingly in the Epic, had not his judgment been overpowered by the force of fancy, or misled by the absurd notions respecting necromancy, which in his time almost universally prevailed. Notwithstanding these absurdities, some few of which we shall hereafter point out, his Poem is so admired in many parts of *Italy*, that some of his Canto's are publicly sung in that Country, as those of *Homer* were in *Greece*, owing in a great measure, we may suppose, to the choice of his subject, in which he was more happy than *Homer*, inasmuch as it was of greater consequence, and more noble in the *European* Powers to rescue the country and city where *CHRIST* was born and buried, from the hands of the Infidels, than in the *Grecian* Potentates to wage a long and destructive war with the *Trojans*, for the recovery of a woman, who was, perhaps, a willing prostitute to *Paris*.

Tasso has frequently copied *Homer*, and improved on him in the Conduct of some of his Characters; for that of *Godfrey* has, I think, more wisdom and less pride than *Agamemnon*, without being at all deficient in point of grandeur. *Rinaldo*, who seems a counterpart or copy of *Achilles*, has all his furious courage, yet is a more amiable

Character ; and employs himself, in his absence from the *Christian* camp, not indolently like *Achilles*, but in a manner more agreeable to the Reader. But the Poet has very prudently drawn *Aladine* and *Argantes* less amiable than *Homer's Priam* and *Hector*, lest the Reader should be so affected with their misfortunes, as to abate of his ardor for the *Christian* Princes.

It is likewise to be observed, that his Persons always act and speak in character, and each has something so singularly his own, that he is easily distinguished from all the rest : even the different degrees of the same virtues and vices of his Actors are, as in *Homer*, agreeably diversified, like different shades of the same colour. His Thoughts are often beautiful, and his Stile is perspicuous, elegant, and frequently grand and sublime, especially in those Descriptions where he saw that strength and majesty were required. But what gives us the greatest pleasure in his Poem, is the artful manner in which he interests us for his Heroes, and, by interweaving the various adventures of the Poem, hurries us on from the terrors of war to the allurements of love, and then to war again, still augmenting our concern as he proceeds, which is agreeably raised by degrees to an amazing pitch, and with wonderful address supported to the end.

But if great are the beauties of *Tasso*, great also are his blemishes ; of which the Episode of *Olindo* and *Sopronia* is a remarkable instance. This Episode affords no aid to the Principal Action ; for these two persons, having obtained a pardon at the instance of *Clorinda*, are married, and heard of no more : yet *Tasso* has bestowed on them as many poetical ornaments, and interested the Reader as much in their favour, as if they were principal Characters, and of consequence in promoting the *Christian* cause.

This, however ridiculous, is not so absurd as his making *Ismeno* the Enchanter counteract the power of the Archangel *Michael*, and call the Devils out of Hell to take possession of the Enchanted Forest, or that of his bringing the *Christian* Magicians to release *Rinaldo* from the *Mahometan* Necromancers, and his interweaving Litanies, Masses, Confessions, and Witchcrafts confusedly together. What can be more wild and extravagant than the Holy Conjuror's taking *Ubaldo* and *Carlo* to the centre of the earth, where they walk on the bank of a river covered with precious stones, and then sending them to an old woman

woman at *Aſcalon*, who transports them instantly to the *Canary Islands*, whence, by the instruction of this Holy Conjuror, and the assistance of a magic wand, they bring *Rinaldo* back with them to the *Christian camp*?

Tancred's entering the Inchanted Wood, and finding *Clorinda* after her death inclosed in the body of a tree, which, on his striking it, discharged blood, is equally extravagant, as also is that of *Armida's* peeping out of a myrtle, at a time when she was in the *Ægyptian army*, at a considerable distance from the place. But this Lady was such a wonderful Sorceress that we are to be surprised at none of her actions. She turned ten *Christian Knights* into fish, and put them into her own pond, and had a parrot that fung amorous songs and cantata's of its own composing.

Tasso was sensible, that his wild excess of Enchantment and Machinery would disgust readers of taste and understanding, and that these Fairy Tales were beneath the dignity of an Epic Poem: He therefore endeavoured to cover these defects by turning the whole into an Allegory; and how far he has succeeded in this attempt, the Reader will see in our Chapter on Allegorical Poetry. We must here observe, however, that this Allegory is almost as absurd as the faults he would endeavour to hide with it; and that the best plea which can be set up in favour of his Iachantments and Machinery, is the Strength of Fancy with which they are conceived, and the elegant and pleasing Manner in which they are described.

The Painting of *Tasso* is admirable. He, like our great *Spenser*, has conceived beings out of nature, and, like him, decked his phantoms in such beautiful colours and rich ornaments, that they meet with respect and applause in every company: but, however beautiful in themselves, as Epic Poems, these Books are both extremely faulty; for tho' the Epic deals in the Wonderful, yet every thing is to be Probable, and therefore the Impossible must be excluded, unless it be founded on some authority or tradition that is held sacred; and it is upon this principle only that *Homer*, *Virgil*, and *Milton* can, in many places, be justified.

MILTON's Poem called *Paradise Lost*, in which he seems to have rivalled all other Epic Poets, has for its Subject the Fall of Man, and is made up of that well-known passage

in the Sacred Text, intermixed with Inventions and Machinery of his own, which are so finely conceived and sublimely expressed, that they seem little inferior to what he has borrowed from the great Law-giver of the Jewish nation; for his Imagery of the Angels and Devils, their Speeches, their Enterprizes, Prowess and Encounters, tho' out of nature, and, as it were, beyond the reach of human conception, are all so wonderfully described, painted with such bold and sublime strokes, and delivered in such nervous language, that the Reader, forgetting his frail situation, seems hurried on from heaven to earth and hell, and fancies himself acquainted with the awful personages presented to his imagination.

Those who complain of the defects in *Milton* (for defects there certainly are) would do well to consider the difficulties he had to encounter in so bold and arduous an undertaking. In this work he has soared out of nature, given us a description of the Creation, and the Battles of Angels, without bombast, and laid before us the State of our First Parents, their Loves, their amorous Dalliances, and their Fall, without ribaldry or flatness. Even in his most poetical flights, he generally takes with him reason and probability, and has preserved an Uniformity which satisfies the mind, at the same time that he has given us a Variety which abundantly gratifies the imagination. All his Episodes seem necessary parts of the work, and tend directly to the same point; and yet these, as well as his Principal Fable, are founded on the Sacred Writings, and therefore never do violence to our reason, which cannot be said of the Poems of *Homer*, *Virgil*, and *Tasso*.

Was the Reader to consider this Poem under the different Heads of the Fable, the Character, the Sentiments, and the Language, and compare it with the Poems of *Homer* and *Virgil*, it would, perhaps, deserve the preference, notwithstanding what has been said to its disadvantage; at least, Mr. Addison seems to be of this opinion, who was one of the best critics in polite learning this nation has produced.

One objection brought against *Milton's* Fable is, that the Event is unhappy; an imperfection (if it be one) which he could not avoid without doing violence to the Sacred Text; and therefore it cannot be charged upon him, even if it be admitted against his Poem. *Milton* was

was aware of this objection, and has prudently endeavoured to prevent it, and to render the close of the Poem less unhappy, by the mortification which the Seducer of Mankind meets with on his return to the Infernal Assembly, as well as by the Vision wherein *Adam* sees his offspring triumphing over his enemy, and himself restored to a Paradise more happy than that from whence he was expelled.

Another complaint made against Milton's Fable (and which indeed is included in the above) is, that the Hero of the Poem is unsuccessful, and too weak for his enemies, and that therefore the Poem cannot be properly called Heroic ; whence Mr. Dryden has observed, that the Devil was Milton's Hero ; but this objection Mr. Addison has sufficiently answered, and proved that the MESSIAH is the Hero, both in the Principal Action and in the chief Episodes.

What the critics have observed with respect to Milton's Digressions, is just and worthy of our notice ; for the Epic Poet should be seldom heard to speak himself, but convey his sentiments, as much as possible, into the mouths of his actors ; since we are more affected with what comes from a Principal engaged in the Action, than we should be if it was related by another : besides, when there are too many Digressions and Reflections, the Poet loses his dignity, and sinks into an Historian. The Digressions in Milton, however, are so beautiful and interesting, that they may be compared to stones of an inferior water, which, tho' trifling when seen with brilliants, are yet of too much value to be thrown away. I have heard many complain of these defects ; but I never knew one who wished to have them removed.

If we are to judge of Milton's Poem by the rules drawn from Homer and Virgil, and the Paradise Lost be deemed perfect or imperfect, as it corresponds with the *Iliad* and *Aeneid*, it will be subject to blame, even for being more complete than those Poems, tho' that is so far from being a fault that it is undoubtedly a perfection. — The thread of Milton's Fable is not broken off abruptly, but spun out to the last. He does not conclude, or part with *Adam* and *Eve*, till they are driven out of Paradise, and the whole Action is completed ; whereas the *Iliad* ends with the death of *Hector*, and the *Aeneid* with that of *Turnus*, and in my humble opinion leaves the mind in a state of expectation,

pectation, and consequently dissatisfied. Whatever the critics may think of this, they must allow, that if *Achilles* had taken *Troy*, and *Virgil* had married *Eneas* to *Lavinia*, the Laws of Epic Poetry would have been different from what they are at present.

There is another circumstance in favour of *Milton's Fable* which ought not to pass unregarded; namely, the Method he took to secure the attention of the Reader, and to interest him in the Poem. It has been observed, that *Homer* and *Virgil* chose for their Heroes persons who were nearly related to the people for whom they wrote; *Achilles* being a Greek, and *Eneas* the remote Founder of the *Roman Empire*: hence their countrymen, who were their readers, could not avoid being particularly attentive to the Story, and interested in their Heroes behalf, whom they followed through all their adventures, ever elated with their success, depressed with their misfortunes, and anxious for their fate. *Milton* has been particularly happy in this respect; for as all nations are the descendants of his principal actors, he has in his Poem interested all mankind.

With respect to Characters, *Milton* has introduced, says Mr. *Addison*, "all the variety his Fable was capable of receiving. The whole species of mankind was in two persons at the time to which the Subject of his Poem is confined. We have, however, four distinct Characters in these two Persons. We see Man and Woman in the highest innocence and perfection; and in the most abject state of guilt and infirmity. The two last Characters are indeed very common and obvious; but the two first are not only more magnificent, but more new than any Characters either in *Virgil* or *Homer*, or indeed in the whole circle of nature." To this we must add, that *Milton* is particularly excellent in his Description of the Almighty, whom he always represents as a Creator, a Father, and a Judge, whose Vengeance is never jarring with his Mercy, nor his Predeterminations repugnant to the Liberty of Man. And the whole Godhead, as Mr. *Addison* observes, is represented exerting itself towards Man in its full benevolence, under the threefold distinction of a Creator, a Redeemer, and a Comforter. The Characters of the Angels are likewise most excellently drawn, and as much diversified in *Milton* as the Gods are in *Homer* or *Virgil*; each having something singularly adapted to his Character, which distinguishes him from all the rest. The same Diversity

verity is also preserved in those who speak in the Infernal Assembly ; and the relentless, undaunted, restless, and sly Character of *Satan* is wrought up with wonderful art. On his wiles and stratagems depends indeed the business of the Poem. He is ever perplexing the Fable with plots and intricacies, and conceals himself under a great variety of shapes and appearances, in order to accomplish his artful designs, yet is always detected to the great surprize and satisfaction of the Reader.

Milton knew that his Characters were interesting, and without doubt found that he could support them with dignity and propriety ; but he thought them too few, we may suppose, for an Epic Poem, and therefore has introduced two Actors of a shadowy nature in the persons of Sin and Death, and by that means interwoven an Allegory which is not much to the advantage of his Poem ; for as these chimerical phantoms bear with them no probability, they seem improper Actors in an Epic Poem : tho', as he has but two human Persons, and a great part of the Action is carried on in imaginary worlds, which of course must admit of imaginary beings, these unsubstantial forms seem more agreeable to his Poem than any other.

This Fiction has in itself some beauties and some defects. *Sin* springing out of the head of *Satan* is a beautiful Allegory of Pride, which is supposed to be the first offence committed against God. There is likewise great beauty in the office assigned to *Sin*, who is the *Portress of Hell*, and opens the gates of the abyss, but is unable to shut them again. There are other parts of this Allegory that are truly beautiful ; but the incestuous commerce between *Sin* and *Death*, and the account of their horrid progeny is, I think, rather too gross and loathsome.

The Sentiments, or the Thoughts and Behaviour, which *Milton* has ascribed to the Persons in his Poem, are admirably adapted to their several Characters, and most of them wonderfully sublime ; for indeed Sublimity of Thought is *Milton's* chief excellence. His Sentiments of Things are also very just, and conformable to the Subject he treats upon ; which, I think, is the more extraordinary, as he has to do with persons and things supernatural, and which must therefore depend entirely upon Invention. It might be easy for *Homer* to find out Sentiments proper for a Council of Grecian Princes, or for *Virgil* to draw his Love-scenes between *Aeneas* and *Dido*, since these Poets had nothing to

do but to consult Nature, and adapt their Sentiments to the Characters and Circumstances of the Persons introduced ; but great Force of Imagination was required to find out a variety of Sentiments suitable to the different Characters of an Infernal Assembly ; or that was expressive of the affections and passions of two persons in a state of purity : yet this *Milton* has done, and in a manner that strikes the Reader with astonishment. It is observable, says Mr. *Voltaire*, that in all other Poems Love is represented as a Vice ; in *Milton* only 'tis a Virtue. The pictures he draws of it are naked as the persons he speaks of, and as venerable. He removes with a chaste hand the veil which covers every where else the enjoyments of that passion. There is softness, tenderness, and warmth without lasciviousness. The Poet transports himself and us into that state of innocent happiness in which *Adam* and *Eve* continued for a short time. He soars not above human, but above corrupt nature ; and as there is no instance of such Love, there is none of such Poetry.

As there are two kinds of Sentiments, the Natural and the Sublime, which are always to be regarded in the Heroic Poem ; so are there two kinds of Thoughts which are carefully to be avoided : I mean, those that are affected and unnatural, and those that are low and vulgar. *Milton* has sometimes run into both, tho' but seldom ; and what we find of this sort was perhaps owing to the vitiated taste of the times in which he lived.

To the same cause, perhaps, may be attributed his unnecessary and ostentatious Shew of Learning, and his too frequent Allusions to the Heathen Fables, which are incompatible with his divine Subject, especially where he mentions them not as fabulous stories, but as matters of fact ; which he ought the more particularly to have avoided, as he has in his First Book told us, that those Divinities were all Devils worshipped under different names.

We are now to consider the Language of *Paradise Lost*, which is raised and supported with such wonderful Art, that, notwithstanding its faults, it deserves our admiration.

Those who object to *Milton's* Language, should consider the great Difficulties he laboured under, Difficulties which neither *Homer* nor *Virgil* knew. The Stile of an Epic Poem is to be not only Perspicuous, but Sublime. Had Perspicuity alone been required, *Milton's* task had been easy : but to raise a Language, half matured, to the utmost stretch

stretch of Sublimity, was an arduous undertaking, and made more so by the nature and structure of his Verse; for Rhime, without any aid, throws the Language out of Prose, and will cover the defect of many common or mean phrases; but to throw Blank Verse off from Prose, and to raise and support its dignity, requires not only pomp and energy of Expression, but bold Transpositions, and a choice of Words which have not been corrupted or debased by passing through the mouths of the vulgar; yet as *Milton* knew that the constant return of Rhimes would grow tiresome in a work of such length, he chearfully encountered these Difficulties; and if he has not always succeeded to the Reader's wish, he has in general so acquitted himself as to deserve his applause.

To avoid the Idiomatic Stile, and to enrich his Language, and adapt it to the Sublimity of his Subject, *Milton* has frequently made use of Metaphors that are very bold, tho' at the same time very just, and not so unseasonably sown as to clash with one another, or to favour of wit, which he knew was beneath the dignity of his Poem; nor are they often applied where the proper and natural words would do as well.

He has also borrowed freely from other languages, and introduced a great many *Latinisms*, *Grecisms*, and sometimes *Hebraisms*, into his Poems. From the Antients he has likewise taken his method of transposing words, and throwing them out of their natural order; as well as of placing the adjective after the substantive, and sometimes turning the adjective into a substantive, with other modes of speech which he naturalized to give his Verse the greater dignity, and the more effectually to throw it out of Prose. To make his Poem appear the more venerable, he has also interspersed many old words, and occasionally inserted others that are entirely new and of his own coining; for which he has been blamed by some critics, and justified by others, who observe that *Homer* did the same before him. To this I must add, that he has, in imitation of the Greek Poet, often extended or contracted some words, by inserting or omitting of certain syllables, and has introduced several elisions which were never used in writing before his time; such as cutting off the letter *y* when it precedes a vowel, and the like. He has also taken the liberty of varying the accents, so that the same word is pronounced differently in different places. By these helps,

and

and by a happy choice of the noblest words in the language, he has raised his Diction to an amazing pitch of grandeur, and given such variety and harmony to his Numbers, that they never satiate the ear. We must observe, however, that by taking so much pains to raise his Language, and by calling in these foreign and antiquated auxiliaries to his aid, his Diction in many places appears somewhat stiff and obscure, to which the frequent use of technical words, or terms of art, has not a little contributed. For this defect in our Author, Mr. Addison has made a very beautiful and just apology, which I shall give the Reader in his own words. “Milton’s Sentiments and Ideas were so wonderfully sublime, that it would have been impossible for him to have represented them in their full strength and beauty, without having recourse to these foreign assistances. Our Language sunk under him, and was unequal to that greatness of soul which furnished him with such glorious conceptions.”

We must here take notice of one passage which has been controverted by the critics—I mean, the *Pandæmonium*, a Structure erected for the Assembly of the Infernal Spirits, which Mr. Addison points out as a Beauty, and particularly applauds that part where the common Spirits contract themselves in order to make room for their numberless Assembly, while their Leaders appear in their natural Dimensions. This M. Voltaire thinks preposterous, and the more so as *Satan* had just before harangued them in an ample field. He is particularly dissatisfied with the rabble of Devils, as he calls them, being shrunk into pygmies, while *Satan* and the Chiefs still preserve their own monstrous forms, and would have the Reader examine, whether it will not exactly suit the mock Heroic, which, says he, is the best criterion for discerning what is really ridiculous in the Epic Poem.

What Mr. Voltaire has observed on this subject, is in some measure just, but not wholly so.—The Chiefs appearing in the *Pandæmonium* in their full stature, while the rest, to find room, were dwindled into dwarfs, is perhaps absurd; but had the whole contracted their statures, and concentrated themselves into the compass of a large room, it might have had a fine effect, and especially as he had before represented them of a prodigious size when *Satan* harangued them in an open field. We are to consider, that as the business of Tragedy is to excite Terror and Compassion,

passion, so it is the intent of the Epic to excite Pleasure and Admiratioп: and we find as much cause for Admiratioп in the sagacity and structure of the *Ant*, as of the *Elephant*; besides which, by this sort of transformation from a bulk of an enormous size to that of a form almost invisible, *Milton* has not only increased our Surprize, but likewise more fully represented the Power of the apostate Spirits.

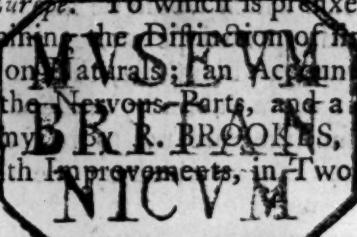
But Disquisitions of this sort are beside our purpose, and only waste that time which would be much better employed in a careful and repeated perusal of this most excellent Poem. If *Milton* has Blemishes, they are so buried in Beauties, so wrapt up in Sublimity and Splendor, that, like the spots in the sun, they are not to be seen without difficulty, and will be little regarded by the candid and judicious Reader, who never expects to find absolute perfection in any human performance. Some of the Beauties of this admired Author may be seen in our Chapters of the Beauty of Thoughts, and of the Stile of Poetry: but as they are not sufficient to give the Reader any idea of the Author's Merit, or even of his Manner, the young Student would do well to read over the Poem with Mr. *Addison*'s Commentary in his hand: he may also take, in aid of his judgment, an Explication of the most difficult Passages in the Works of *Milton*, which a Gentleman of learning, with whom I have the honour to be acquainted, has just sent to the press.

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